V.130 no 2

# Collier's

July 12, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

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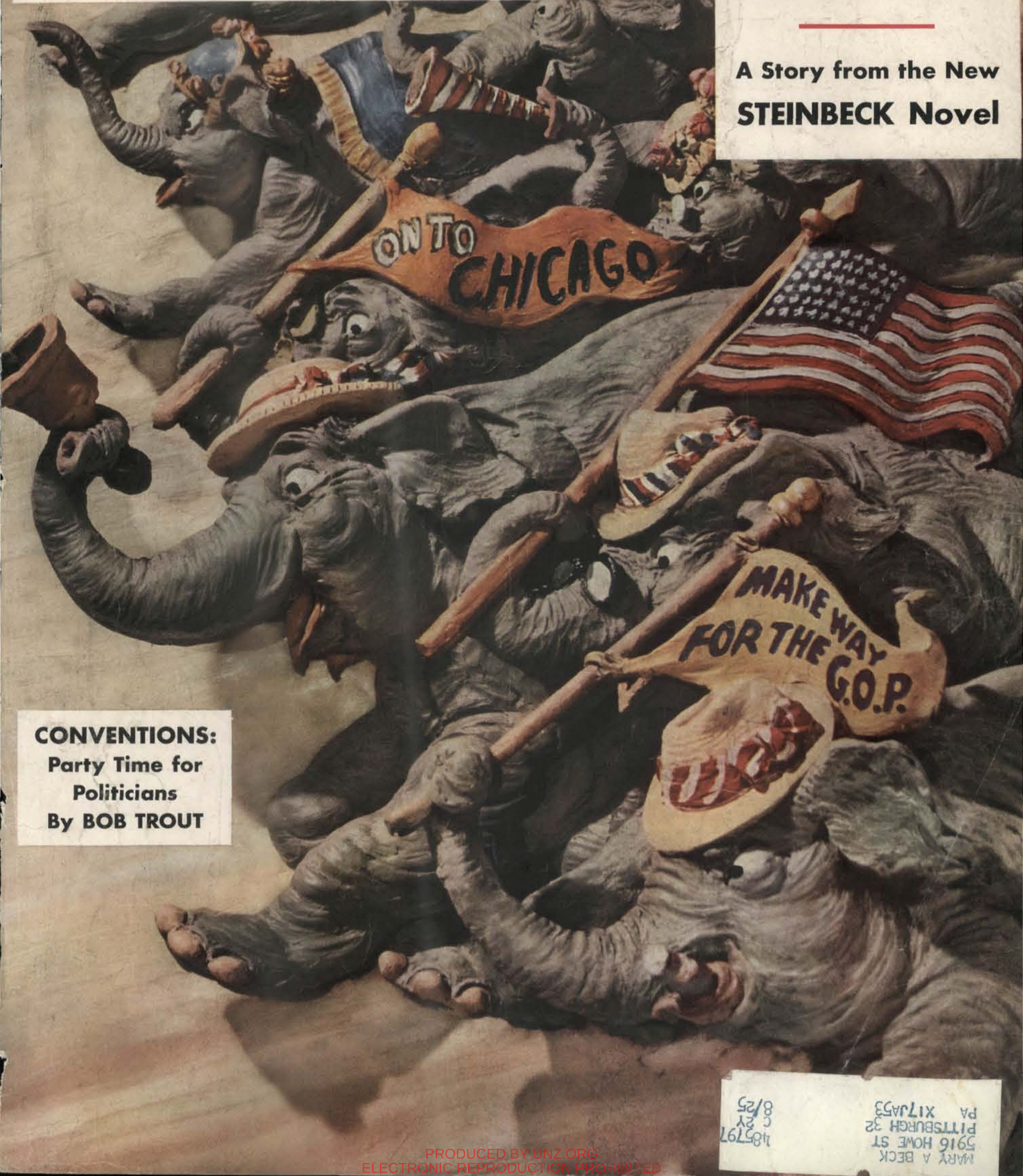
## HOW I BROKE THE MICHIGAN PRISON RIOT

By Deputy Warden Fox

## A Story from the New STEINBECK Novel


ON TO CHICAGO
MAKE WAY FOR THE G.O.P.

## CONVENTIONS: Party Time for Politicians

By BOB TROUT

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
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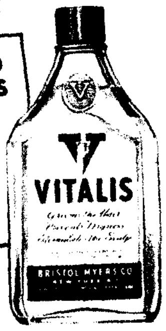

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## July 12, 1952

### ARTICLES

*How I Broke the Michigan Prison Riot* . . . . . . . . DR. VERNON FOX WITH BILL FAY 11
*Stanwyck* . . . . . . . . FRANK S. NUGENT 16
*Conventions: Party Time for Politicians* . . . . . . . . ROBERT TROUT 20
*Lopez and the Indian Signs* . . . . . . . . TOM MEANY 22
*Stalin's Hungarian Hatchet Man* . . . . . . . . SEYMOUR FREIDIN AND WILLIAM RICHARDSON 25
*Friendship Flight* . . . . . . . . REP. PETER F. MACK, JR. 26
*A Dance Is Born* . . . . . . . . 42
*Painting the Town: San Francisco* . . . . . . . . 50
*Shakedown* . . . . . . . . COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA 58
*. . . Then Home to His Wife in Italy* . . . . . . . . 62

### FICTION

*The Sons of Cyrus Trask* . . . . . . . . JOHN STEINBECK 14
*A Confession, a Cat, and a Canary* . . . . . . . . JOSEPH PETRACCA 18
*Wolf's Clothing* . . . . . . . . ALLEN MARPLE 24
*Vendetta* . . . . . . . . JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS 28
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)
*Saddle by Starlight* . . . . . . . . LUKE SHORT 30
(PART SIX OF SEVEN PARTS)

●

*48 States of Mind* . . . . . . . . WALTER DAVENPORT 6
*The Party* . . . . . . . . BOB SCHROETER 8
*Editorial* . . . . . . . . 70
*Cover* . . . . . . . . JACK LAMBERT

*The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.*

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# The Cover

This thundering herd, created for our cover by Jack Lambert, is bound, of course, for the Republican National Convention, starting July 7th in Chicago. Famed cartoonist-in-clay Lambert will have another of his sculptured political covers for Collier's July 26th issue, in time for the Democratic convention. Meanwhile, for some of the high spots and side lights of past political conclaves, read Conventions: Party Time for Politicians, as recollected by Robert Trout, on page 20.

# Week's Mail

### *Miss Porter & the H.C.L.*

EDITOR: Let me congratulate you on publishing Sylvia Porter's excellent article, Ten Ways to Beat the High Cost of Living, in your May 17th issue. I think you have performed a real public service.
ELLIS ARNALL, Director of Price Stabilization, Washington, D.C.

### *Hoover & Ike*

EDITOR: It has been a privilege to read the articles of ex-President Herbert Hoover. My White House Years is informative and educational. It will prove the statesmanship of a real good American, and we are exceedingly grateful for your contribution toward the most important thesis of political expediency versus economic stability.
ALFRED E. DEDAKER, Bellerose, N.Y.

. . . I was very much surprised on reading in Mr. Hoover's article (The 1932 Campaign, May 24th) that ". . . he (Secretary of War Hurley) directed General Douglas MacArthur to take charge. He in turn placed *Major* (now General) Dwight Eisenhower in immediate command."

This is rather strange, being in 1932. When Eisenhower signed my discharge in 1918 from the first World War he wrote D. D. Eisenhower, Lt. Col. Tank Corps, U.S.A. Commanding.
N. J. SARGENT, Pasadena, Cal.

**General Eisenhower held the temporary wartime rank of lieutenant colonel in 1918. After the war he was returned to his permanent rank of major, and was promoted to his permanent lieutenant colonelcy in 1936.**

### *When to Retire?*

EDITOR: I was very much interested to see Dr. Parran's article, Must You Retire at 65? (May 24th), since together with my father, Professor Dr. Felix Bernstein, I did some research on this very problem.

At the recent meeting of the International Congress of Sociologists at Rome, Italy, Dr. Felix Bernstein offered solutions to the problem posed by Dr. Parran on how to separate the population of working men and women reaching the customary retirement age of sixty-five years into those whose advanced stage of aging makes it imperative that they be retired, and those whose chronological age may be sixty-five but who are physically much younger and who therefore should be allowed to remain at work for another five to 15 years.

Dr. Felix Bernstein, studying the life span and eyeglass prescriptions of several thousands of people old enough to suffer from "old-age vision" (presbyopia), found that people who get this condition early in life, and for whom it develops at a fast rate, die from 10 to 20 years earlier than persons who develop this condition later in life and at a slower rate.

Using the eyeglass prescriptions of a person while he is between forty-five and

*(Continued on page 69)*

# OLD THOMPSON
BRAND

THE

# Triple A Blend

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GLENMORE'S
OLD
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86.8 PROOF · 4/5 QUART
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THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE
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instead of being bottled immediately after blending, Old Thompson is put back into barrels to assure uniformity.

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by Kentuckians whose "touch-of-quality" has been a family tradition for three generations.

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Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

STOPS BAD BREATH

AND

STOPS DECAY BEST!

Colgate Dental Cream Instantly Stops Bad Breath In 7 Out of 10 Cases That Originate In the Mouth!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER!

**Colgate Dental Cream cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!** Yes, brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a *clean, fresh* mouth *all day long!* Scientific tests *prove* that in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. And no other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!

AND THE COLGATE WAY STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

**Yes, the best way is the Colgate way!** Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. In fact, the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the *best* way is the *Colgate* way!

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER OFFERS SUCH CONCLUSIVE PROOF!

PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

# 48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Mr. E. Joe McCawle, of Springfield, Illinois, is eager to lead a movement to eliminate all medical advice columns from all publications. Says he can't resist reading them, and always winds up with all the symptoms of all the ailments mentioned.

★ ★ ★

Now here's a guy with something new. He wants to deport the Indians. He's so mad that he overlooks the fact that if the noble redmen had had stricter immigration laws, and had enforced them, it's right possible that neither he nor old 48 would be here. Nevertheless, he wants to "put all foreigners on a boat and send them back home." Mentions the Indians in particular, but doesn't say why except that he's for "America for Americans."

IMMIGRATION LAW

★ ★ ★

Well, here's an issue. We don't guarantee you'll hear much about it, but it could stand a spell of hollering. The pupils in 87 per cent of Kentucky's schools lack adequate facilities for simple hand washing. In almost 70 per cent of these "forges of democracy" (oratory for public schools), the water is scarcely fit to drink. Toilet facilities in 90 per cent of Kentucky's schools range from poor to awful. Our fact source: Kentucky's State Department of Health—a group of conservative public servants. Not a Communist in the lot.

★ ★ ★

Of course, we get letters from customers we have trouble believing. For example, here's one from a fellow in Arizona who says he knows a sheriff who was photographed without a ten-gallon hat on.

★ ★ ★

Clennie Hollon was at ease at his desk at the News in Williba, Kentucky, when Nevyle Shackelford, editor of the Enterprise in nearby Beattyville, called. They shook hands solemnly, mutely. Mr. Shackelford spread his hands in regret. Mr. Hollon shrugged in resignation. The final issue of the Williba News lay on Mr. Hollon's desk, his editorial swan song filling most of a page. The News was dead of inflation poisoning. The two editors sat in mourning. The News had been a good sheet for three well-written years, filled with wisdom and wit, courage and understanding.

Let's read that front-page elegy: "After a little better than three years," wrote editor Hollon, "I have suddenly realized that the Williba News serves no useful purpose whatsoever. It is a truthful publication . . . but as you know this world of chaos does not dwell too much on the truth any more . . . I have run out of paper, and my chickens are hungry . . . My mimeographing machine is acting up . . . This typewriter is in bad shape . . . Janie has poured out my correction fluid and the dogs got in and ate up my typewriter erasers. My stencils are used up. Them gourd-headed governmental parasites in Washington had to raise postal rates . . . I've got a family to feed . . . If'n you are ever in Williba, drop around, and I'll try to treat you as friendly as possible. I'll show you my calf and my chickens. I'll show you my Model A. I'll start it for you if I can. I'll let you look through my pile of junk, and if'n you find anything you need I'll sell it to you."

★ ★ ★

There are enough hot issues to suit everybody. This is the well-considered opinion of Mr. Theodore Yingst. "All we need," declares he from the safety of his home in Laramie, Wyoming, "is a few hot candidates to start things sizzling."

★ ★ ★

Perhaps some reform is downright necessary. In Texas recently, the cops went looking for a thirteen-year-old boy who tied up a lad seven years his junior and robbed him of 24 cents. This very same young man had been arrested several times before—once, alas, for being drunk.

★ ★ ★

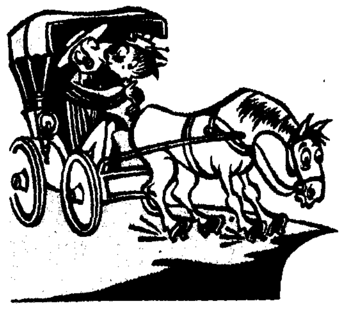
A number of sonorous voices have been raised in Mississippi about a new law under which each county seat is getting $5,494.50 from the state treasury regardless of the size of the county seat. Listening carefully, we detect a note of outrage from the more populous areas. For example, demands Jackson (county seat as well as state capital), why should Ashland, with a population of 328, get the same as Jackson, with a population of 98,271? No objection to the law has yet been heard from Ashland.

★ ★ ★

In Nashville, Tennessee, Mr. Rhody Carstaphen dashes his newspaper to the floor, stamps on it and trudges to his desk to write old 48 a long and bitter letter. A line will give you the idea: "I wish to honey," states Mr. Carstaphen, "that editors who demand that candidates make their view clear would make an honest effort at setting them a good example."

★ ★ ★

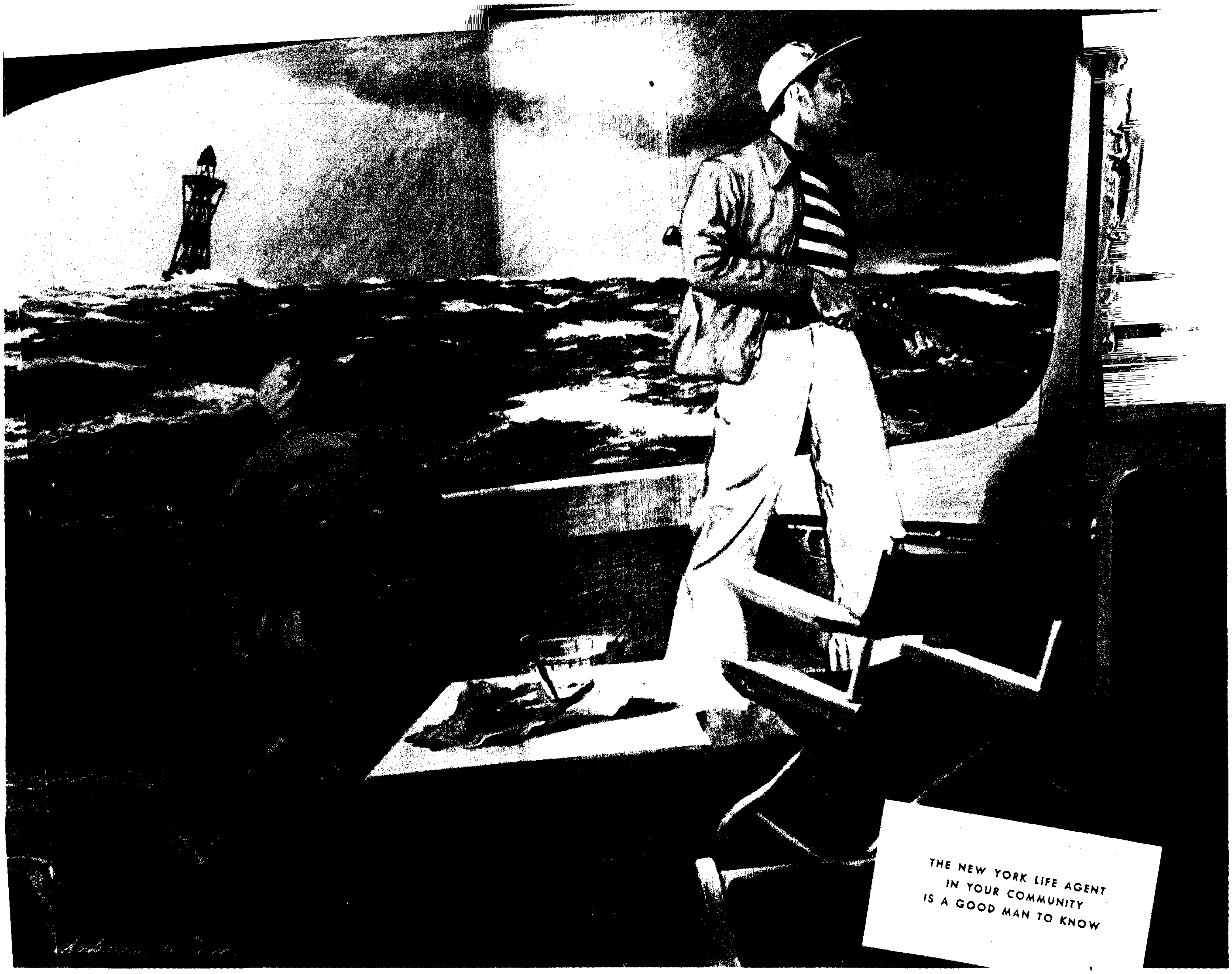
Grave and significant observation fror Miss Flo Roughear, of Salem, Oregon. "M father says there weren't so many acciden in the old horse-and-buggy days bec the drivers didn't have to depend wholl their own intelligence."


IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

A seizure of solemn thinking has keeping Mr. Eli Leinbach close to l lately. From Chanute, Kansas, he rel the result of this brain cudgeling. Tr with this country is, he finds, that we

(Continued on page 69)


THE NEW YORK LIFE AGENT
IN YOUR COMMUNITY
IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

# AN ILL WIND

*it came up out of the Gulf and blew Andy Worth some good*

THE DAY had promised to be fair, but now the wind was shifting to the northeast under a darkening sky and whipping the water into white-capped waves that splattered against the *Cora's* hull as she lay at anchor off the Cape.

Bob Martin tossed his line over the side and said, "How does it look to you, Andy?" He'd come out for a day's fishing on Andrew Worth's old cabin cruiser—and was depending on his friend's judgment as to the weather and the seaworthiness of his craft.

Andy looked at the sky and shrugged. "It may blow over. May even help us get a couple of fish, or a change."

Bob pulled in his line and grimaced at the bare ook. "Ever get caught in a real rough storm?"

"A couple of times. If this one gets much worse e'll go back. Got caught in a bad one out here ve or six years ago. Engine went dead on the way ome, and *Cora* landed on the reef over there past e Cape. Had to hang on all night until a cutter ally came up and pulled us off next morning."

Andy looked at the breakers piling over the reef off in the distance. "Kind of scared me, there, for a while. Couldn't see a light anywhere, and the waves kept pounding against old *Cora* so she was like to come to pieces. Then around the middle of the night it suddenly occurred to me that *dying* wasn't what I was afraid of. You figure you've got that coming to you sooner or later anyway. What worried me most of all was what would happen to the family in case I *did* die. I kept thinking about all the things I'd planned on doing for them—things I could have done and should have done—that I just hadn't gotten around to doing. Know what I mean?"

Bob Martin nodded and said, "Yes, I guess I do." He stared thoughtfully at the white-crested waves for a minute and then said, "Exactly when did you say that happened, Andy?"

"Fall of '46. Maybe you remember that storm. It came up out of the Gulf and . . ."

"Yes, and I seem to remember something else, too. Wasn't it in the fall of '46 that you came around to my office one day? And wasn't that the time you said you had finally decided to complete that Planned Security program I'd worked out for you at least two years before that? And did that night on the boat have anything to do with your taking out that extra New York Life policy I'd talked to you about?"

Andy Worth grinned a little sheepishly and said, "To tell the truth, Bob, it had everything to do with it. I never said anything to you about it before because, well . . ."

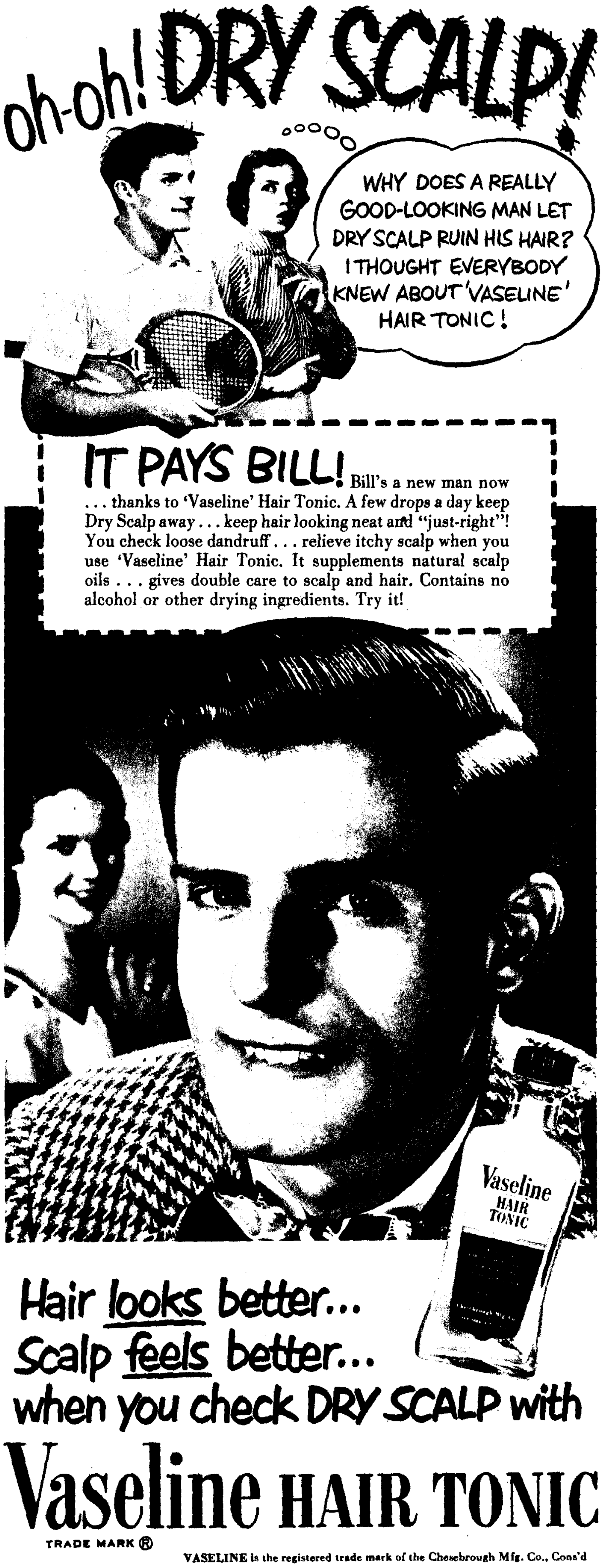
Bob Martin laughed. "I know. Because you thought that maybe I'd say, 'See? That's just what I've been trying to tell you right along!'"

"Yes, something like that . . ."

Bob shook his head and said, "No, Andy, but I must admit that I might have been sorely tempted to say something trite about an ill wind having blown you some good!"

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPAN
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

*Naturally, names used in this story are fic*


oh-oh! DRY SCALP!
WHY DOES A REALLY GOOD-LOOKING MAN LET DRY SCALP RUIN HIS HAIR? I THOUGHT EVERYBODY KNEW ABOUT 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC!
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

IT PAYS BILL! Bill's a new man now . . . thanks to 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. A few drops a day keep Dry Scalp away . . . keep hair looking neat and "just-right"! You check loose dandruff . . . relieve itchy scalp when you use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It supplements natural scalp oils . . . gives double care to scalp and hair. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it!

Hair looks better...
Scalp feels better...
when you check DRY SCALP with

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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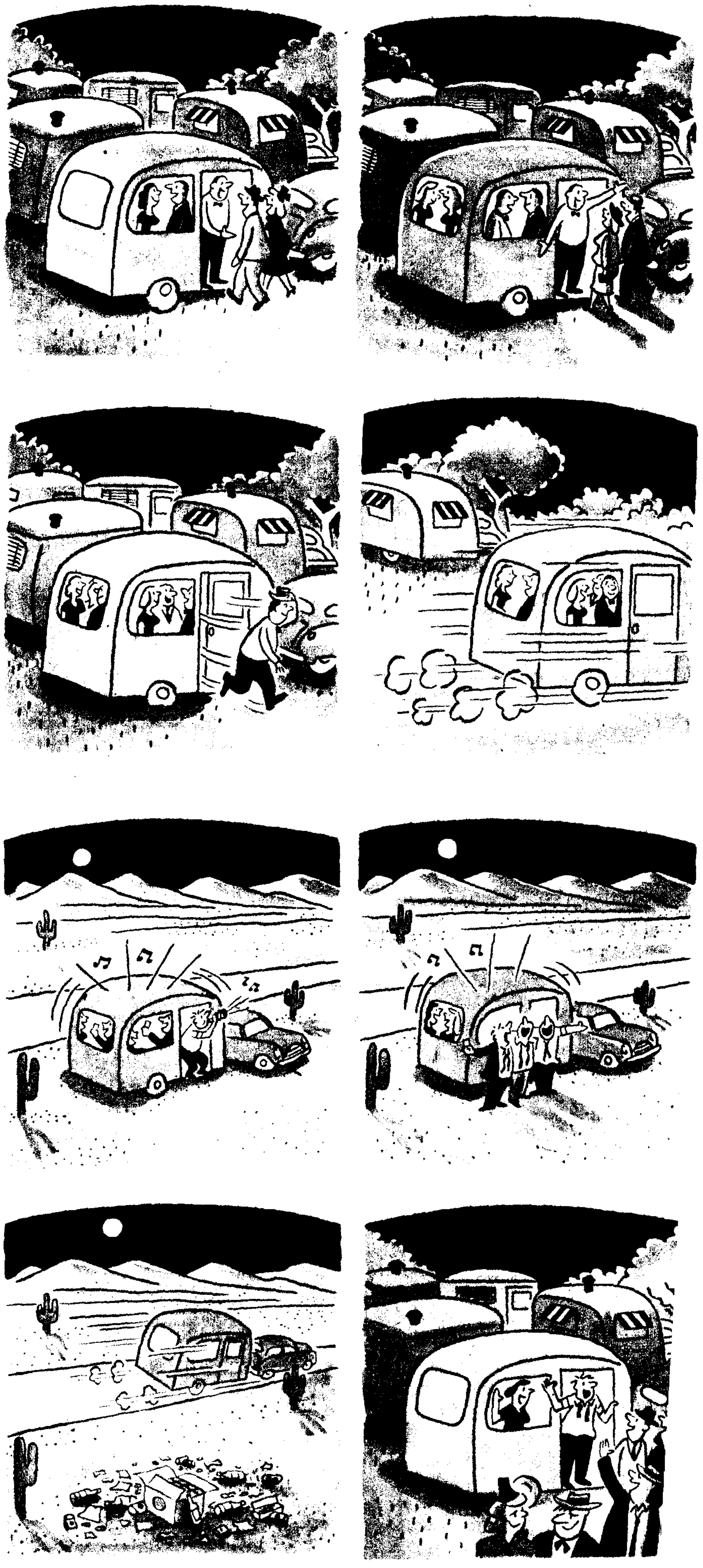
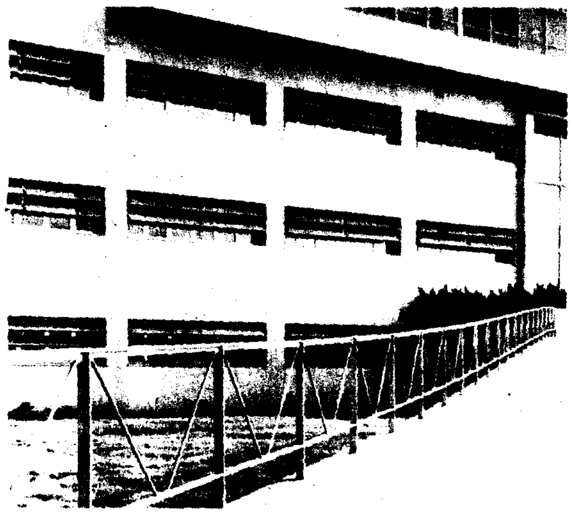
# The Party

By BOB SCHROETER



# Only STEEL can do so many jobs so well

**COLUMBIA COLOSSUS.** Here's the Grand Coulee Dam, one of man's most daring attempts to change the face of Nature. The tiny fan of pipes (12 feet in diameter) in the center of the picture is where water is pumped 280 feet out of the Columbia River to irrigate 1,029,000 acres of central Washington. The reservoir in the background is the Grand Coulee, the ice-age channel of the Columbia River. United States Steel supplied a great deal of the steel and cement used in constructing this breath-taking contribution to America's growth.



**NEW IDEA** in light and heat control. These window louvres of U·S·S Stainless Steel in a modern office building permit easy and effective control of light and heat that enter a room through windows. Highly reflective, they reduce the load on air conditioning equipment. (The handrail is of Stainless Steel, too.)

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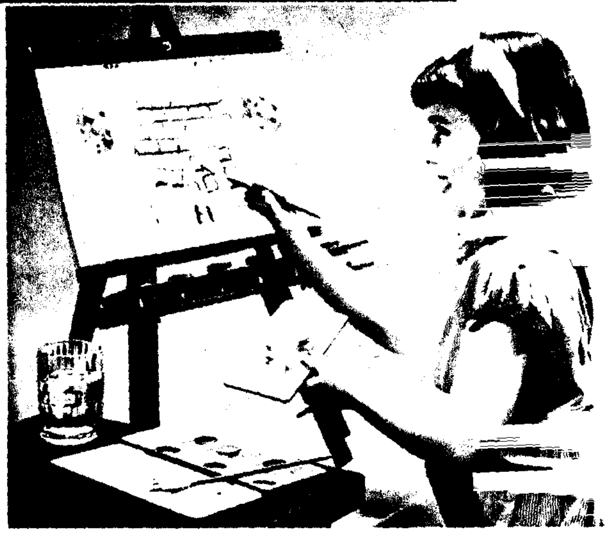
In 1951, *United States Steel* and approximately 80 *other steel-producing companies* in America poured 105,134,553 tons of steel ingots and castings . . . 17.3 *million tons* more than the annual average production of World War II. Total annual capacity is rising toward an expected 120 million tons sometime in 1953.



**EVERYWHERE YOU TURN,** you see overwhelming evidence of the fact that only steel can do so many jobs so well. Whether in the wafer-thin tin-plate of your child's water-color box, or the massive structural framework of bridges and skyscrapers, steel has proved itself the metal that best combines strength, long life, good looks, low price, and versatility

**BLOOD BANK.** This refrigerator for blood storage is made of U·S·S 17 Stainless Steel, a straight-chromium grade that contains no scarce nickel but is unsurpassed for cleanliness, good looks and durability. To keep enough blood on hand for the Armed Forces, the Red Cross needs 300,000 pints a month. If you haven't given blood recently to help save an American life, arrange to do so . . . now.

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This trade-mark is your guide to quality steel

# UNITED STATES STEEL

*Helping to Build a Better America*

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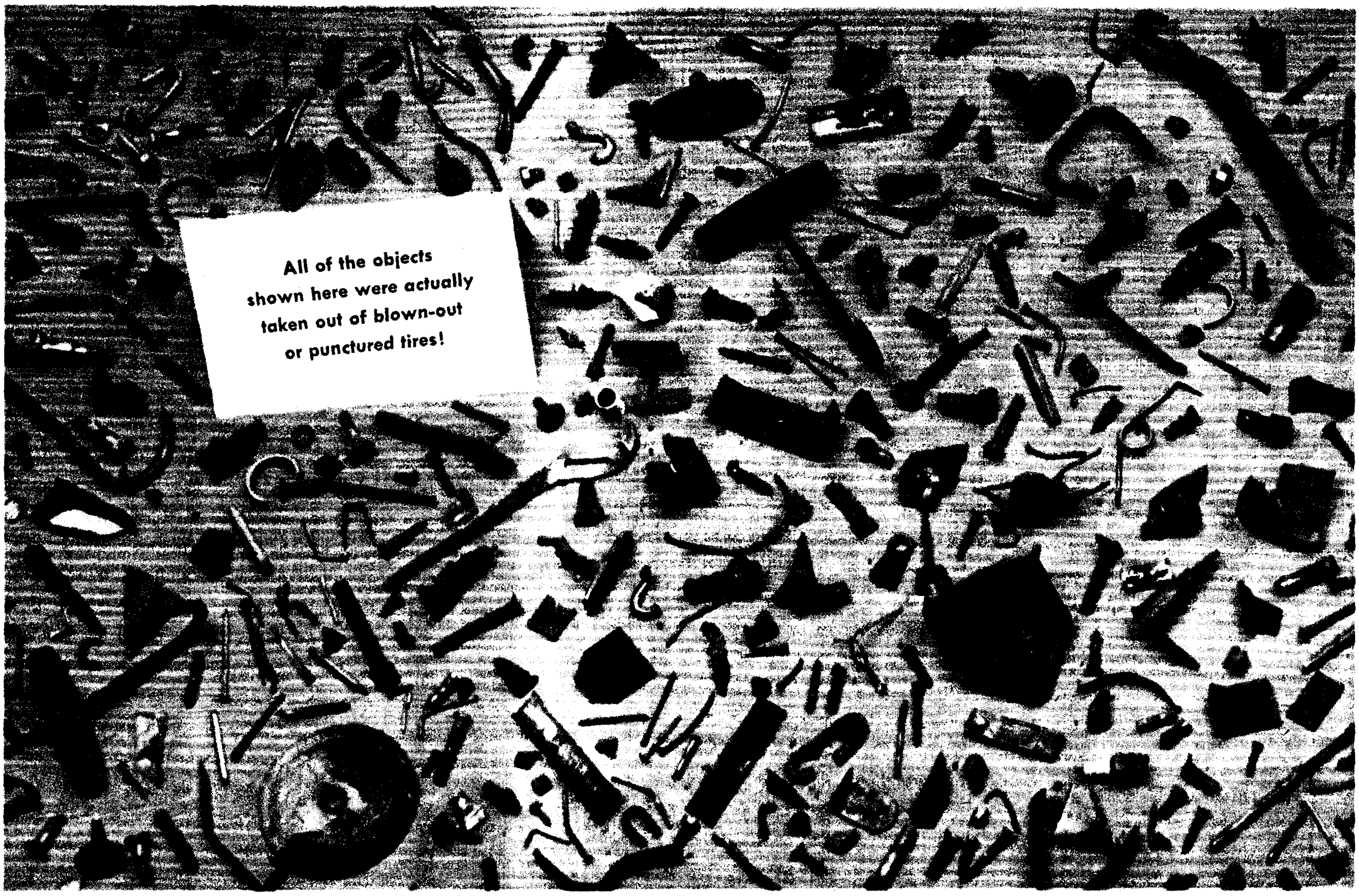
GUNNISON HOMES, INC. • UNION SUPPLY COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY


All of the objects shown here were actually taken out of blown-out or punctured tires!

# All these have caused blowouts or punctures! There's only one low-cost way to protect against all!

**LIFEGUARD**
**double air chamber**

**Safe against all blowouts!** When a single-chamber tire blows out, your car drops to the rim in a split second! You fight for control with all your strength and skill!

But with double-chamber LifeGuards in your tires you come to a safe, controlled, straight-line stop. In 17 years we know of no case of failure of the LifeGuard principle in a blowout emergency.

**Seals its own punctures!** You'll forget what changing a tire is like when you have New LifeGuards in your tires. For this tube mends its *own* punctures, automatically seals holes without loss of air pressure.

**Costs less because it's re-usable!** *This is the only blowout and puncture protection* that won't wear out when your tires do! You spread the cost over 3 or more sets of tires for 100,000 miles or more of blowout-safe, puncture-safe driving. Thus you save 20% to 43% per wheel!

**You can use them in your present tires.** So get this double protection *now* for the price of the tubes alone! Just tell your Goodyear dealer to equip your present tires with a set of the New LifeGuard Safety Tubes. You can re-use them in at least 3 sets of tires.

**Get Goodyear tires** for the longest mileage, the safest mileage, the most comfortable ride on wheels. And equip them with New LifeGuard Safety Tubes for blowout-safe, puncture-safe, carefree motoring.

# NEW LIFEGUARD SAFETY TUBES by GOODYEAR

LifeGuard, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

# How I Broke the Michigan Prison Riot

### By DR. VERNON FOX with BILL FAY

**The controversial speech congratulating the rioters did the trick—and saved many lives, declares the prison's former deputy warden. And, despite the furor it raised, "under similar circumstances, I'd do it again . . ."**

***Some three weeks after he quelled the uprising at Southern Michigan Prison, Dr. Vernon Fox resigned his job, "because there no longer existed the slightest possibility that I could work effectively as a deputy warden in charge of individual treatment of prisoners." For his detailed reasons, see page 48***

LAST April 20th, the biggest prison riot in U.S. history erupted at Southern Michigan Prison near Jackson. After ringleaders seized a dozen guards as hostages, almost 1,800 convicts literally ran wild over the 57.6 acres of one of our largest walled prisons. Armed with clubs, knives and broken, jagged-edged bottles, they wrecked the prison dining hall, set fire to the laundry and virtually destroyed the chapel, library and gymnasium. Then, in a final act of defiance, they burned their mattresses, ripped hundreds of porcelain toilet bowls from the cell walls and used the shattered wooden toilet seats as brickbats to break thousands of windows.

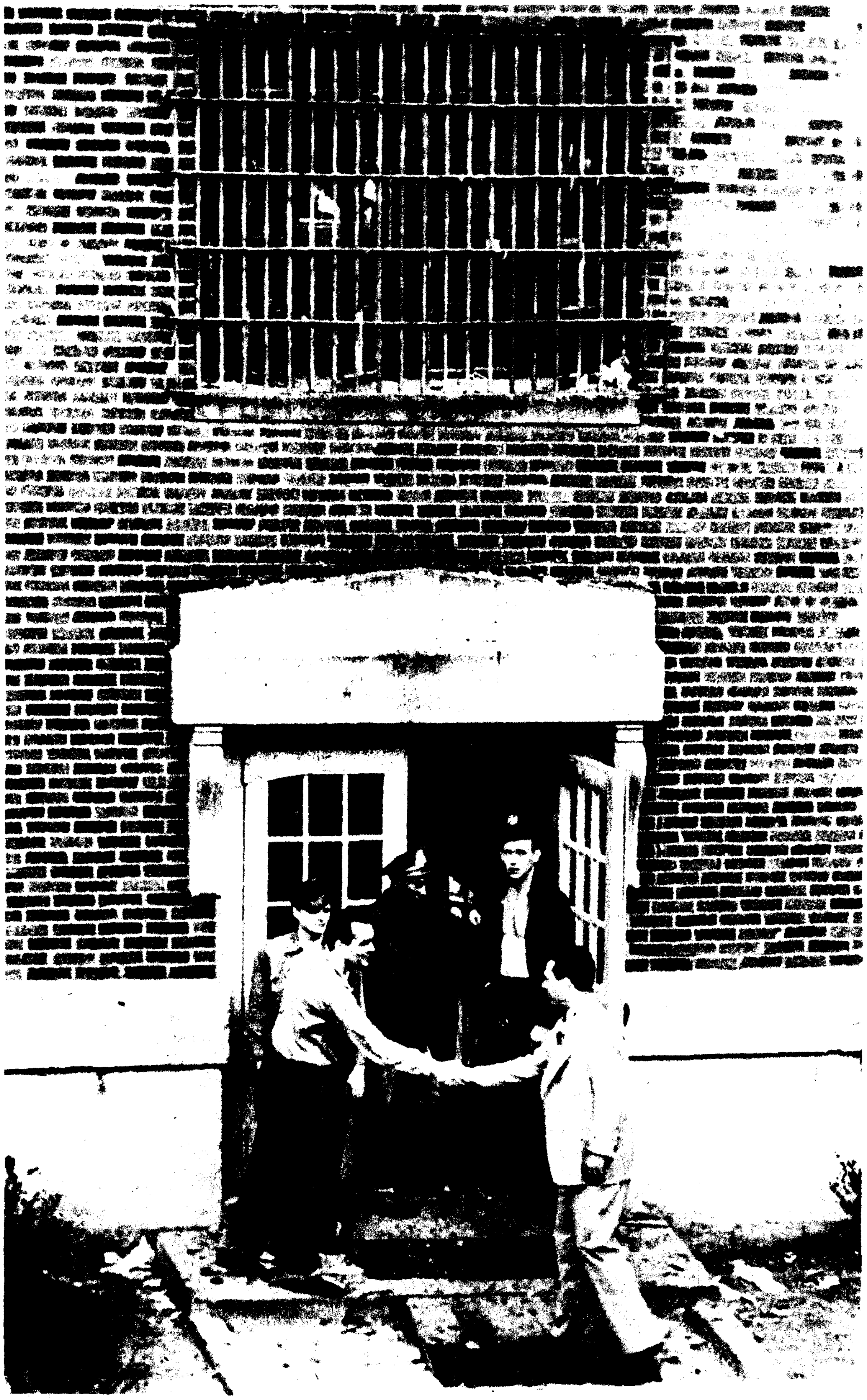
During this destructive orgy, which lasted almost 93 hours and caused $2,500,000 in damage, I was in almost continual negotiation with the convict leaders, Earl Ward and "Crazy Jack" Hyatt. As assistant deputy warden in charge of psychological treatment at Southern Michigan, I knew Ward and Hyatt were extremely dangerous paranoid psychopaths—which, by definition, means they were obsessed with a persecution complex and were almost completely out of touch with emotional reality.

Both men were capable of killing or inflicting inhuman punishment without a twinge of conscience or remorse. Once, during the second day of the riot, Ward called me to the phone. "Deputy," he said matter-of-factly, "better send a stretcher over. We're going to beat a man." Half an hour later, an unconscious inmate in bloody prison denims was shoved out of the main entrance to cell-block 15, where Ward, Hyatt and 177 other rioters had barricaded themselves and their hostages. The unconscious man had been beaten almost to a pulp with chains because, as I learned later, Ward suspected he wanted to give himself up.

Throughout almost four days of negotiations, Ward was in a position to dictate his own terms. He kept his hostages locked in individual cells on the fourth (top) floor of 15-block, guarded at knife point by hardened criminals serving life or long-term sentences. Since murder is not a capital offense in Michigan, there was little reason for these cruel men to shrink from killing their hostages.

There was no possibility of rescuing the 11 guards by force. Warden Julian Frisbie, an ex-Marine brigadier general, estimated it would have taken at least two hours for state troopers—armed with bazookas, high-explosive charges and acetylene torches—to fight through the series of four barricaded solid-steel doors barring the way to the top floor of 15-block.

To make matters worse, Ward's fanatical followers had a two-week supply of food, seized from the dining hall. Ward



**Riot leader Earl Ward shakes hands with Dr. Fox (r.) as he releases first hostage, guard Tom Elliott (behind Ward). At center, in stolen uniforms, are unidentified convict and the unstable, dangerous "Crazy Jack" Hyatt**

GARRETT H. COPE

could not be starved out. He could not be forced out. The only possibility of ending the riot quickly and without bloodshed was to talk him out.

Fortunately, Ward loved to talk. So did his chief lieutenant, Hyatt. They made frequent, prolonged calls to Warden Frisbie and other officials on the prison telephone system (which remained intact throughout the riot). On four occasions, Ward demanded that reporters be brought to 15-block to interview him. What's more, Ward—a handsome, black-haired, twenty-seven-year-old six-footer—loved to have his picture taken. Once, he changed into a clean shirt, shaved and appeared at a window for five minutes to accommodate newsreel photographers.

Psychologically, the whole problem of quelling the riot revolved around Ward's vanity. He thoroughly enjoyed the riot. After almost 18 months of solitary confinement, he suddenly found himself with undreamed-of power and comparative freedom. He was a leader—a big man. Consequently, our strategy was to try to sell Ward on an idea which seemingly would make him an even *bigger* man.

Somehow, he had to be made to see himself playing the star role in a drama even more exciting than the riot itself. That drama (we hoped) would be a spectacularly staged armistice ceremony, fully covered by press, radio and TV—during which Ward would release his hostages alive.

### How to Work on a Paranoid Mind

The idea was sound, but planting it subtly in Ward's paranoid, and therefore suspicious, mind required lots of talking—and almost miraculous luck. To influence a paranoid, you must advance your suggestions in seemingly unrelated bits and pieces, so that—when the whole proposition takes form—the paranoid believes it is his own idea. Conversely, when you oppose a paranoid such as Ward, you drive him to sullen silence or violent rage.

Eventually, our strategy worked. We talked Ward out of 15-block. He released the hostages alive. The climax to this psychological gambit came one half hour before the rioters surrendered, when I broadcasted a congratulatory message over the prison public-address system. In this message, heard by Southern Michigan's 6,481 inmates, I concluded:

". . . Earl Ward is a natural leader. He and the other boys are to be congratulated for the good faith with which they have bargained. Their word has been good. My word has been good. This may presage a new era of good sound interrelationships between inmates and administrators in American prisons. They have done a service. Congratulations to you, men of 15-block!"

This statement immediately became the target for heavy criticism in the nation's press. For example, an eight-column headline in the Jackson Citizen-Patriot read: FOX 'CONGRATULATIONS' TO VICTORIOUS RIOTERS DRAWS PUBLIC FURY.

In a scathing editorial, the *Citizen-Patriot* declared: "The business of the state making a deal with convicted felons on their terms was nauseating to all decent citizens . . . If the authorities want to know what, if anything, has been wrong at the prison to bring on this catastrophe, we suggest they call Dr. Fox. He can tell them. Fox is what's wrong. His Thursday statement lauding Ward, Hyatt and the other rebel leaders is inexcusable mush . . ."

The criticism was understandable, considering the abundant praise I heaped upon the rioters during a period of outraged public opinion. However, Professor Lowell S. Carr of the University of Michigan, a nationally known sociologist, speaking to reporters about the broadcast, said: "In my opinion, it was a brilliant and dramatic scheme. It literally goaded the brazen convict leaders out of the door of cell-block 15 to meet their 'public.' "

These wholly divergent viewpoints indicate the scope of the bitter controversy which raged for weeks after Ward surrendered. Although it ultimately cost me my job, I would deliver the same message today, under similar circumstances. I believe it ensured the safe return of the hostages.

To understand why, you must be familiar with all of the events leading up to Ward's surrender. Here, for the first time, is the inside story of my part in the biggest riot in U.S. prison history.

It started at 7:20 P.M., Sunday, while rookie guard Tom Elliott was on duty in 15-block, a detention building for unruly prisoners, uncontrollable homosexuals and protected inmates (usually suspected stool pigeons) whose lives had been threatened by other prisoners.

On April 20th, 15-block housed 179 men in single cells nine feet long and six feet wide. On the floor where guard Elliott was on duty, the most dangerous prisoners were confined behind solid-steel doors gashed with observation shutters about the size of an ordinary letter slot. (This floor is known in prison vernacular as "the hole.") As Elliott approached the cell occupied by a twenty-four-year-old Detroit robber named Ray Young, a piece of cardboard appeared in the observation slot.

"Hey," Young called, "I'm being moved out of here tomorrow, and I got a box of shaving stuff that belongs to one of the boys. If you'll open the door, you can grab it and give it to him later."

An experienced guard would have ignored Young; it was an obvious ruse. But Elliott, on duty only two months, opened the cell door and walked inside. Instantly, Young seized him from behind, pressed a knife to his throat, and seized the master key. After that, Young simply stepped into the corridor, slammed the door shut on Elliott, and opened the adjacent cells occupied by Ward and Hyatt. Working stealthily, the three men quickly surprised and overpowered the individual guards stationed on the other three floors.

### Demand for a Talk with Warden

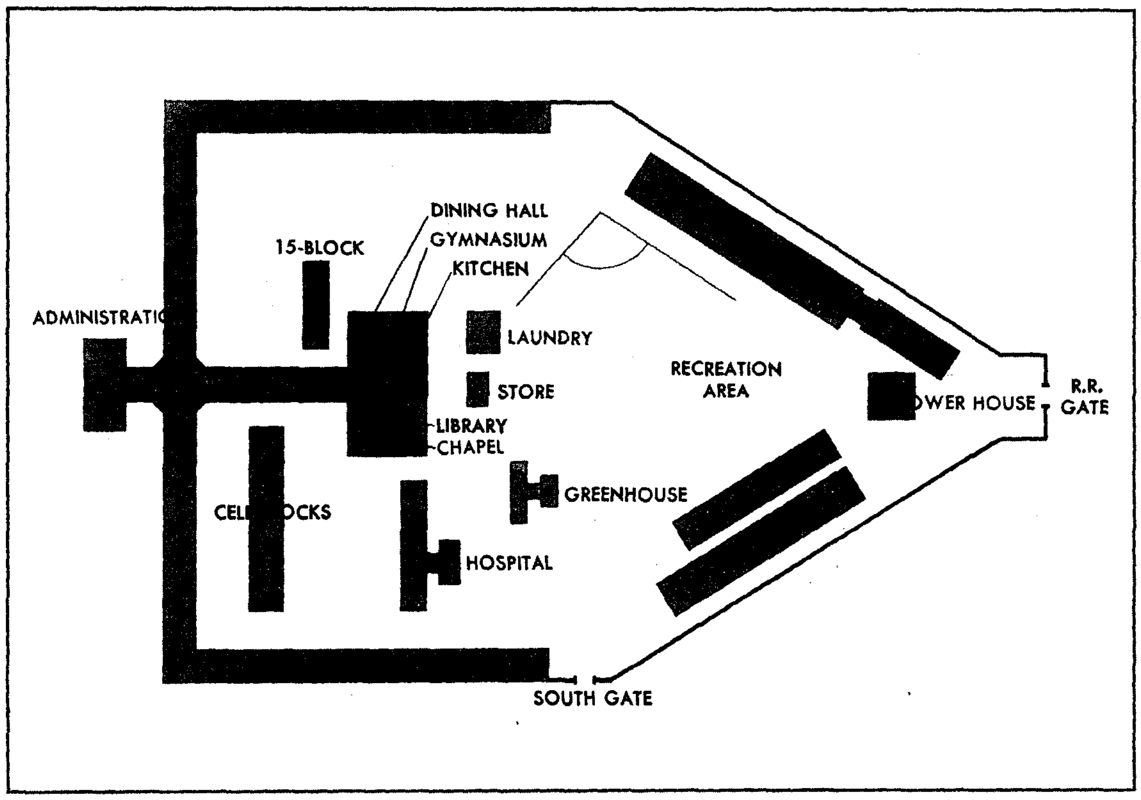
Then—in complete control of 15-block—Ward called Captain Harold Tucker, one of the chief prison guards, on the telephone.

"Tucker," Ward said, "we've got 15-block and four of your men. We want to talk to the warden. If he isn't over here in 10 minutes, there'll be some dead guards."

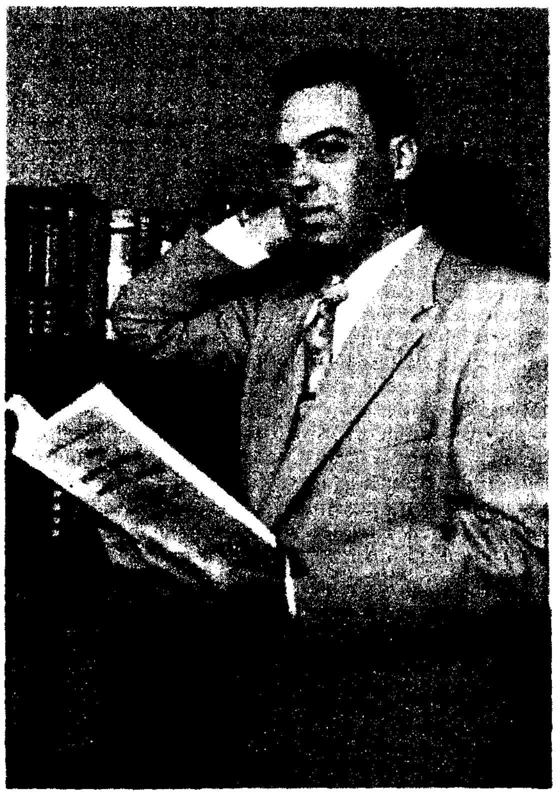
That's how the riot started. How Young got the knife probably never will be explained. However, it is not difficult, despite all security precautions, for an ingenious inmate to steal a file or screw driver while working in a prison shop, and then sharpen it on shop machinery or by hand. (The most deadly knife uncovered in the riot was a big file honed to razor edge.) And hiding such a weapon is no problem, either. Young's knife may have been hidden for weeks or months, perhaps buried in one of the flower beds near 15-block.

Despite a record of rebellious conduct, Young—a slight 150-pounder—was regarded as a "harmless punk" by the guards and other inmates. In 1949, after being sent to Southern Michigan on a 5- to 15-year robbery conviction, he was involved in several arguments with other prisoners; each time, he was badly beaten. Apparently cowed by these experiences, he stayed out of trouble until last fall, when he openly defied a guard and was placed in solitary confinement in 15-block. The "hole" treatment seemingly deflated him. He became a model prisoner, and the red-tag warning signal marking the cells of all potentially violent men (and requiring at least two guards to be present whenever their cells are opened) was removed from his door.

Ultimately, we learned that the real reason for his defiance of the guard last fall was simply a desire to get into 15-block, where he could be near the two men he had chosen as his heroes: Ward and



**Two riots occurred. First and more dangerous (179 men) was in 15-block; second and more destructive (1,600 men) started in dining hall, filtered into yard through recreation area**



**Psychologist Fox led hard life as kid, knew some inmates of old—which helped break riot**

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GARRETT H. COPE

Hyatt, regarded with good reason as the prison's toughest convicts.

Up to 1950, this pair had been at Marquette prison. That year they participated in a desperate attack on Governor G. Mennen Williams, who was making an inspection visit. Hyatt and Ward attempted to escape, using the governor as a shield, but were seized by state troopers. They were thereupon transferred to Southern Michigan—and 15-block.

Despite the desperate character of Ward and Hyatt, apparently neither of them was in on Young's plan to take over the block. Ward testified afterward that he knew nothing of what Young had in mind "until he opened my cell door." This statement is corroborated by the fact that the guards noticed none of the usual telltale signs of unrest prior to the riot. Young appears to have hatched and carried out the affair himself, probably hoping to impress his toughness on his two idols.

Thus, ironically, the big riot was touched off by a baby-faced punk who was merely trying to initiate a prison friendship. Unfortunately, the primary object of Young's affections happened to be Ward, perhaps the only man in the prison sufficiently ruthless and imaginative to exploit every aspect of the unprecedented situation in 15-block.

Once Ward took command, he largely ignored Young. When I reached the prison about nine thirty Sunday evening, some two hours after the riot started, Ward had already made his first publicity-seeking demand that a reporter be brought to him.

At Warden Frisbie's request, Ed F. Smith, veteran Citizen-Patriot reporter from Jackson, came to the prison at nine thirty-five and was escorted by guards to a spot about 30 feet from the front door of 15-block.

"Stand where you are," Ward ordered.

After a five-minute wait, Ward stepped outside. He was carrying a length of rubber hose and a short length of chain. "Here's what the guards use to beat the men in 15-block," Ward shouted. He followed this charge with a statement that "goons" (inmate male nurses) were mistreating patients in the mental wards. Then, Smith asked:

"What are you going to do next?"

"None of your business," Ward snarled.

That terminated Ward's first press conference. Evidently, the rioters had no definite plan of action at the start (another indication that the mutiny developed spontaneously).

### Files Show Killers in Block

From midnight until dawn, all was quiet in 15-block. I spent most of that time checking case histories of 15-block inmates in my office files. The picture was discouraging. Collectively, 15-block's 179 inmates seemed to have committed every known crime except treason. Forty had killed or were capable of killing. Another 15 were uncontrollable homosexuals.

Although I had been working in Michigan prisons for three years, I had never seen or talked to either Ward or Hyatt. My staff (13 counselors) and I simply have no time to spend on the worst element in a prison population. Experience has proved such men do not react to psychological treatment. As a result, we concentrate our individual treatment and rehabilitation efforts on younger, less hardened inmates, who can still be helped.

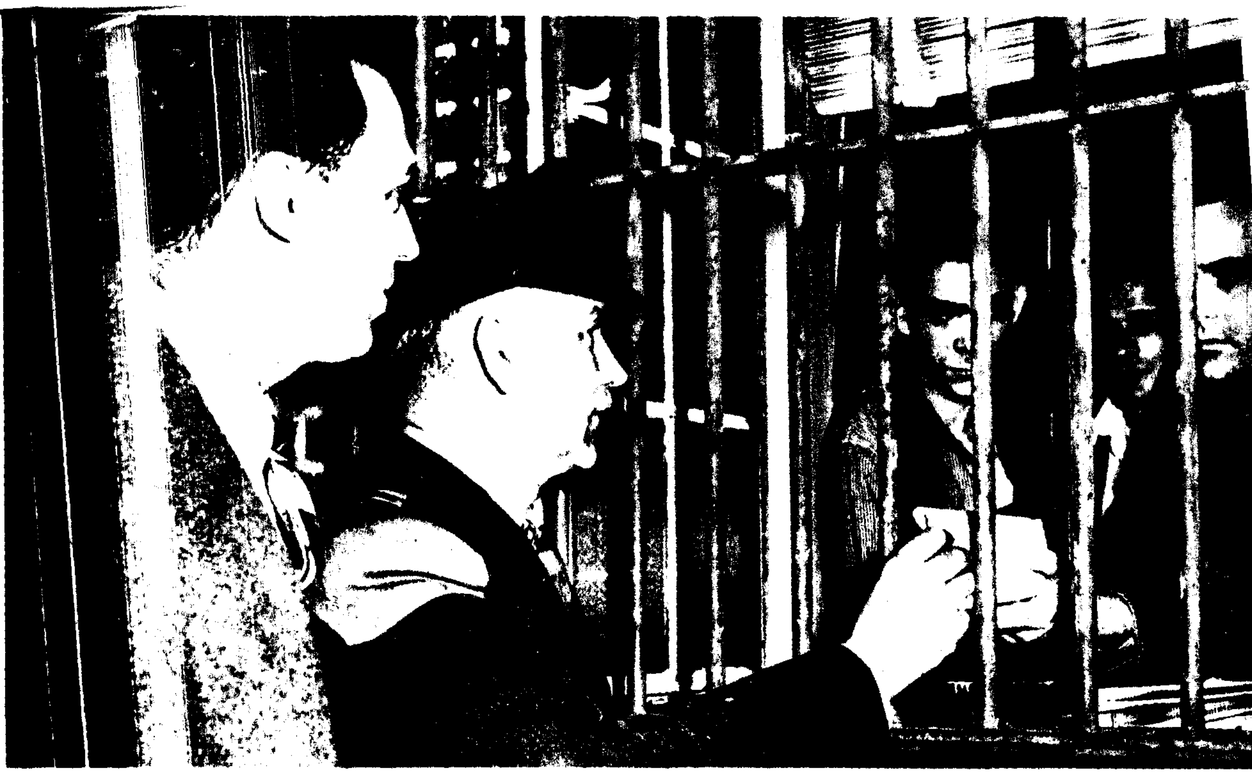
At about seven o'clock Monday morning, I visited 15-block for the first time and introduced myself to Ward (most of my conversations with him, then and later, were conducted through barred windows or the barred entrance door to the block, although occasionally he swung the door open).

"I've heard of you," he said. "You've got a good reputation, but I'll decide for myself."

This appeared to be a reference to my personal background, which was well known to most of the inmates. Having come from a broken home, I was at fifteen years of age placed in Starr Commonwealth school for dependent and problem children at Albion, Michigan. Some of the youngsters I knew at Starr Commonwealth in 1932 were serving sentences at Southern Michigan when the big riot broke out.

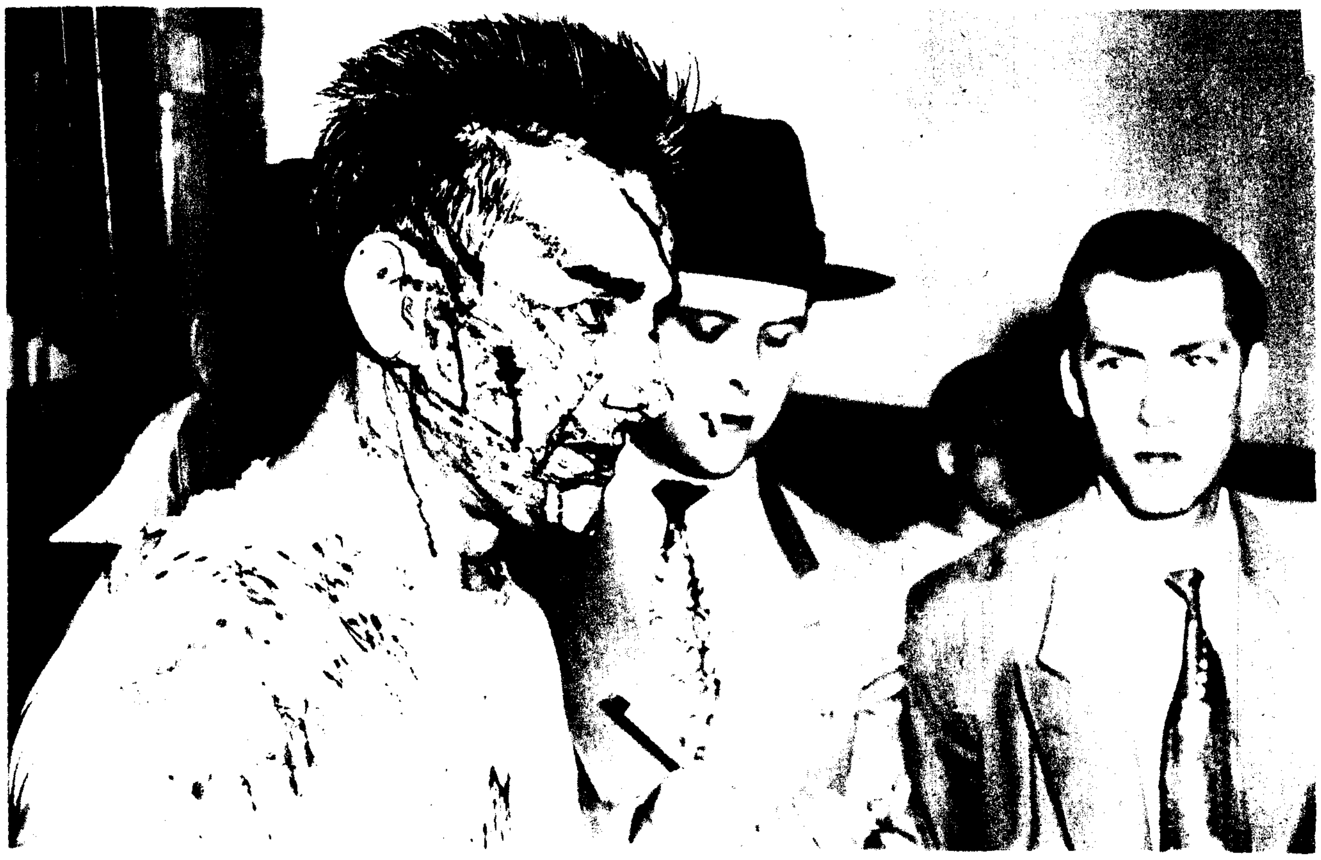
In answering Ward, I took my cue from him. "I've heard of you, too," I said. "Your reputation is good, but I'll decide for myself."

Ward then brought two *(Continued on page* 48)



WIDE WORLD

**List of demands prepared by Ward (r.) was typed at his request, passed back by guard Capt. Harold Tucker as Fox watched. Other convicts shown are Russell Jarboe (l.), Tony Mazzone**



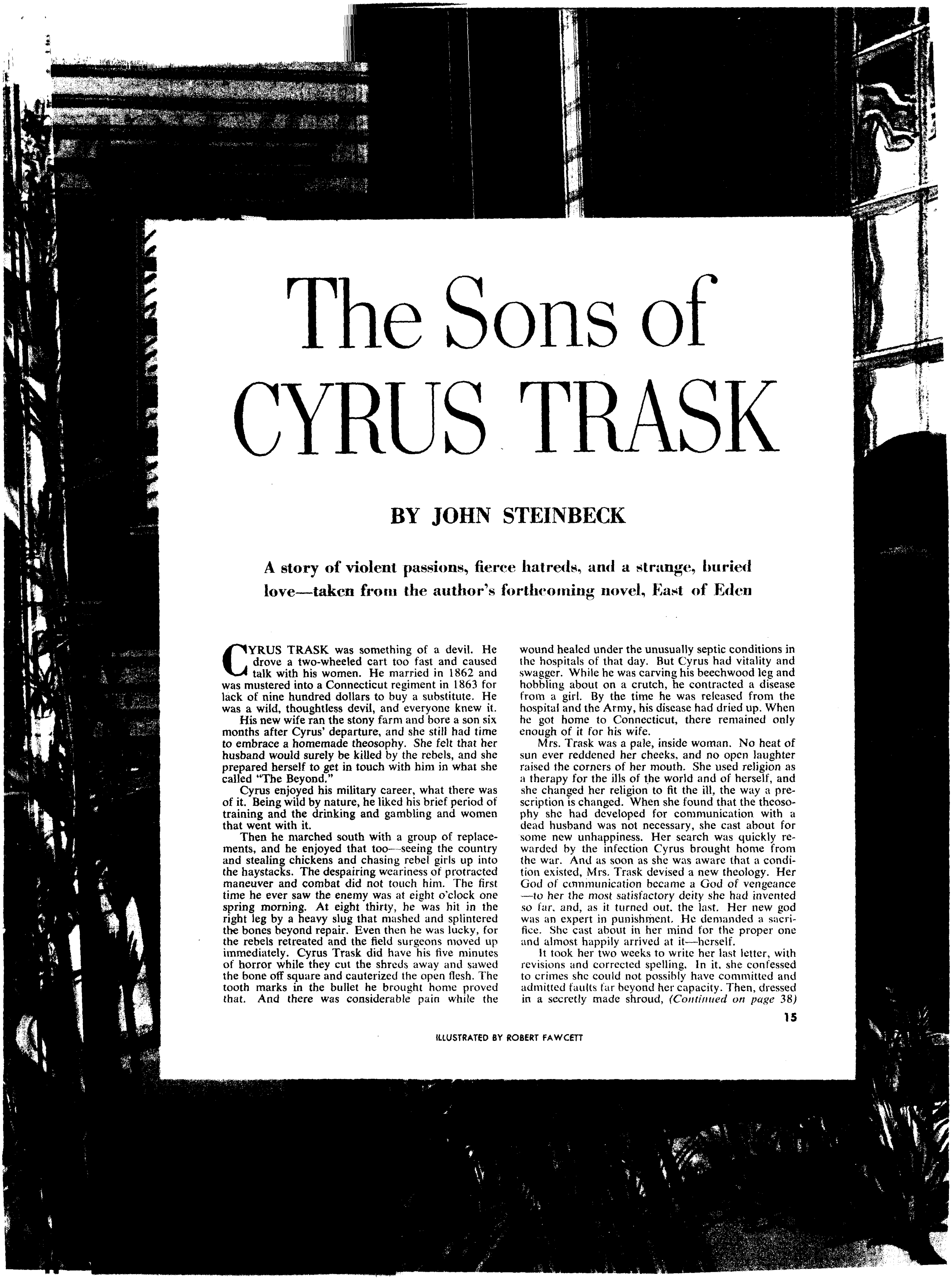
INTERNATIONAL

**Bloody and battered, prisoner Ellsworth Roberts talks to newspapermen after being beaten, thrown from 15-block for attempting to send note to warden, ex-Marine Gen. Julian Frisbie**

**Before state police could herd dining-hall rioters back to their cells, they did estimated $2,000,000 worth of damage to prison property. Photograph below shows wreckage of laundry**

INTERNATIONAL

Close-order drill was as natural as breathing and as hateful as hell to them. Cyrus made them walk for miles carrying knapsacks loaded with stones



# The Sons of CYRUS TRASK

### BY JOHN STEINBECK

**A story of violent passions, fierce hatreds, and a strange, buried love—taken from the author's forthcoming novel, East of Eden**

CYRUS TRASK was something of a devil. He drove a two-wheeled cart too fast and caused talk with his women. He married in 1862 and was mustered into a Connecticut regiment in 1863 for lack of nine hundred dollars to buy a substitute. He was a wild, thoughtless devil, and everyone knew it.

His new wife ran the stony farm and bore a son six months after Cyrus' departure, and she still had time to embrace a homemade theosophy. She felt that her husband would surely be killed by the rebels, and she prepared herself to get in touch with him in what she called "The Beyond."

Cyrus enjoyed his military career, what there was of it. Being wild by nature, he liked his brief period of training and the drinking and gambling and women that went with it.

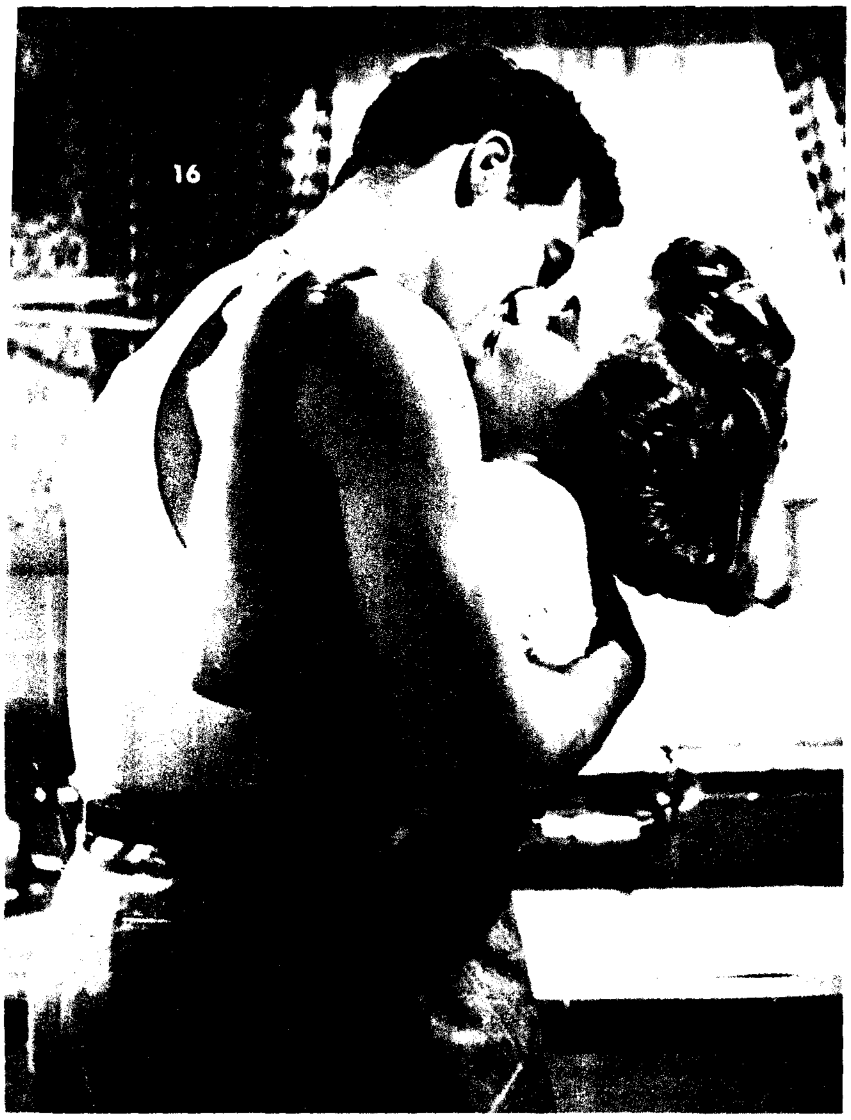
Then he marched south with a group of replacements, and he enjoyed that too—seeing the country and stealing chickens and chasing rebel girls up into the haystacks. The despairing weariness of protracted maneuver and combat did not touch him. The first time he ever saw the enemy was at eight o'clock one spring morning. At eight thirty, he was hit in the right leg by a heavy slug that mashed and splintered the bones beyond repair. Even then he was lucky, for the rebels retreated and the field surgeons moved up immediately. Cyrus Trask did have his five minutes of horror while they cut the shreds away and sawed the bone off square and cauterized the open flesh. The tooth marks in the bullet he brought home proved that. And there was considerable pain while the wound healed under the unusually septic conditions in the hospitals of that day. But Cyrus had vitality and swagger. While he was carving his beechwood leg and hobbling about on a crutch, he contracted a disease from a girl. By the time he was released from the hospital and the Army, his disease had dried up. When he got home to Connecticut, there remained only enough of it for his wife.

Mrs. Trask was a pale, inside woman. No heat of sun ever reddened her cheeks, and no open laughter raised the corners of her mouth. She used religion as a therapy for the ills of the world and of herself, and she changed her religion to fit the ill, the way a prescription is changed. When she found that the theosophy she had developed for communication with a dead husband was not necessary, she cast about for some new unhappiness. Her search was quickly rewarded by the infection Cyrus brought home from the war. And as soon as she was aware that a condition existed, Mrs. Trask devised a new theology. Her God of communication became a God of vengeance—to her the most satisfactory deity she had invented so far, and, as it turned out, the last. Her new god was an expert in punishment. He demanded a sacrifice. She cast about in her mind for the proper one and almost happily arrived at it—herself.

It took her two weeks to write her last letter, with revisions and corrected spelling. In it, she confessed to crimes she could not possibly have committed and admitted faults far beyond her capacity. Then, dressed in a secretly made shroud,

(Continued on page 38)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT



In a scene from her latest release, RKO's Clash by Night, Stanwyck busses an undershirted co-star named Robert Ryan

# STANWYCK

### By FRANK S. NUGENT

**She's "Queen Barbara" to her admiring co-workers, who rate her the most workmanlike, least temperamental star in films**

IF ACTRESSES, like school kids, had to bring home report cards, Barbara Stanwyck's would have more "A's" on it than the first page of the telephone directory. In the course of a long and astonishingly consistent Hollywood career, she has made more than 50 pictures—yet never has been late on the set, never has forgotten her lines and, with a fine exhibition of left- and right-handed batting, has knocked off no fewer than four Academy nominations for performances in comedy, tragedy and melodrama. That she never has managed to win the coveted Oscar may be attributed to any number of things. But to the men and women who have worked with her, it's always a case of "the Queen wuz robbed!"

Just as Gable is known as the King in Hollywood, Stanwyck is the Queen to her crews. Unfailingly, at the end of each picture, some sheepish spokesman steps forward, cap in hand, to present a little token of respect and esteem. "To the Queen" or "To the Queen Bee from Her Drones" is the way most of them are inscribed, and they range from silver lockets, coffee makers and upholstered stools to the portable record player she received on completion of her current film, RKO's Clash by Night.

While Stanwyck's trophies may not look as well on her mantelpiece as a golden Oscar, they are a rare currency nonetheless; for working crews generally don't part with their cash for any such frivolous purpose as what the columnists call "gifting a star."

In naming Barbara their Queen Bee, they not only have given her a regal nickname which has stuck, but have called attention to the more important fact: that Queen Barbara is probably the most workmanlike, professionally dedicated actress in the entire film colony.

Brooklyn-born and shanty Irish (by her own proud admission), Stanwyck reportedly has only once incurred a directorial rebuke for a bad scene. During the making of Meet John Doe, Frank Capra complained that she was letter-perfect in reading a page-long speech which he had wanted her to read stumblingly. As a solution, he rewrote the speech on the set and gave her two minutes to study it. This time, but with obvious effort, she managed a stumble or two.

A producer, Samuel Goldwyn, also took her to task on a point of acting technique, but this was nearly 15 years ago, when she starred in his sentimental classic, Stella Dallas. While admitting that one of her crying scenes had moved him to tears, he thought it might be still more effective if she played it without tears herself, but fighting to hold them back. They reshot the scene that way and Goldwyn wept more than ever. "It was," he told friends later, "one of the happiest moments of my life."

Miss Stanwyck habitually memorizes her scripts well in advance of shooting, memorizing not merely her own part but everyone's; then she never so much as glances at the script again. This has a sometimes unsettling, but generally healthy, effect on her fellow players. Even such casual studies as Clark Gable, who last worked with her two years ago in To Please a Lady, and Fred MacMurray, co-star of Double Indemnity, buckled down to their homework after a few days of blowing lines in the face of Stanwyck's calm perfection.

The most common occupational disease of movie actresses—especially those who have been around as long as Stanwyck—is megalocephalia, otherwise known as swelled head. Its symptoms, which become manifest on the sound stage, are knowing more about make-up than the make-up man, more about lighting than the head gaffer, more about photography than the cameraman, more about lines than the writer and more about direction than the director. Stanwyck hasn't got it.

A woman visitor to her set once was found in a dazed condition, eyes staring, mouth agape. She had just watched a wardrobe woman putting a hat on Barbara's head. "And then you know what Miss Stanwyck did?" she whispered brokenly. "She never so much as touched it or even looked at herself in the mirror. She just walked right onto the set and played the scene. Why, she isn't human!"

Barbara has had few arguments with directors. Fritz Lang, who did Clash by Night, is reputed to be one of Hollywood's worst whipcrackers. He all but purrs when he mentions her. "Never a day's trouble. If they were all like her . . ." and he rolls his eyes.

### A Study of Relaxing Techniques

Watching Stanwyck on the set, between takes, is much like watching the old Joe Louis when he relaxed in his corner and waited for the bell to ring. There is the same air of cool detachment, casual assurance. She sits on the doorstep of her dressing room —knitting occasionally, or reading a book, or sipping one of the 14 cups of coffee she consumes in the course of a studio day. She looks more like a housewife listening to a radio serial while shelling peas than like an actress about to take off into the emotional stratosphere. Then the bell rings—and it's Killer Stanwyck in the ring, knocking the audience dead.

Jack Benny, who has trouped and clowned with the best of them, puts Stanwyck among the three greatest actresses he has ever known. (The other two are Ingrid Bergman and Ethel Merman.) Benny's explanation is that she has nerves of ice, a perfect sense of timing and is equally at home in comedy or drama. "Maybe it's hammy," he adds, "but that old line 'the show must go on'—that's Barbara."

The show went on for Miss Stanwyck last February when her 12-year marriage to Robert Taylor was dissolved in the Los Angeles divorce courts. The date of her final decree practically coincided with an engagement she had made some time before to appear in a satirical skit at the annual awards dinner of the Screen Writers' Guild. The guild show committee expected her to beg off; they knew it would mean enduring the inquisitive stare of every gossip columnist and fan-magazine sob sister in Hollywood, not to mention the calculating eyes of other actresses.

Their fears were groundless. She was not only there, poised and beautifully gowned, but was the only *(Continued on page 46)*

Rehearsing for radio show, Barbara clowns with Jack Benny, who says she's one of three greatest actresses he's known

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY

**Between-takes time out: star gabs with Marjorie Plecher, wardrobe; hairdresser LaVaughn Speer**

# A Confession, a Cat, and a Canary

### By JOSEPH PETRACCA

**I guess I have sinned, Father, because I stole the money. But it wasn't really stealing, because I meant to put it back. And you can't blame a fellow for catching the measles**

BLESS me, Father, for I have sinned. It is six weeks since my last confession; but, as you will see, none of it was my fault, neither the staying away so long from confession nor all of the sins I committed.

I know that my sisters, Concetta and Amelia, have already been here and told you all about the money I stole, but I want to tell it to you just the way it happened.

You know I have always wanted a pet, Father. All the kids around the block have them: Petey Curcio flies pigeons; Frankie Grillo has a dog that shakes hands with you; and even little Benny Sennels, whose old man is drunk and out of work half the time, keeps a coop of white rabbits in his back yard.

Do you remember the last time I was here and told you about that little alley cat I found one afternoon on my way home from school, the black one with the white paws that I called Cotton on account of the paws? And do you remember how Mama, on account of being alone so much in the kitchen, took to Cotton right off, calling him "Cot" in that broken English way of hers, and gave him a leftover meatball and a saucer of milk? Mama really took to him.

Well, Father, you know what happened. I was going to bring the kids up the next day to see him; but that night, when Papa came home from the docks and saw the cat eating the food he was working for, he got blue in the face and came into the kitchen swinging his longshoreman's hook and kicking his big feet at the cat. He would have killed Cotton, he was that mad, but the cat skidded around the kitchen and finally jumped out of the window and ran down the fire escape, and that was the last I ever saw of him. That's why I never took that hungry-looking mutt home that I saw the next day in the lot. Even though I wanted a dog more than anything in the world, I figured it was better for the poor mutt to die of starvation rather than to let Papa get hold of him.

Poor Mama, though. She missed Cotton more than I thought.

You know the way Mama is, Father. She gets an idea in her head that she wants something, and she keeps right on wanting it no matter how impossible or crazy the idea is. After a while, you get to feeling sorry for her because Papa, on account of the shape-ups, layoffs and strikes at the docks, never gets her anything like the other women around the block have, whether it's a cat or a dress, a player piano or even a wind up victrola.

The real trouble began about a week after Cotton ran away; the day Mama went to visit Dodo Ferrante's mother to gossip. It was one of those nice sunny days, and when Mama opened the door and heard Mrs. Ferrante's new canary chirping away so pretty by the open kitchen window, she couldn't keep her ears off it. The bird just sang and sang. Well, if you know the way Mama likes music, you will understand the way she felt, because to her the canary was a victrola *and* a pet all rolled up in one. The more the bird sang, the more Mama didn't hear Mrs. Ferrante.

That night when Papa came home he was tired, dragging tired—a bad time to even *think* of asking him to buy anything, let alone a canary. Right away he flopped in a chair and began to take his shoes off.

In the meantime, Mama was looking all over the kitchen, with a finger to her lips, turning around slowly. Then, with her mind made up, she walked to the window, holding a big circle of air between her arms, and said, "When we buy, we put it over here."

Papa looked up, not buying anything. "When we buy what?"

"The bird," Mama said.

"What bird?" Papa said.

"The canary," Mama said, making a beak with her fingers and trilling them up and down. "We put it in the window like Mrs. Ferrante—and it sings."

That's all Papa had to hear. At once his fists crashed down on the chair, and he kicked one of his shoes off, and it landed up against the stove. You could see that he was boiling mad as he went after his shoe, but before he picked it up, he lifted the cover off the macaroni pot and began banging it up and down like New Year's Eve.

He kept that up for a minute, then threw the cymbal back on the pot and shouted, "I got four kids, a wife and a father-in-law—and now I gotta feed a bird!"

"A bird is nothing," Mama said, showing him a tip of her fingernail. "It eats nothing and it sings."

With his ears closed, Papa picked up the shoe and said, "Let's eat."

"We give the bird bread, that's all," Mama said, not giving up. "Maybe a little escarole we throw away."

"I'm throwing away nothing—no escarole and no bread."

"Patsy—" Mama said, hissing his name, and for a minute I thought she was going to put up a fight for the canary; but suddenly, as if she was remembering all the things she never got and how hardheaded Papa was, she went to the stove to lift the big macaroni pot and bit her lips, trying to stop from crying. Even then, Father, I had no idea I would ever steal.

Did I ever tell you about where Papa keeps his money? Instead of putting it in the bank and drawing interest like those people in the arithmetic books are always doing, he kept his money in an old clodhopper shoe on the top shelf of the closet. Most of the time there was almost no money in the shoe, but there had to be *some*, I figured, since none of us had been sick for a long time and Mama had stopped getting babies. And, honest, no matter what my sisters told you, Father, my intention, which is what *really* counts, was not *really* stealing, even though it came out that way, because I had a delivery job promised to me that Saturday by Mr. Polito, the grocer, good for five dollars with tips included. I had every intention of putting the money back before Papa had a chance to make another deposit in his shoe.

I never saw Mama so upset as that night. When Papa left after supper to go to Gino's Café to play his penny ante *tre-sette*, she went right into her bedroom so none of us could see her, and she cried. You can forgive my kid brother, Natale, who is only seven; but my two older sisters, who must have hearts of stone, didn't even seem to know what was happening, because they left, laughing, to go downstairs and play with Elvira Bianchi. After a while, Mama came out all dressed up in her old Sunday dress and rumpled felt hat, her eyes still wet from crying.

"Where are you going, Mama?" Nat asked.

"Never mind where I'm go!" Mama snapped at him, and she went out, pulling on her gloves.

I know where she went, because I followed her. She went to Mrs. Ferrante's house to listen to the canary.

I STILL wasn't sure what I was going to do, Father; but without knowing it or planning it, I started to walk along Myrtle Avenue in the direction of the Pet Shop. When I got there, I stood outside the window, looking in. There were all kinds of cages hanging off the walls and ceiling, with birds perched inside of them. Around the side of the store, in bigger cages, there were cats, dogs, hamsters and pink-eyed rabbits, but I didn't pay much attention to them and went back to studying the canaries.

I don't know whether you know it or not, Father; but if you work hard at it, you can teach a canary just as many tricks as a dog. For instance, you can make a canary perch on your finger or head, eat bread crumbs out of your hand and, after some harder training, let him kiss a seed out of your lips. Not that I want you to think I'm especially holy, Father; but as I stood there watching the canaries, I made up my mind to buy one for Mama that very Saturday.

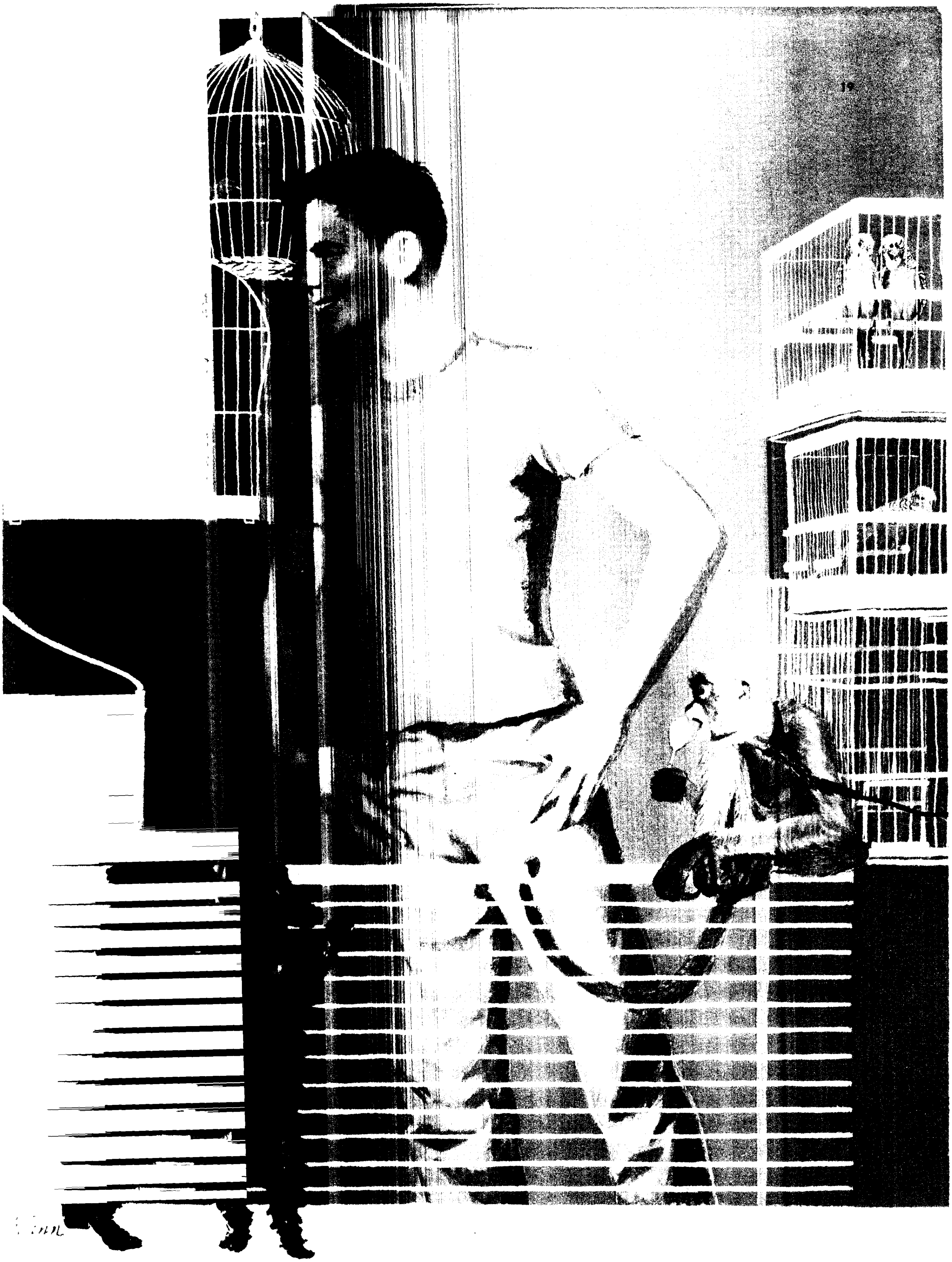
Inside the store, a little man who looked like something in the bird line himself was walking around and filling the feeding cups with water and seed. I pushed the door open, just intending to shop around, and a bell tinkled over my head. The bird man turned around.

"Yes?" he said.

"I'm looking for a canary," I told him, and for no reason at all, he looked *(Continued on page 60)*

**I pushed the door of the Pet Shop open, just intending to shop around, and a bell tinkled overhead. "I'm looking for a canary," I said**

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN



Complete with green eyeshade, commentator Trout has described the hoopla and excitement of every G.O.P. and Democratic convention since 1936. Again this month he'll cover both meetings on nation-wide hookup

# CONVENTIONS:

For unforgettable laughs and history-making tension, there's nothing to equal a political convention. Sleeping delegates, pigeons in the air and shoeless speakers all can be part of the scene when party people nominate Presidential candidates

By ROBERT TROUT

FROM my vantage point in a glass booth high in Chicago Stadium, I watched the host city's Mayor Ed Kelly deliver his contribution to the oratorical splendor of the 1944 Democratic convention. It was a typical "... man who ..." speech, one of those apparently interminable nominating orations consisting of a terrific build-up and concluding, in a dramatic flourish, with the candidate's name. As the speech progressed toward its inevitable climax, it resembled in detail a number of nominating speeches which had gone before—and a number which, I knew, were to come. Only the name of the candidate, I was sure, would be different.

I was wrong.

Kelly's object was to launch a boom that might win the Vice-Presidential nomination for Senator Scott Lucas of Illinois. To help matters along, a sizable number of men had been pressed into service under the stands and instructed to charge into the stadium at the end of the speech, carrying Lucas banners and shouting approval of him, in the hope of stampeding the delegates into a convention-wide demonstration.

Somehow the signals got crossed. The placard bearers rushed in and started whooping it up, as ordered—but *before* Lucas had been officially nominated! Their arrival was so unexpected that even the senator's supporters among the delegates were stunned.

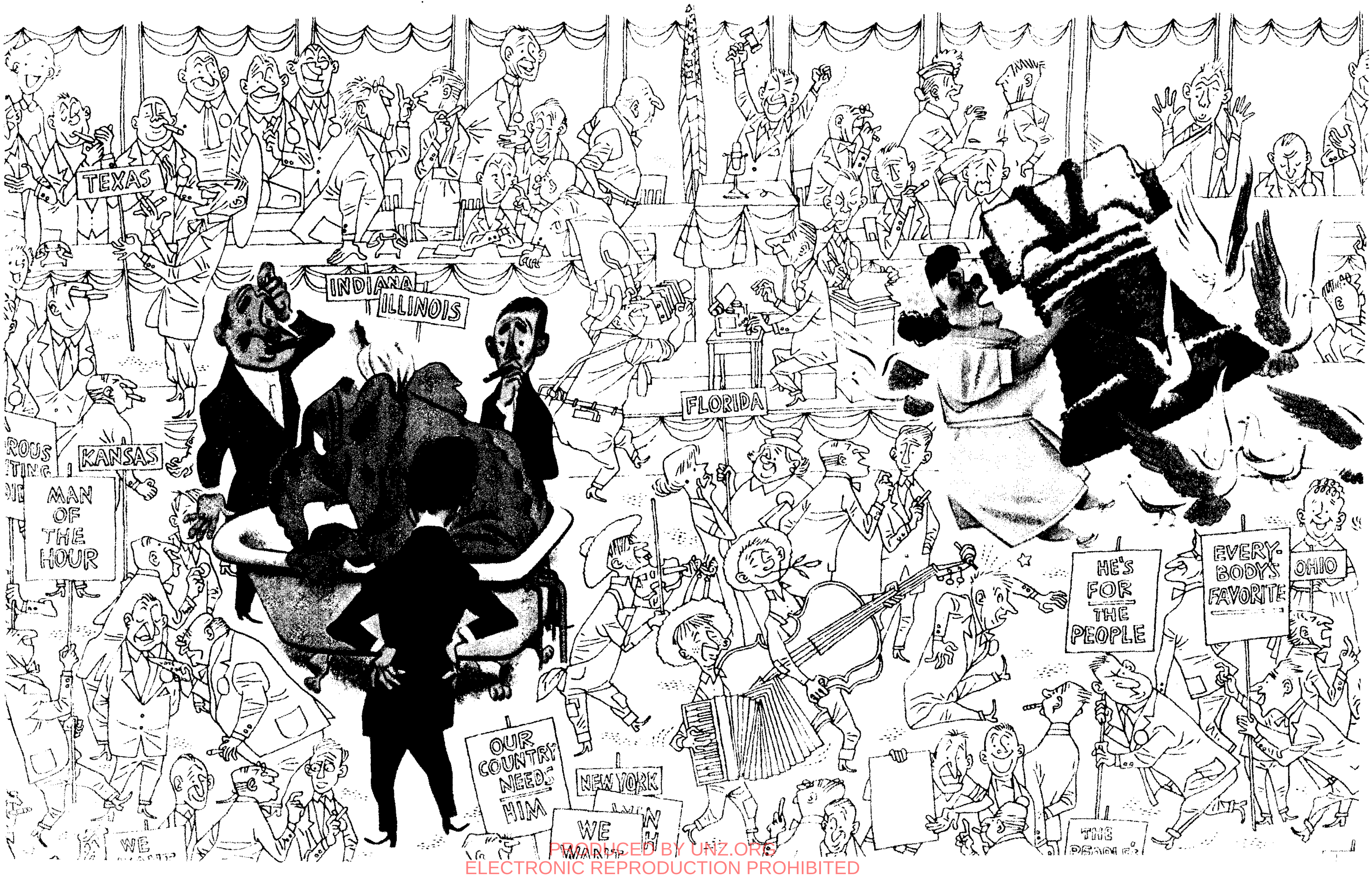
Ushers rounded up the visitors and conducted them ignominiously out of the hall. Kelly came to the end of his speech, but it was anticlimactic. The Lucas "boom" was finished. A few hours later, Senator Harry S. Truman of Missouri received the Vice-Presidential nomination. In less than a year, he was President of the United States.

Being a witness to incidents like this possibly historical mishap has provided me with a full measure of spice and excitement in what soon will be 16 years of political convention-going.

As a radio (and now radio-TV) reporter, I've had the privilege and fun of covering every major nominating convention—and some of the smaller party gatherings, too—since the Republicans named Alf Landon as their Presidential standard-bearer in 1936. In my quadrennial wanderings to Cleveland, Philadelphia and Chicago, I've encountered more rich comedy, gripping drama and touching pathos than I've ever seen on a stage.

With 17,000,000 television sets now scattered throughout the nation, a record number of people are going to have a chance this month to see what I mean. The G.O.P. Presidential nominating convention will be called to order in full view of the video cameras at the Chicago Convention Building and International Amphitheater on July 7th. The Democratic National Convention gets under way at the same place exactly two weeks later. They should be two of the best shows of the year.

With more than 2,000 party-happy delegates and their alternates determined to cram the hours with politics and play, there's always a full quota of color and excitement at a political convention. Some of it is intentional; some accidental. The Texas delegation's ten-gallon hats, hillbilly bands



# Party Time for Politicians

from both cabins and cabarets, and cleverly worded posters are convention stand-bys. Some time in the course of at least one major speech the public-address system always seems to go dead, leaving an impassioned orator waving his arms vigorously in utter silence. Always, there is someone among the distinguished guests, seated to the rear of the speaker's table, who falls asleep just when he should be wildly cheering a spirited listing of the opposition party's numerous crimes against America.

One very personal memory is a Sunday radio interview I conducted in Chicago just before the start of the 1944 Republican convention. Probing for the opinions of the late Senator Arthur Vandenberg, always a Presidential possibility, I asked, with brilliant originality, "Well, Senator, what's on your mind?"

"The only thing I have on my mind," he replied, "is my hat." When he went into the adjoining room to pick up his belongings afterward, he found his hat had been stolen.

During the same convention, I was an interested spectator as Massachusetts Representative Joseph W. Martin introduced the famous congresswoman from Connecticut, Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce. A fetching figure in a blue silk gown and silver evening slippers, Mrs. Luce moved to the front and center of the platform. She bowed her head in thanks for the tumultuous reception and posed politely for photographs with Martin as she stepped to the podium. She didn't trip and fall on her face, but I still wonder why.

Unknown to Mrs. Luce and most of the 15,000 delegates and guests, permanent convention chairman Martin—a short, stocky man—had found a way of boosting his height on the frequent occasions when he had to address the assembly. At the base of the flag-draped speaker's table was a sort of inverted sliding drawer. Whenever Martin was to direct the proceedings on the floor, I could see him pull the drawer out and gain altitude by standing on it. Unfortunately, he forgot to kick it shut again when tall, slim Mrs. Luce came forward to make her speech.

For millions of radio listeners and newspaper readers, the talk that followed is still famous for the then congresswoman's lashing attack on New Deal "bumbledom." But my most vivid memory of the evening is the picture of the blonde, precise-looking Mrs. Luce, startled for only an instant, calmly kicking off her shoes and delivering a long, fiery speech, standing high on Representative Joe Martin's drawer in her stocking feet.

### Release of Pigeons Was Ill-Timed

Then there was the unforgettably comic scene that took place shortly before the close of the 1948 Democratic convention in Philadelphia. It was almost two o'clock in the morning, and President Truman was just about to enter Convention Hall to announce his acceptance of the party's nomination, when a lady delegate strode forward, lifted a huge floral replica of the Liberty Bell off the platform and released about 100 pigeons which had been imprisoned underneath.

The sleepy delegates awoke with a start to the slapping of pigeon wings. Their reactions ranged from annoyance to shock. But consider the predicament of poor convention chairman Sam Rayburn. Through the long, hot hours, he had been riding herd on the delegates, holding the convention together with stalwart voice and gavel-wielding arm. Now, at the climax of his convention duties, just when he should have been introducing the President of the United States, the chairman was busy shooing pigeons off the platform!

There are many amusing moments at conventions. But no matter how frequent the laughs, the tension never really lets up. The stakes are too high. Influencing almost every action in the noisy, smoky auditorium is the knowledge that someone is going to get a good shot at the most important job in the world. It is the struggle for this prize that drives party leaders through seemingly endless convention sessions, tough bartering meetings at midnight and hastily summoned conferences at dawn.

And still there is always the chance of a surprise when the voting begins. Who within range of a radio will ever forget the tense roll calls at the 1940 Republican convention, the gallery cries of "We want Willkie!" and the Hoosier's spectacular victory on the sixth ballot?

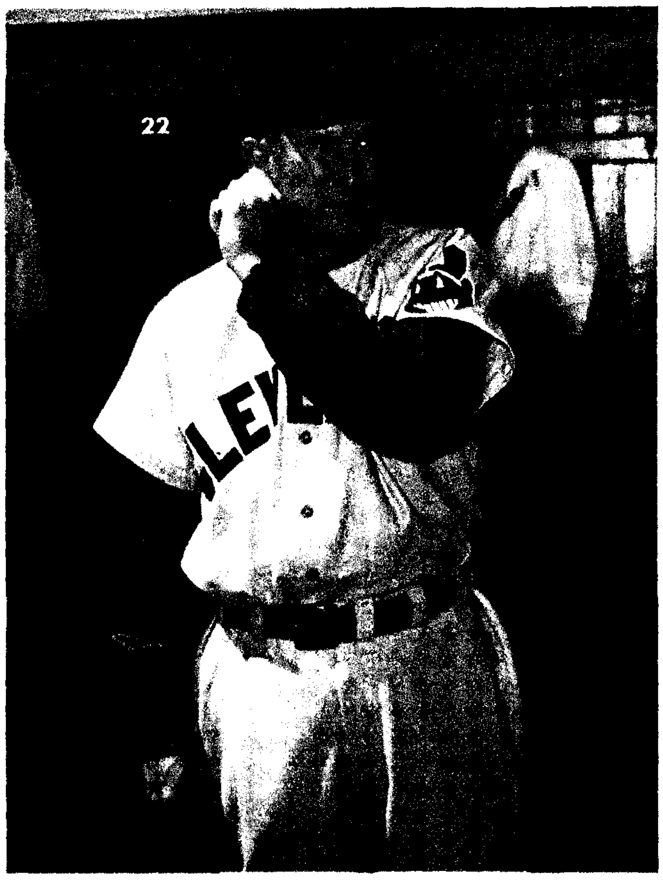
Sometimes the greatest convention dramas don't even occur in sight of the delegates. For sheer suspense, I have never witnessed a scene to equal Franklin Roosevelt's formal acceptance of the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1936.

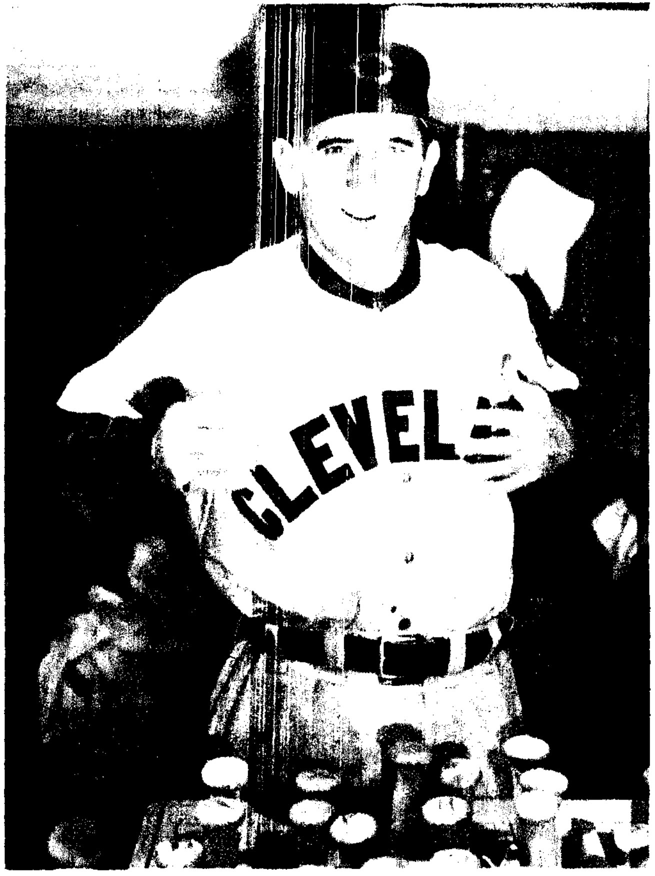
The staging was on an epic scale. It was a super-spectacle, set in Philadelphia's outdoor Franklin Field the night after the convention's final adjournment. Free tickets to the affair had been distributed during the day; and when the President, helped by his son, James, climbed the ramp at the rear of the speaker's platform, an estimated 100,000 people were packed into the stadium to see and hear him speak.

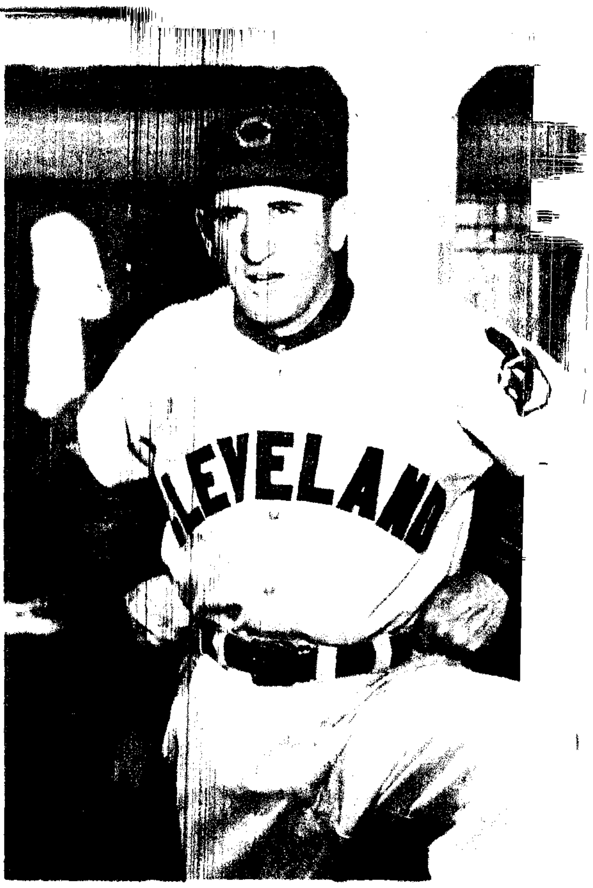
Suddenly, as Roosevelt stepped onto the center aisle that led toward the *(Continued on page 64)*

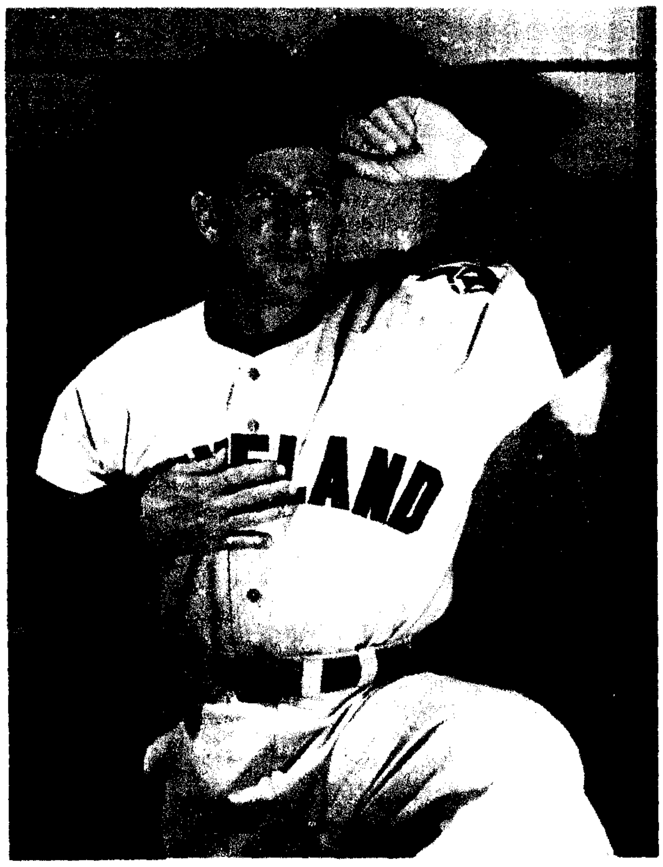
ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS

WILLKIE
TAFT

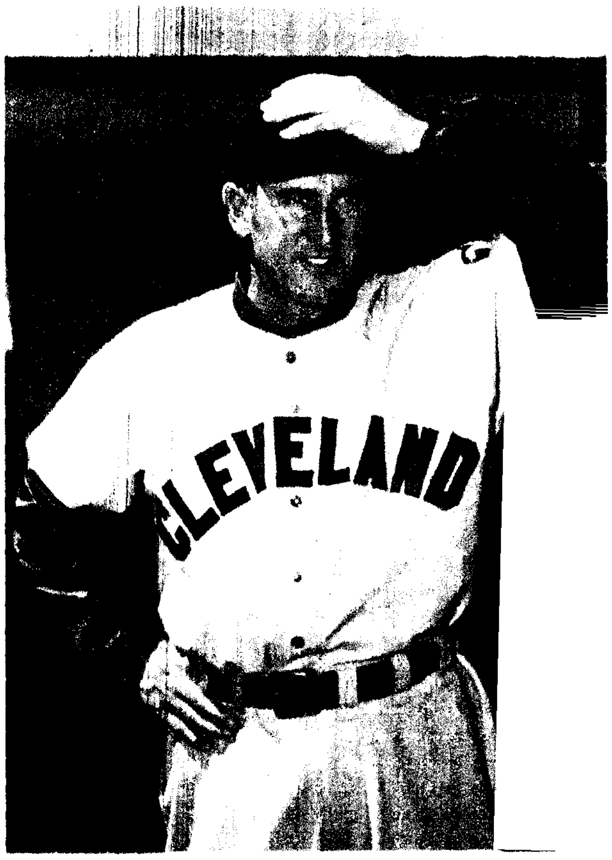


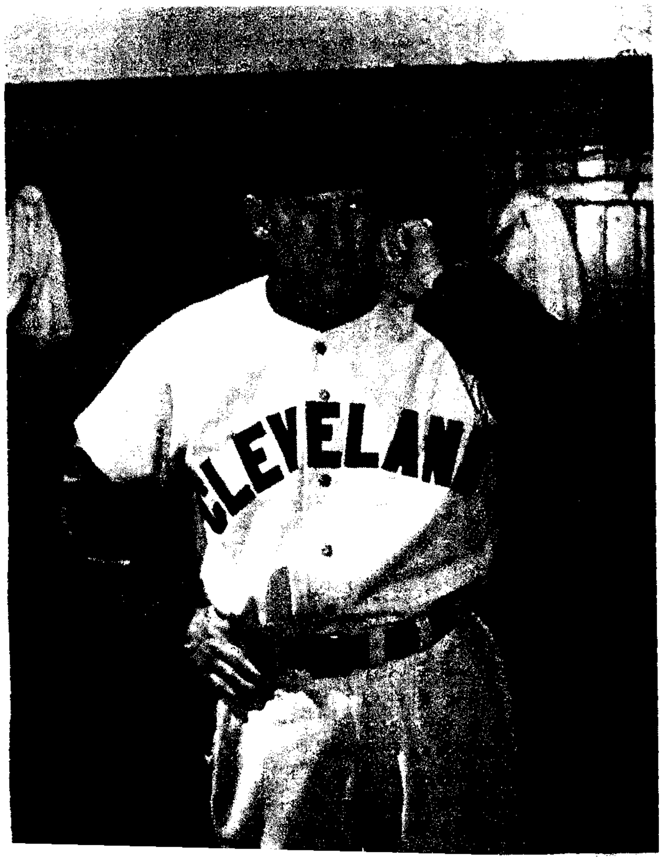


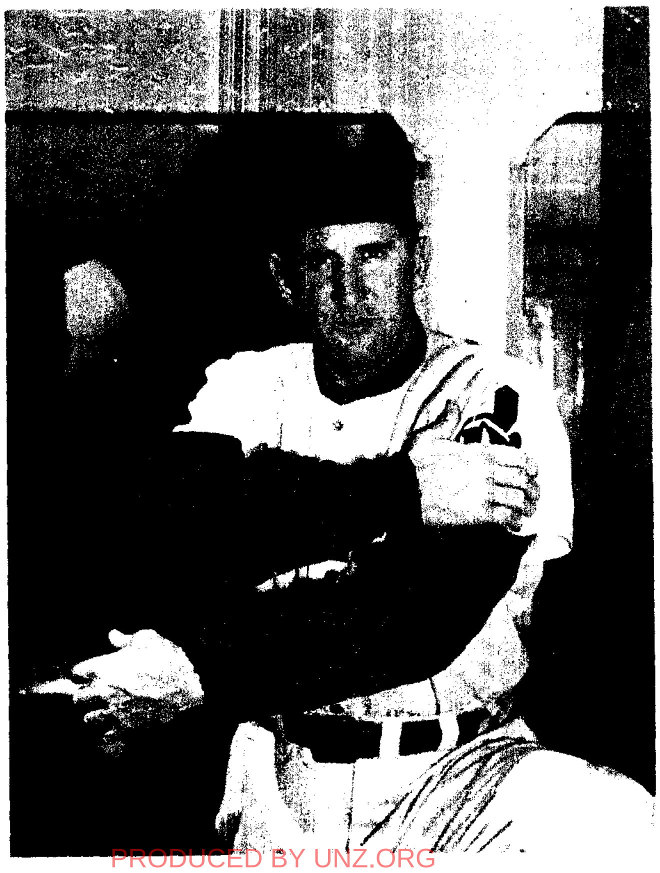


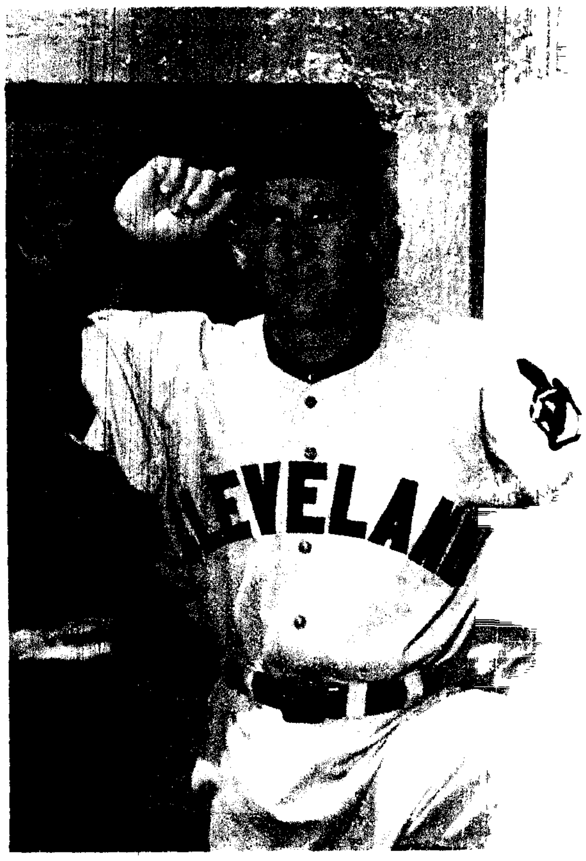


# No Baseball Manager Ever Wins a Game Hands Down. Signs Like These Set in Motion All Kinds of Diamond Strategy









# Lopez and the Indian Signs

### By TOM MEANY

**The hands which took him through a record 18 years as a big-league catcher now signal strategy for a whole Tribe. His wigwagging is an art and science, and it pays off—big**

LIKE a master puppeteer manipulating the strings which control his marionettes, a baseball manager is a busy guy with his fingers. His ballplayers dangle at the end of a manager's strings, moving as he wills them to move. The goal of all managers through this maneuvering is, of course, eventually to get their fingers into the pennant pie.

The fingers of Al Lopez, manager of the Cleveland Indians, are aimed at the same pie as the rest of the American League pilots, and it is the opinion of most experts that, barring the unforeseen, Al has an excellent chance of getting a handful of plums come October.

Maestro Lopez possesses a remarkably gifted set of fingers, from which he has derived almost as much mileage as another Maestro Lopez—Vincent, the pianist. The hands of the Indian boss which saw him through more big-league games than any other catcher in baseball history—1,918—are just as valuable to him today as they were when he crouched behind the bat for the better part of 18 seasons.

Shaking hands with a veteran catcher often has been described as a sensation similar to dipping your hand into a sack of peanuts. Lopez' fingers are not quite that gnarled, although his right index finger does look rather as though an elephant had stepped on it. His right, or "meat" hand, is noticeably larger than his left, which was protected by his catcher's mitt, puffed from the pounding of thousands of baseballs.

Lopez' talented talons play the tune which many observers believe will result in a Cleveland victory march. It is Al who decides whether an Indian batter will swing or take the pitch, bunt or hit away. His fingers wigwag the orders to a Cleveland base runner to steal; his hands, as expressive as those of a symphony conductor, determine just where the Tribe's outfielders shall play and what defensive alignment its infield shall take.

Almost every move of Cleveland's pennant fight is directed by Lopez. He gives signs for everything except the calling of the pitches, which he leaves in the capable hands of the Indians' first-string catcher. Jim Hegan.

"When I was an active player, the managers gave me plenty of leeway in calling the pitches," explained Al, "and I believe it is better that way. A catcher gets to know his pitchers thoroughly, and the opposing batters as well, and has a better idea of what pitch will be most effective in a given situation than a man on the bench.

"There were times in tight spots when I used to call the pitch from the bench but I gave it up because I found Hegan was in agreement with me so often that it wasn't necessary. And whenever Birdie Tebbetts relieved Jim, I let him have full sway, too. Birdie has been around the major leagues for 15 years and knows the hitters far better than I do. I did call some pitches for Quincy Troupe before we optioned him out, because he was new to the league."

In some quarters, Lopez' positive statement that he does not call the pitches for Hegan was regarded as politic, because a few years ago in Cleveland there was a terrific to-do about Lou Boudreau, then the manager, calling the pitches for Jim from his position at shortstop. Al, however, seems to have a genuine regard for Hegan's generalship behind the plate, as the following story will illustrate.

During spring training, in the presence of Lopez, Frank Gibbons, baseball writer for the Cleveland Press, and Harry Grayson, sports editor of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, engaged in a raucous, though not unfriendly, debate on the relative catching skills of Hegan and Yogi Berra of the Yankees. As is usually the case in such baseball arguments no decision was reached because no decision was possible, although some were tempted to give the nod to Grayson on sheer sound and fury if not forensic talent.

When the shouting and the tumult had died, Lopez quietly approached Gibbons and said, "Frank, there was one question you should have asked Harry—how long does he think Berra would stay in the big leagues if he didn't hit any higher than Hegan?"

It was a point well taken. Jim has a lifetime batting average of around .235, while the home-run clouting Berra hovers at the .300 mark. It takes a superreceiver to support a batting mark like Hegan's, and Jim is just that, in Lopez' opinion.

Baseball signs are not as complex as the layman might suspect. In fact, the most confusing thing about them is that they are called "signs" and not "signals," which would be the proper term. The success of a sign depends upon its simplicity. Some clubs use oral signs as well as manual but Lopez depends entirely upon his hands.

The oral sign is usually a simple phrase. Coaches who make a practice of "reading" (i.e., stealing) a pitcher's delivery use one word to tip off the batter that the pitch is a curve, another to let him know it is a fast ball. When Charley Dressen, now managing the Dodgers, was third-base coach for the Yankees under Bucky Harris, he used the word "boy" for a curve, such as "Let's go, boy," "You're my boy" or other short phrases with the word "boy." The fast-ball call was "come," such as "Come on," "Come and get it" and similar shouts. Dressen, of course, was too smart a coach ever to become confused and yell, "Come on, boy."

Before dismissing oral signs, there is the baseball classic of the erudite manager who told his batters that if he yelled the name of a town east of the Mississippi it was a curve ball, a town west of the Mississippi a fast ball. He got by all right as long as he stuck to towns like Boston and Denver, but one day in the heat of battle he yelled, "Waxahachie"—and the hitter was struck out before he could orientate himself geographically.

The manual signs which Lopez deals follow a simple pattern, a thumb hitched in his belt, a hand brushing his chin, a tug at the peak of his cap. "The ideal sign is a natural gesture," says Al, "or maybe a combination of natural gestures. If I finger my ear and then rub my chin it could mean one thing, but if I rubbed my chin first and then tugged at my ear it could mean something entirely different. Since the sign has to be both given and caught quickly, it must be simple. For years when John McGraw was managing the Giants he got by with as natural a gesture as a wink for his steal sign."

Lopez played for the Dodgers in 1930 and 1931 under the fabulous Uncle Wilbert Robinson, who once directed a club through an entire western trip without any signals at all, *(Continued on page 65)*

**Manager Lopez (left) and, in the usual order, his coaches: Tony Cuccinello, third base: Mel Harder, pitching; Bill Lobe, bull pen; Jake Flowers, first**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HUGH BRODERICK

# WOLF'S CLOTHING

### By ALLEN MARPLE

**Dick was a professional suitor, perennial guest, and permanent nuisance. So we had to marry him off**

I KEEP telling Babs it wouldn't have happened if he hadn't kissed her, and that's a fact. Of course, he'd kissed her before—before I ever met her, I suppose, although she isn't saying—but this time it got me.

He'd been out for the week end, and we were sitting in the car at the West Southport station, the five of us, waiting for the 9:23 to take him back to New York. He was in back with the kids, as always, and when the headlight showed he got out and stood there in the gravel, beaming in at them.

He said, "So long, Pete."

My twelve-year-old son and heir was going to be a jet pilot. He made the O sign, thumb to forefinger, and said, "Be seeing you, Uncle Dick," very lofty and laconic.

Uncle Dick said to Susie, who was nine, "So long, sweetheart."

Susie said, "Good-by, Uncle Dick."

I said, "It's Sunday, Dick." He'd been out since Friday—Friday dinner. I said, "The train'll be crowded."

He didn't seem to hear. He said, "Sweetheart, don't you marry anyone else while I'm gone."

There was a silence.

"Wait for me. Promise."

More silence.

Babs said, "Susan."

Susie can take a hint. She said, "Oh, sure, Uncle Dick. I'll wait. I promise."

He'd been playing this game with her ever since she could talk, and maybe she didn't sound enthusiastic, but Dick didn't notice. He came up alongside Babs and beamed in at us.

"Well, it's good-by again," he said. "I hate to leave. I always hate to leave. I'm going to miss you."

I said, "You're going to miss—" but Babs stopped me.

"We'll miss you too," she said. "Won't we, children?"

Pete said, "Roger."

Susie said, "Of course we will, Uncle Dick."

The thing to remember is that he wasn't their Uncle Dick. He wasn't anyone's Uncle Dick, not to my knowledge. He was just something I inherited when I married Babs; he came with the rice and the seven pop-up toasters and her grandmother's flat silver.

But that I didn't find out till after the wedding. Before, I thought he was competition, and I had reason.

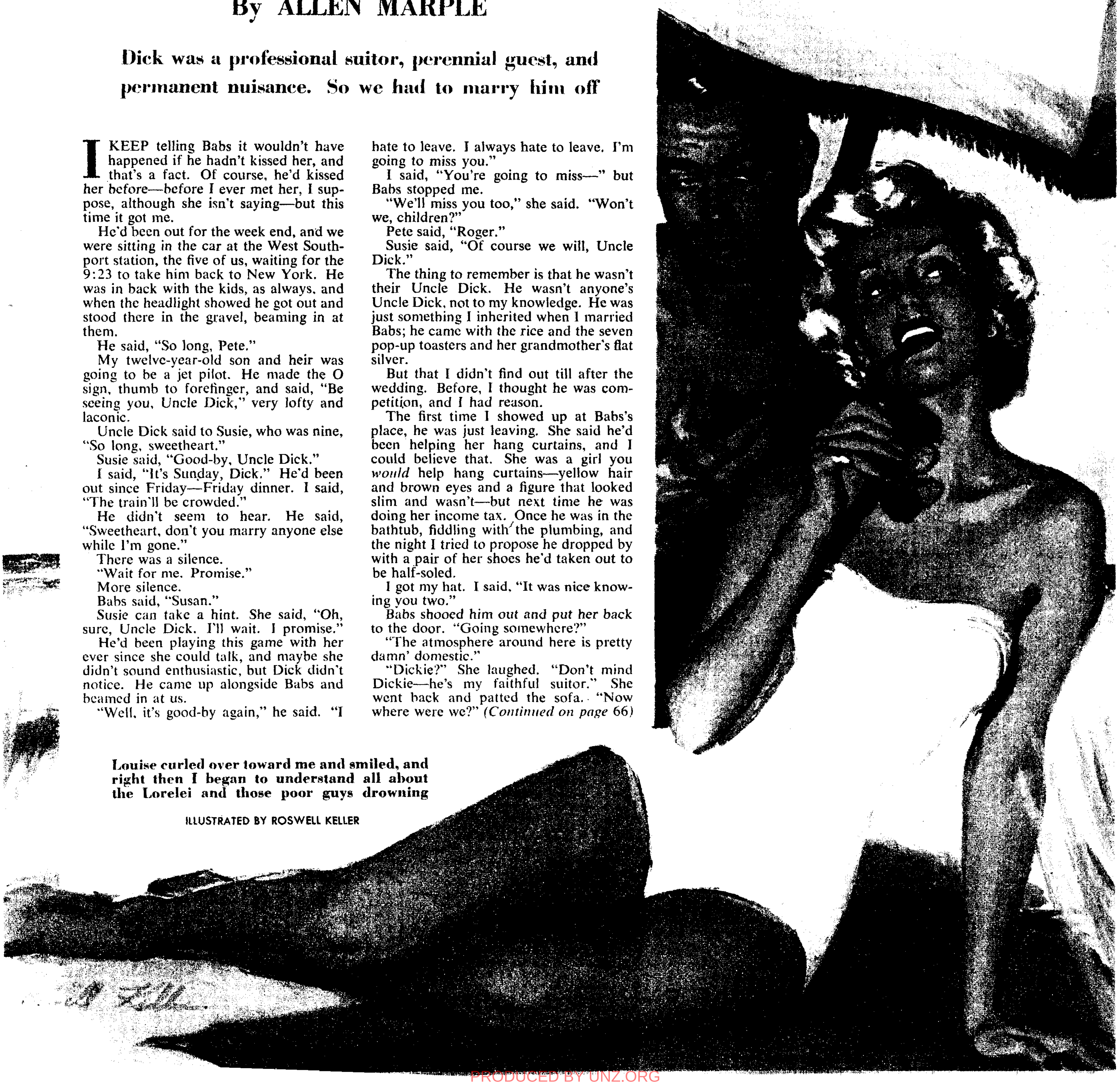
The first time I showed up at Babs's place, he was just leaving. She said he'd been helping her hang curtains, and I could believe that. She was a girl you *would* help hang curtains—yellow hair and brown eyes and a figure that looked slim and wasn't—but next time he was doing her income tax. Once he was in the bathtub, fiddling with the plumbing, and the night I tried to propose he dropped by with a pair of her shoes he'd taken out to be half-soled.

I got my hat. I said, "It was nice knowing you two."

Babs shooed him out and put her back to the door. "Going somewhere?"

"The atmosphere around here is pretty damn' domestic."

"Dickie?" She laughed. "Don't mind Dickie—he's my faithful suitor." She went back and patted the sofa. "Now where were we?" *(Continued on page 66)*



**Louise curled over toward me and smiled, and right then I began to understand all about the Lorelei and those poor guys drowning**

ILLUSTRATED BY ROSWELL KELLER

# Stalin's Hungarian Hatchet Man

### By SEYMOUR FREIDIN and WILLIAM RICHARDSON

**Officially, pudgy Mátyás Rákosi is merely Hungary's deputy premier. Actually, he is the ruthless dictator of that Red satellite, and the man behind the imprisoning of Cardinal Mindszenty and Robert Vogeler**

**Vienna**

LAST winter, four American fliers entered a gray clapboard customs shack, just inside the Hungarian border facing Austria, and stared at the opposite wall. Grinning down at them was a garishly colored poster of a pudgy man with a glistening bald pate and tiny black eyes that gleamed like glass buttons. "It gave you a sort of creepy feeling," one of them recalled recently. "All you wanted was to get out as fast as you could."

The U.S. airmen, fortunately, were able to leave quickly. They had just been ransomed from Communist Hungary by our government for $120,000. The crime? They had lost their way in a slow cargo plane and had been unlucky enough to fly over the Soviet satellite, where Russian fighters had forced them down.

As the fliers strode stiffly away from the customhouse along the ribbon of highway, their attention was focused on an American automobile waiting in Austrian territory to whisk them back to freedom. Yet they could not help seeing the barbed-wire entanglements on both sides of them, stretching as far as the eye could see, separating Hungary from the outside world. If they had been able to look more closely, they would have glimpsed once again the sardonic face that had greeted them in the shack, plastered to posts inside those wire-girdled fields.

The vast majority of people who try to leave Hungary cannot use the main roads. They attempt to escape through the fields by cutting their way through the wire. Generally, if they're not caught they become victims of land mines sown in the fields. As they lie in agony with sentries' searchlights sweeping over them, that face in the poster is often their last conscious memory.

In fact, wherever you go in Hungary you cannot escape that countenance, with its puffy cheeks and black eyes drawn to slits. You find it in the schools, public buildings, factories, stadia, trolleys, busses and homes.

This is the face of Mátyás Rákosi, dictator of Hungary and the most trusted Communist hatchet man Stalin has anywhere in the world. For 35 years—ever since the Bolsheviks took control of Russia—Rákosi has served the Kremlin faithfully, survived its ruthless purges and carried out its program effectively. As long ago as 1919, he was important in the Soviet scheme of things, as a Cabinet Minister in Béla Kun's first Communist government in Hungary. Kun failed and was banished, but Rákosi's influence has never declined.

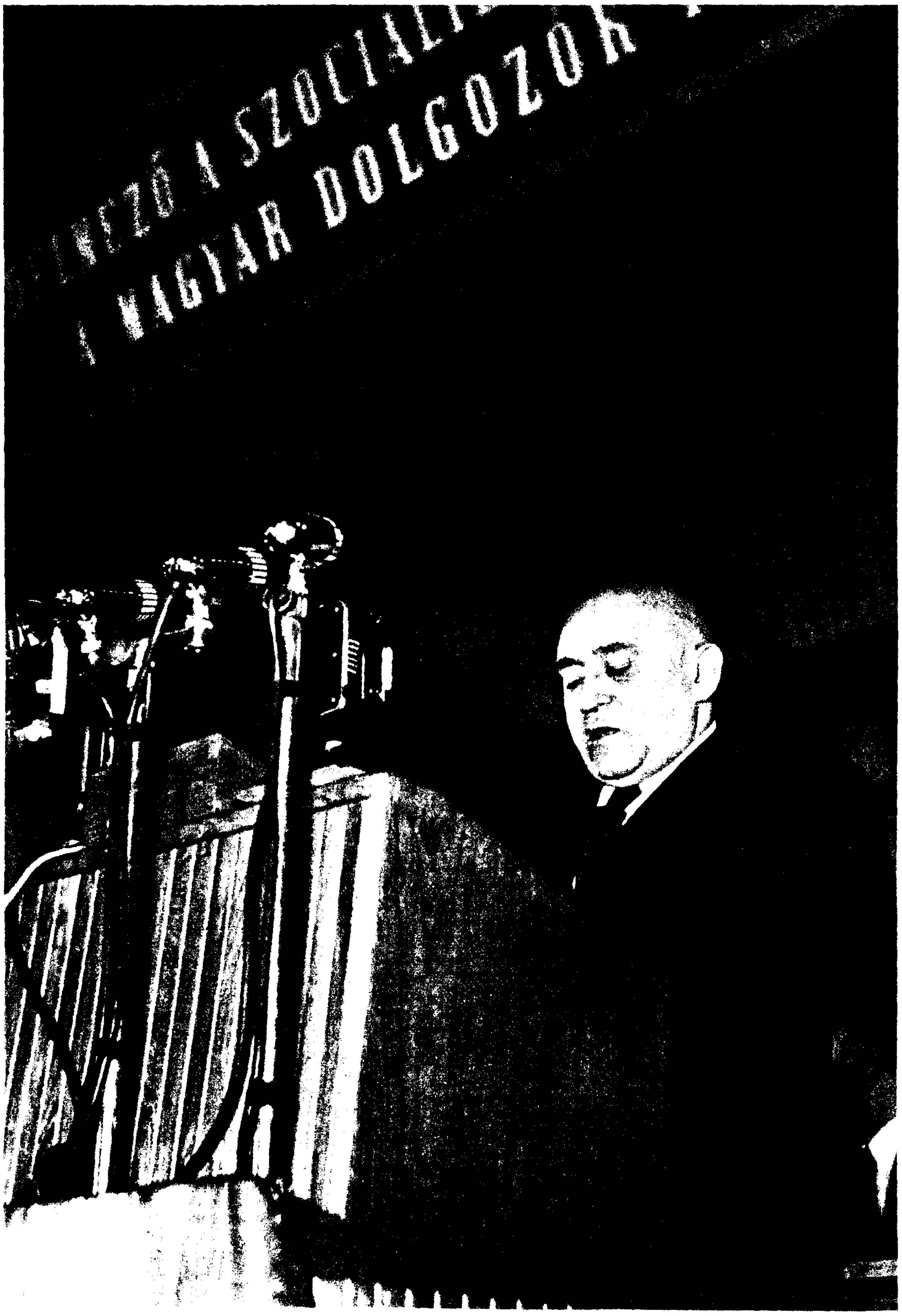
So highly regarded in the Communist hierarchy is this short, egg-bald, grossly fat man that Stalin greets him affectionately as: "One of my oldest and dearest comrades of the Revolution." (Stalin executed most of the others.)

Rákosi holds another unique distinction: he is probably the only man in the world who has negotiated personally with Lenin, Stalin and Truman (at different times, of course).

His release from prison was the greatest political bargain the Russians ever made. That was back in 1940, and Rákosi, convicted of murder, was serving a life term in his own country. The Russians, who earlier had awarded him Soviet citizenship, obtained his release in exchange for a couple of scarred Hungarian battle flags that czarist armies had seized when they helped quell the 1848 revolution in Budapest. Before the bizarre swap, Stalin had offered $10,000,000 for Rákosi's release, in the form of a barter agreement with Hungary, and had been turned down.

So far as the Kremlin was concerned, that would have been a small price indeed to pay for springing Rákosi—as he has since demonstrated. He worked hard for the Red cause during the war, and in the years since it ended he has delivered goods and agricultural products worth

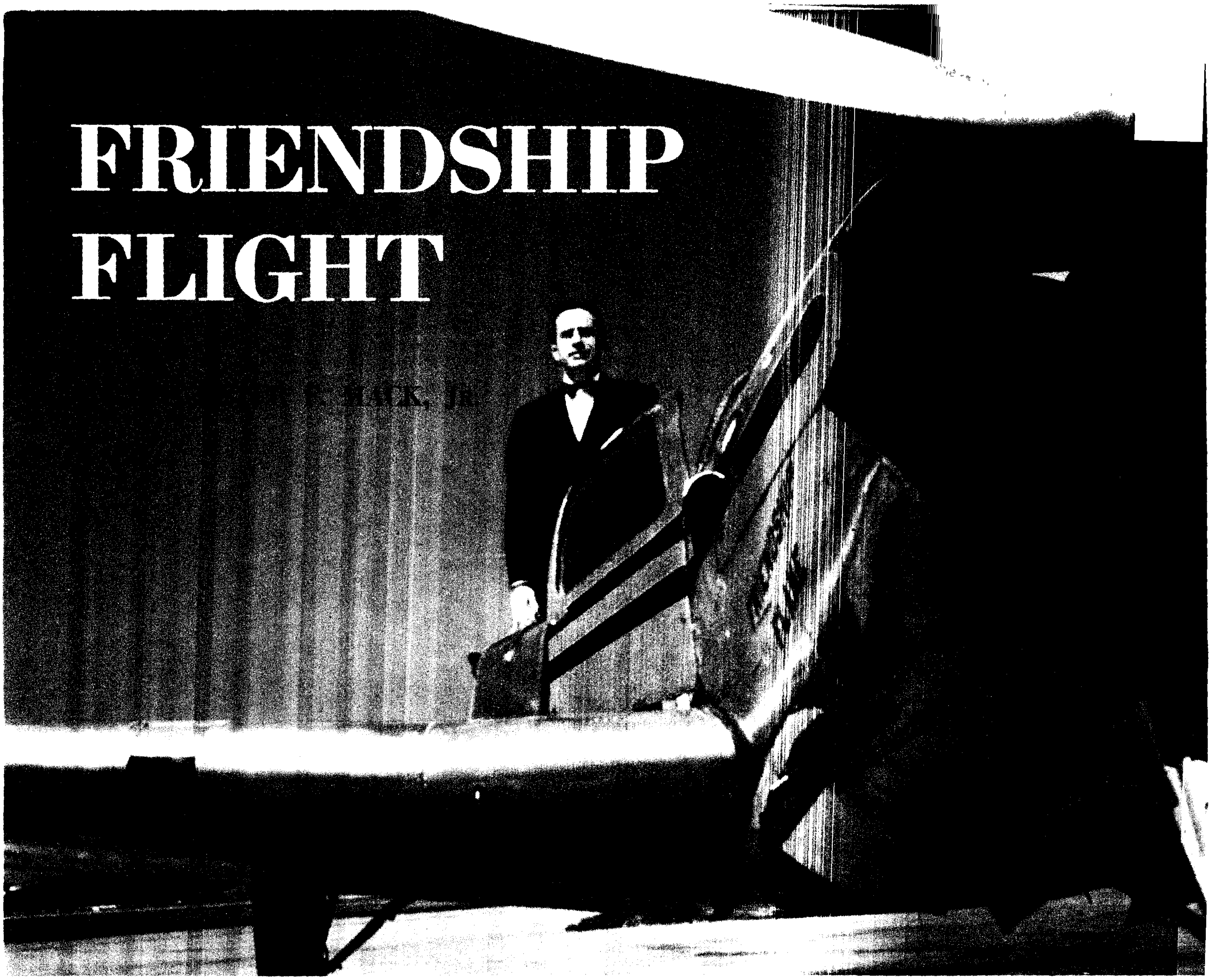
*(Continued on page 55)*



**A trusted Soviet leader since the 1917 Revolution, Mátyás Rákosi rules Hungary solely for Russia's benefit. Even he admits Hungarian people are now enduring "standardized poverty"**

# FRIENDSHIP FLIGHT

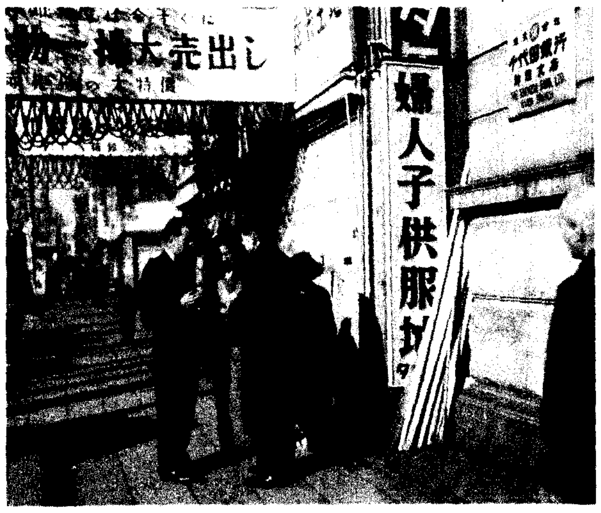
F. MACK, JR.



TOM O'HALLORAN

Rep. Mack, just before he took off from Springfield in the little plane in which Bill Odom set a nonstop record for light aircraft in 1949

**An Illinois congressman, deciding good will is everybody's job and not just that of the top brass, flew a borrowed plane around the world. Wherever he went, he found people want peace**



ACME

In Tokyo, Mack exchanges New Year's good wishes with gaily bedecked Tamotsu Takase and brother

LAST October 7th, I took off from Springfield, Illinois, Airport and flew around the world alone in a light, single-passenger airplane, landing at the same airport 111 days later. Illinois's Governor Adlai Stevenson saw me off and met me again when I returned, and when he noted that there were some 10,000 more people in the welcome-home crowd than the comparative handful that had been there to wish me *bon voyage*, he said, "It seems to me that when Peter Mack took off, a lot of people didn't think he was going to make it back home again."

There were occasions when *I* didn't think so either. At one stage of the trip, for instance, I was flying over the rugged Swiss mountains to Geneva, when suddenly the engine stopped, and for an agonized instant I was in a powerless dive.

I knew in a split second that I had forgotten to switch the flow of fuel from the now-empty wing tanks to one of the other tanks.

I worked fast, and it couldn't have been more than a few moments before I heard the abrupt roar that meant the engine had caught on—but although it was below freezing outside, it remained uncomfortably warm in the cockpit for a long time.

Several weeks later, I was making the long overwater hop from Iwo Jima to Wake Island, in a violent storm, when one of my navigating instruments went out. I could hear other airplanes calling to me by radio, but I could not get through to them—and I couldn't find the tiny island. I never felt so lonely in my life.

Just then I was struck by a chilling thought. This was the general area in which Amelia Earhart had gone down in 1937, never to be heard from again—and she had been attempting the exact same flight which I was making now. At this point, I asked myself the question, "What am I doing here?" and I continued to ask it long after I had found tiny Wake Island and had landed safely.

Today, I have completed the trip and my doubts have been resolved. I *know* what I was doing there, and I believe I accomplished something worth while. The primary objective of my flight was not to set aviation records, but to try to convince the ordinary people of the world that the United States is interested only in peace and friendship with everyone—contrary to the "warmonger" label pinned on us by the Communists—and in that mission, I am sure I had better than fair success.

To Frenchmen who said, "We were occupied once and we don't want to run the risk of being occupied again," I argued, "The best way to prevent another invasion of France is to join us wholeheartedly in making the West so strong that no one will dare to attack." To extremely nationalistic Indo-Chinese who said, "We don't like the United States because you forget your own struggle for independence and do not support ours," I insisted, "Independence does you no good if you are so weak that you can be subjugated again by an aggressor." In Holland, I felt that I had cut a few chinks in the armor of Soviet propaganda when a left-wing Netherlander named J. J. Halbertsma, Jr., wrote me, "That you as an American will do such a thing is a sign that in your militaristic country are voices that cry for peace."

By the time I left Europe, I knew that I had scored a considerable propaganda victory over the Russians, who refused to grant me a visa to fly into their country to present a friendship scroll to the people of Moscow. Newspaper after newspaper ran front-page stories about this—and after a while, this apparently grated on the Soviets for Radio Moscow put out a bulletin for the Communist press, declaring, "An American congressman is flying around the Continent on a phony mission of peace. It is a shame that he is wasting the American taxpayers' money." (It was nice of the Reds to be concerned about U.S. taxpayers. The fact is, the trip was not at government expense, but was supported by the citizens of my district in Illinois.)

### Joy Riding at Taxpayers' Expense

In addition to all this, by arriving unofficially and unannounced, I uncovered deficiencies and scandals among our American personnel overseas that I wouldn't have found in a year of official visits. I spoke to one high-ranking ambassador in a vital spot, for instance, who told me, "I hesitated to accept this post after my many years in private industry. I wanted to retire. But after discussing it with my wife, I decided that this would be an easy, enjoyable life for a few years"—scarcely the proper attitude for a key diplomat. Similarly, I learned that American personnel are flying into Paris on week ends from as far as 3,000 miles away, to enjoy themselves at the taxpayers' expense in what they call the "Country Club City."

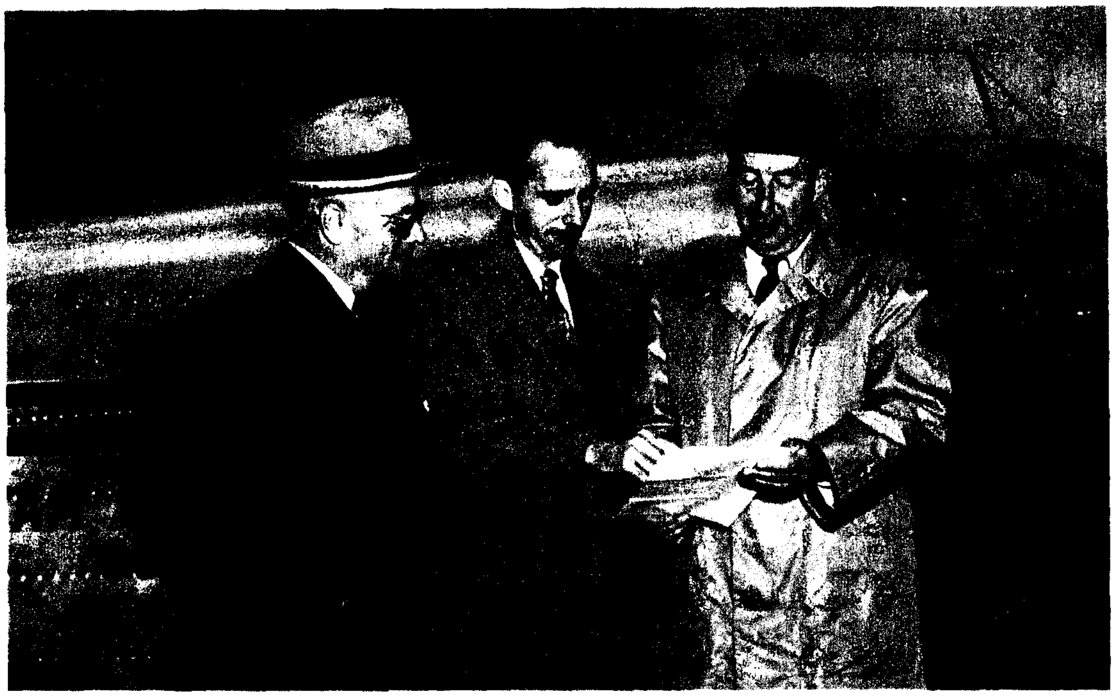
In Japan, I dug up a shocking income-tax evasion practice among high-ranking noncombat officers, hundreds of whom fly to Korea on the last day of every month to get credit for the $200-a-month tax exemption granted specifically to military personnel facing danger in a combat zone. I saw these gentlemen arrive in droves at safe rear-echelon air bases in Korea—where they actually displaced lower-ranking officers from their bunks—remain through the next day (the first of the month), and then depart with a $400 exemption on the grounds that they had spent "part of two months in combat."

As a result of all this, I am introducing measures in Congress to halt these practices.

These examples indicate why I consider my aviation accomplishment to be secondary. I was proud, of course, when Paul Garber, curator of the National Air Museum of the Smithsonian Institution, informed me that I was the first person to fly solo (which is to say, without companions or accompanying aircraft) around the world in a light plane. I felt prouder, however, that I had been able to put my flying ability to a useful purpose.

My knowledge of aviation (and thus the story of my trip) goes back to when I was thirteen years old. That was when I had my first ride in a plane—an old World War I crate piloted by the mayor of East Saint Louis, Illinois. I enjoyed it tremendously, and as soon as I was old enough, I got my commercial pilot's license. When World War II broke out I became a pilot-instructor in the Navy, finishing the war as a lieutenant handling operations in an Air-Sea Rescue outfit.

When I decided to run for Congress, in 1948, I campaigned in my own plane, which had a "Mack for Congress" sign on the fuselage and became known as "the Flying Signboard." I was elected, in Abraham Lincoln's old solid-Republican district, with a majority of *(Continued on page 52)*

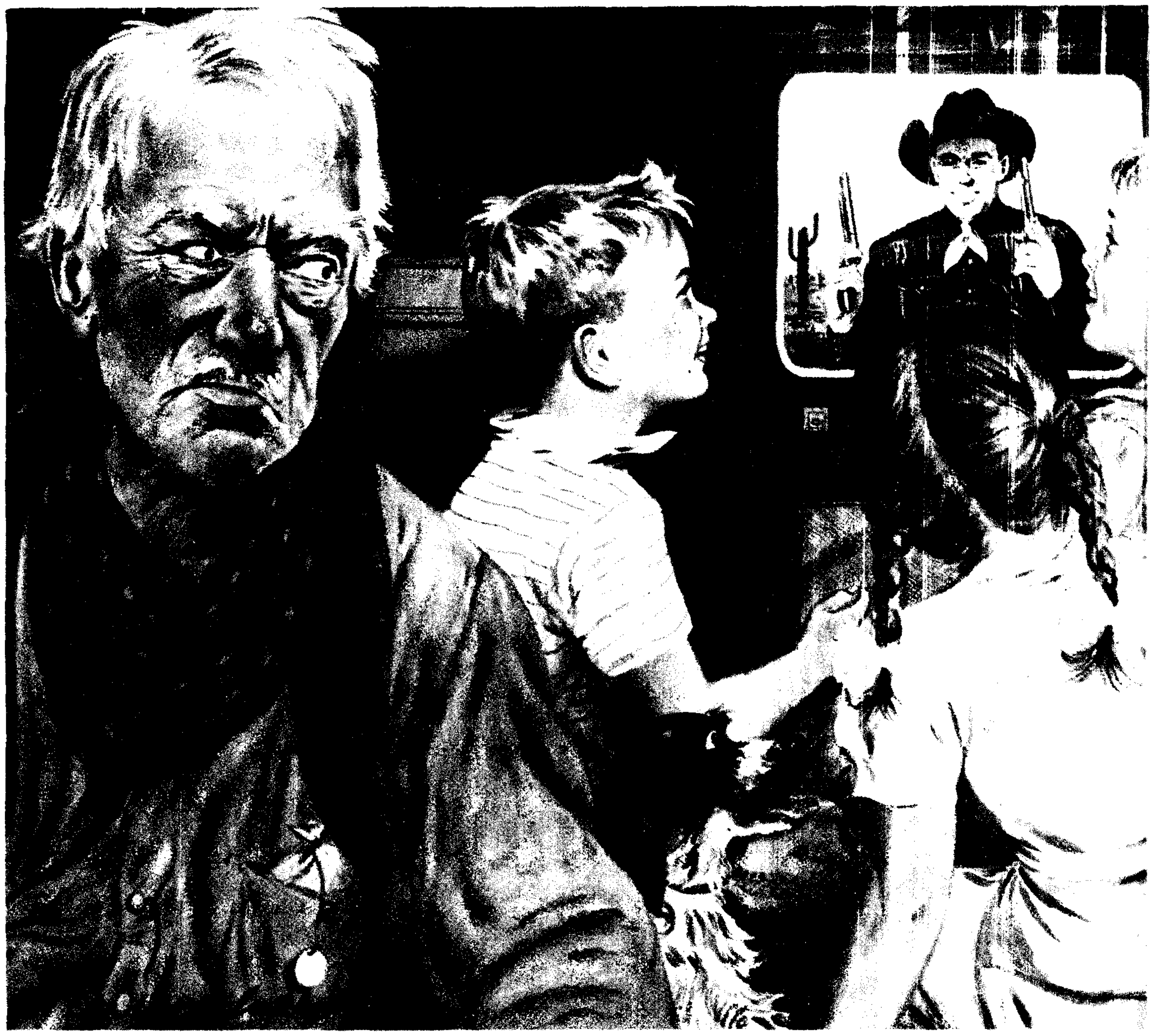


ILLINOIS STATE REGISTER

**Gov. Adlai E. Stevenson (r.) and Springfield's mayor John E. MacWherther (l.) with Mack just before he started his trip, October 7th. Only a handful saw him off, but when he returned, 111 days later, after visiting 30 countries, a huge crowd roared its welcome**

INTERNATIONAL

**In Berlin, Mack and Heyward Isham, of New York, an official of the U.S. Occupying Force, visit a Russian war memorial. The congressman was refused permission to enter Russia**



JIM LOCKHART

**The kids hadn't noticed Uncle Ned. He sat there in the gloom and watched Daggett, his hated rival**

# VENDETTA

## By JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

THERE is a deplorable tendency nowadays to believe that every man born ninety years ago must be dead. This is not invariably true, and in the case of Uncle Ned Pannell, it was especially untrue. Uncle Ned lives next door to me, and that is how I happened to see the trouble develop. He is a tall old man, and, although his hands tremble, his back is ramrod-straight. From my study window I often watch him putter around in his son's big yard. And whenever I see him, I hope that I will look as good at sixty as Uncle Ned does at ninety-two.

That is his age; he is only eight years shy of a century. We had heard about Uncle Ned from my young son long before the old man arrived. The neighborhood grapevine reported that his family had had to force him off his ranch. (He was riding a horse over frozen ground and broke both his legs when the horse blundered.) After a long siege in the hospital, he moved in next door. The advance reports had not done the old man justice; his hair was a shaggy mop of silver, and he walked with the rolling gait that is the hard handwriting of the saddle.

The trouble would not have arisen, I suspect, if Uncle Ned had not become such an immediate sensation in the neighborhood. His family was famous in Texas, for the Pannells had ranched on the staked plains for several generations. Uncle Ned himself had fought Indians, and at the battle of Arroyo Grande he had been severely wounded. After the skirmish, he had ridden nearly fifty miles with a Comanche arrow in his back.

If you think that arrow wound didn't bring the small fry in, you're crazy. The old man held almost daily court in the Pannell yard. There, sitting erect in a lawn chair, he would relate the legend gravely to the assembled moppets. As a climax, he would take off his shirt and exhibit the old Comanche wound. Richard, my son, hotly maintained that the arrowhead was still in Uncle Ned. That didn't seem reasonable, but I let the point go.

For the first few weeks after he had moved in, Uncle Ned was a tremendous draw. The kids who had seen the jagged scar went out and fetched bug-eyed associates over an ever-increasing perimeter. Finally, one of the afternoon papers ran a feature story on Uncle Ned, and the picture with it showed him slouched in the saddle, on a famous quarter horse, Pan Zara. That did it. Some afternoons, the curb would be lined with parked cars, while mothers herded their children over toward Uncle Ned's chair.

Then, without warning, the old man was sitting alone in the yard. Sometimes he planted things and fooled around in the flower beds, but you could tell his heart wasn't in it. I puzzled over his abrupt loss of popularity for nearly a week before I figured it out.

Television had done it. The first station had just opened in our town, and aerials were going up on roofs everywhere. The crowds of kids were sitting in front rooms, watching old movies. To make it worse, the Pannells had the largest set in the neighborhood, and most of the children congregated there. So the case of Uncle Ned was simplified when you viewed the bleak facts: he was a local institution, but he could not compete with an industry.

That was why, in the afternoons, he sat back against the living-room wall and glowered at the lighted screen. Western movies irritated him particularly, and several times he had to be cautioned about his language. One cowboy actor, Don Daggett, seemed to be Uncle Ned's personal cross.

Daggett was a portly fellow in a tight black suit, and he rode a showy palomino. The flamboyant steed bore enough trappings for a small carnival; indeed, the horse carried everything except a beer spigot and a radar screen.

"I'd like to ride that albino jackass just one day, working chousey cattle in heavy brush," Uncle Ned would roar, whenever the gleaming horse came fox-trotting daintily onto the screen. The children would turn, frowning, and the old man would subside. But he could never restrain himself for very long, and soon the afternoon television programs became a curious amalgam. There would be the sound track coming off the lighted screen, and riding over it with sulphuric fury would be another sound track coming out of Uncle Ned.

IT WAS natural that the old man should attempt to recoup his prestige by authoritative comments on the Western movies. He would point out to the kids, with great scorn, that the buckboards were rigged wrong, or that Daggett was so clumsy on the draw that he wouldn't have lasted a week end in the Old West. These observations were not politely received by the children. With the simple cruelty of children they told Uncle Ned to be quiet so that they could hear what Don Daggett was saying.

When that happened, Ned would stomp out trembling with rage, and go upstairs to his room. Although he never told the children this, Ned Pannell had killed five men in gun fights. He had not mentioned the incidents for years, since the only reason he had killed the men was because they were trying to kill him. But now the hard struggle of his life meant nothing; he could not even compete with a clown like Don Daggett. Filled with bitterness, the old man would stay out of the living room for days at a time. But, eventually, he always went back to watch his hated rival prance around on the white horse.

The end came with shocking suddenness. One Wednesday afternoon, Uncle Ned heard the shouts outside which meant that the kids were coming home from school. The old man shaved very carefully and put on his worn boots and the faded denim clothes that had been his uniform as a working rancher. Then, going to the ancient leather trunk in the corner, he lifted out the oiled, holstered revolver and buckled it on.

The kids didn't notice him as he took his usual seat against the wall. The kids hadn't noticed Uncle Ned for a long time. He sat there in the gloom, his leathery face impassive, and watched Daggett ride up on the showy white horse. The old man did not even flinch at the commercials; he just waited. When Daggett had conquered the villain and was jerking his mount up in a triumphant salute, Uncle Ned stood up, seized his gun, and emptied the heavy revolver into the television screen.

There can be little doubt that he disposed of Daggett. Slugs smashed into the picture tube, the tube exploded, and glass went roaring out of the back of the set. There were queer snapping noises as the other tubes shorted out, and whitish smoke boiled from the expensive cabinet.

The children sat still for a few seconds, awed by this sudden violence, and then they took to the hills. Uncle Ned grunted, blew down the barrel of his revolver, and stalked back upstairs to his room.

They don't have television reception over at the Pannells' any more. The cabinet is still there, and the radio and record player both work fine. But the mahogany doors stay closed over the shattered screen. The Pannells could afford to have a new unit installed, of course, but it turns out that most of the money belongs to Uncle Ned. And he said no. In the afternoons, I can usually see him from my study window. Most of the time he is holding court on the lawn, demonstrating to the kids exactly how he slaughtered Don Daggett. ▲▲▲

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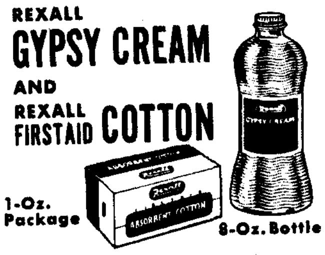

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1-Oz. Package

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**Roxbury Bath and Shampoo Spray**, 79¢ value, **63¢**
**Symbol Latex Folding Syringe**, reg. $3.50, **$2.98**
**Symbol Ice Cap**, 9-in. size, regular $1.49, **$1.29**
**Rexall Stork Nurser**, 8-oz. bottle, cap keeps nipple sanitary, on sale .... **3 for 89¢**
**Klenzo Hand & Nail Brush**, special .......... **27¢**
**Maximum Hard Rubber Combs**, assorted styles, regular 29¢ .................... **23¢**
**Shower Cap**, 17", light, durable, reg. 29¢, **23¢**
**Sun Visor**, adjustable strap, regular 39¢ ... **33¢**
**Chrome Flashlight**, 2-cell, pre-focused, sale price ........................ **73¢**
**Batteries**, standard or small ......... **2 for 21¢**
**Hunting Knife**, 4¾" sabre-ground blade, leather sheath, regular $1.29.......... **98¢**
**Goodform Men's Handkerchief**, reg. 20¢, **2 for 29¢**
**Thermodex Salt Tablets**, help prevent heat exhaustion, 100's, regular 35¢ ........ **29¢**
**Symphony Bond Air Mail Portfolio**, reg. 69¢, **59¢**
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in plastic squeeze-bottle

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Handy cotton for first aid, baby care; sterile, 200's.

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Ready-to-use bandages. Reg. 36's or elastic 16's.

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SAVE ½ CARA NOME COLOGNE COMBINATION

Both Only $1.50

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Charming duet! A 4-oz. bottle for your boudoir... a cooling, dainty solid cologne for your purse.

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Handy dispenser package of cotton at no extra charge with purchase of any of the following:

**Cara Nome Cold Cream**, 3 oz.
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Your choice $1.10

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Filters out most of sun's burning rays... encourages rich, golden-bronze tan.

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**Helen Cornell Hormone Cream**, regular $1.00. **77¢**
**Helen Cornell Cream Shampoo**, 4 oz., reg. 79¢, **59¢**
**Rexall Shave Cream**, Brushless or Lather, regular 39¢ ...................... **29¢**
**Rexall After-Shave Lotion**, 6 oz., regular 49¢, **39¢**
**Nylon Hair Nets**, regular or bob, special ..... **7¢**
**Lavender Cologne**, regular $1.25 .......... **79¢**
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**Sincere Letters**, white vellum, regular 98c................ **79¢**

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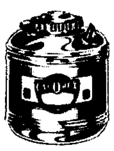

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$3.98 Value NOW $3.39

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**Cape Cod Jug**, 1 gal., on sale **$2.98**

*25% OFF* SUN GLASSES

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# SADDLE BY STARLIGHT

## By LUKE SHORT

**Otey Bliss and Albie Meacham were murderers. They'd already killed one man, just for sport. Now they were ready to kill another, for a reason. It might be Sam. It might be Ganley**

**The Story:** Hugh Ganley, a crooked surveyor, had been trying to plant homesteaders on the ranges of North Basin ranchers, and the ranchers, led by Sam Holley, foreman of Mrs. Beale's Six-Up ranch, had banded together against him. But they were soon quarreling among themselves.

*One of them,* Anson Heth, resented Sam's befriending Julia Rainey, the sister of a homesteader, and when Heth's foreman, Bill Tench, was murdered, Heth was sure Sam had done it, and swore to get him.

Only Ganley knew that the real murderers were Otey Bliss and Albie Meacham, toughs who worked for him. He sent them out of town to stake a claim on Emmet Hackbarth's land, and, as he'd anticipated, Hackbarth was too timid to throw them off. When Sam heard this, he knew it would be the beginning of an influx of "squatters," and he persuaded Hackbarth to bribe them to go. Hackbarth gave him a thousand dollars with which to do it.

Confiding in no one but Julia, Sam turned the money over to Ganley, who promised to call them off. Ganley kept nine hundred and gave fifty apiece to Bliss and Meacham, who were soon boasting about it in town. As a result, Dick Rainey, Julia's no-good brother, went to Hackbarth and demanded the same amount—a hundred dollars—to stay off his land.

### VI

When Tug Farley, Bill Tench's successor as foreman on Chainlink ranch, brought in the news of the dead cattle that morning, Anson Heth felt for a moment that providence was wholly against him.

Riding the foothill pockets in search of a bull, Farley had noticed a flock of slow-circling carrion birds off toward the west. He had ridden toward the spot over which they were hovering, and there he'd come across thirty dead Chainlink cattle scattered along the slope of a grassy ridge on the boundary between Chainlink and Six-Up ranch. Farley had examined the corpses and found that the cattle had grazed into a patch of larkspur.

As he listened to Farley's story, Heth wasn't even angry; he felt a sudden despair that was beyond rage. It seemed to him, then, that all events and all people were conspiring against him, and that a new misfortune couldn't hurt him. Tench's death, which he still felt deeply, had begun the disasters. Sam Holley's bland denial of Tench's murder, George Dana's refusal to arrest Sam and his own wife's betrayal of him in befriending Julia Rainey had done the rest.

"All right," he said dully to Farley, "let's have a look at them."

They rode out together to where the cattle, some of them already stiff-legged and bloated, lay in the sunshine on the fast-drying grass. Seeing them, Heth wondered morosely what more could happen to him. He and Farley spent the next hour riding in ever-widening circles around the dead cattle, trying to discover the extent of the larkspur patch. When they were finished, Heth felt better. The patch bordered the boundary fence, and, while it was too extensive for his crew to grub out, it could be barred to his cattle by pulling the boundary fence around the base of the ridge. But what gave him the first feeling of pleasure he had known in days was the knowledge that by moving this fence, he would be exposing the patch of larkspur to Six-Up cattle.

Returning to the house, he rounded up six of the crew and sent them off with their tools to start shifting the fence. At the last moment, he decided to go along, and by early afternoon he was working with them.

The hard labor of digging postholes in rocky ground was strangely welcome, Heth found, and he made this physical work an outlet for all his bottled-up violence.

He peeled off his shirt against the warm afternoon sun and was working alone at a posthole, manhandling a heavy bar, when he heard a short, low whistle and looked up at Farley, who was working at the next posthole. Farley nodded his head, and Heth looked in the direction he indicated. He saw a man riding across the flats, and, by the man's dumpy seat in the saddle Heth knew immediately that the rider was Emmet Hackbarth.

He went back to his work with renewed ferocity, and by the time Hackbarth had ridden up and dismounted, Heth was on his knees, working a huge boulder out of a hole. He stood up, breathing hard, said, "Hi, Emmet," and wiped the sweat off his forehead with the back of his forearm.

Hackbarth dismounted and looked first at the crew, then at the dead cattle still lying on the hillside.

"Larkspur?"

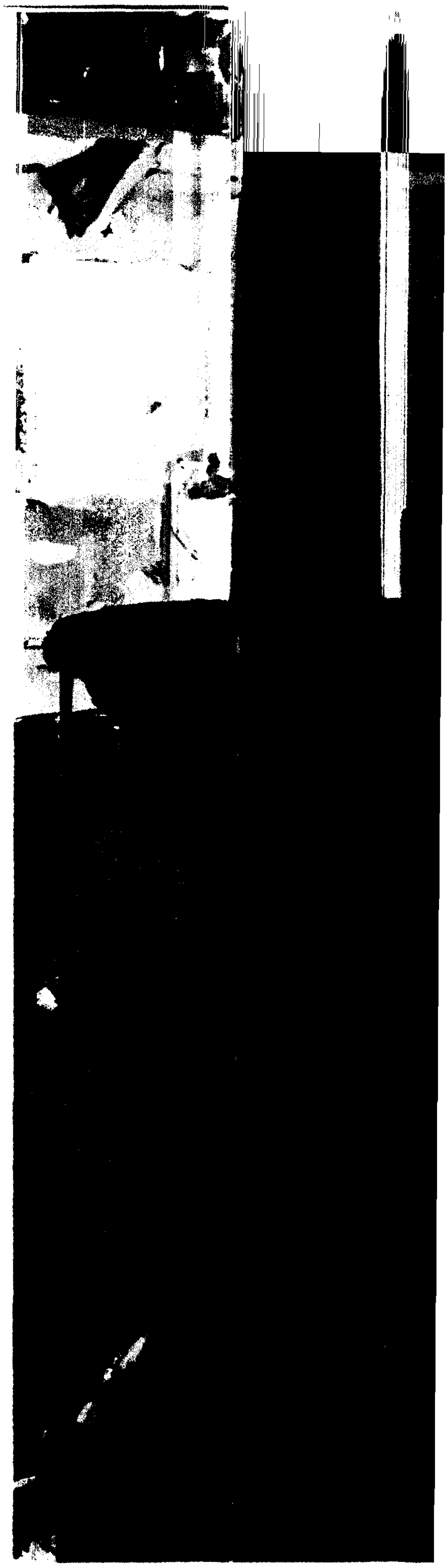
When Heth nodded, Hackbarth clucked sympathetically.

"I'm fencing it off for Holley," Heth said, and then glanced sternly at Hackbarth. "You let him find it himself, you hear?"

Hackbarth said, after a moment's hesitation, "You listen to what I've got to say, and you'll know why I wouldn't tell him."

Heth gave Hackbarth a quizzical glance, then picked up his shirt and vest and put them on, not bothering to tuck in the shirttails. He went over to where Hackbarth was sitting on the ground and took a cigar out of his vest pocket. It was time for a break, and, besides, Hackbarth's words had made him curious. Sitting down facing Hackbarth, he wiped a match alight on the sole of his boot and lighted his cigar. "What's Holley done to you?" he asked.

Hackbarth told him of Sam's visit to Swallowfork with Will Ferrin, and of how, when he'd refused to let them push off the homesteaders, Sam had got Ferrin out of the room and then advised him to bribe the two men to leave. As Hackbarth talked, Heth felt an amused contempt for this storekeeper turned rancher, and he wondered, and did not care, if his expression showed that contempt.

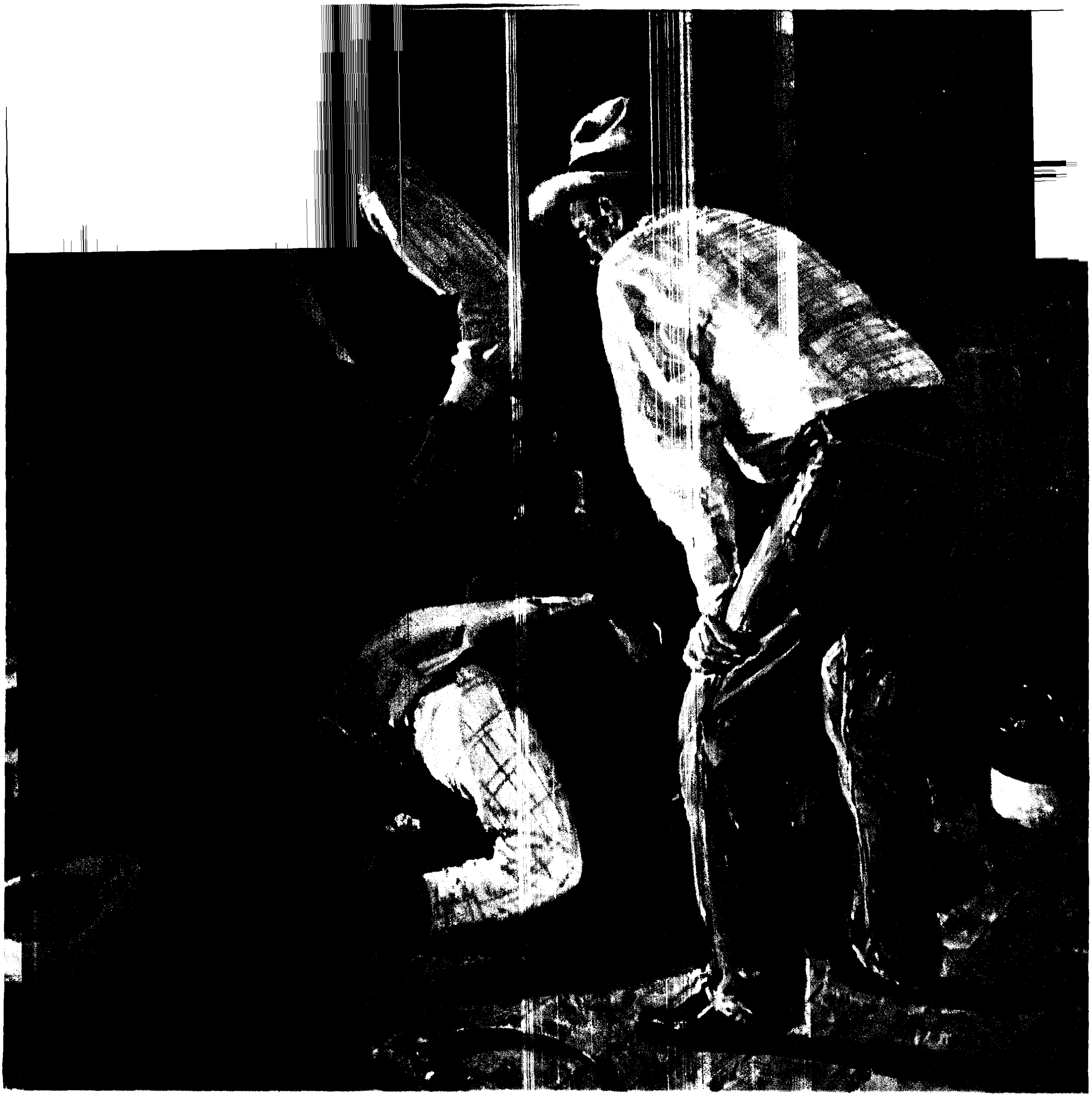


Cursing, Meacham slammed his gun in a sweepi

When Hackbarth had finished, Heth said, "Well, that's one way to do it, Emmet. Kind of expensive, though."

"That's not the end of it," Hackbarth said soberly, and went on with the story. As he described Dick Rainey's visit to him that morning, Hackbarth's voice became indignant, and Heth did not bother to suppress his smile. When Hackbarth said that Rainey had demanded a hundred dollars—the same as Meacham and Bliss had been paid—to get off his land, the significance of his words escaped Heth.

When Hackbarth stopped talking, Heth said roughly, "What the hell do you expect, Emmet?



**are at Sam's head. "Are you listening, friend?" he said. "We want our nine hundred dollars." "Then see Ganley," Sam said in a choked voice**

You've as good as invited all the trash in the country to blackmail you."

"You don't understand," Hackbarth said irritably. "Were you listening?"

"Sure."

"I gave Holley a thousand dollars. He only gave Meacham and Bliss fifty each."

Heth's interest suddenly sharpened. "Where'd the nine hundred go?"

"That's what I'd like to know," Hackbarth said in an injured voice.

Suddenly, Heth began to laugh. He threw back his head and let out a great shout of delighted laughter. Hackbarth stared at Heth, his face reddening, with a look of stern disapproval—the closest he could come to anger.

When Heth had control of himself again, he wiped the tears of laughter from the corners of his eyes with a dirty palm, and said, "All right, Emmet. I couldn't help it."

"What's funny about it?" Hackbarth said.

"Nothing, nothing at all. So Holley kept your nine hundred! What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know yet," Hackbarth said uncertainly. "He didn't give me a receipt for it. I trusted him."

Heth relighted his cigar, and he struggled to conceal the amusement bubbling up inside him again. The thought that Hackbarth, so careful with his money that he was a legend, had been euchred out of nine hundred dollars was irresistibly funny. The man's admission of helplessness was even funnier. Heth said, "Hell, he moved Meacham and Bliss, didn't he? That's what he told you he'd do. What kick have you?"

"Technically, none," Hackbarth said in a grudging voice. "I just don't like being made a sucker of by a dishonest man."

Heth grunted. "You knew he was dishonest!"

"But I didn't," Hackbarth protested.

Heth felt his old anger returning. "Any man who'd kill a poor drunk with a brick will steal anybody's money, Emmet."

"I guess so," Hackbarth said uncomfortably, and Heth noticed this discomfort.

It stemmed, Heth knew, from Hackbarth's congenital dislike of taking sides in any argument. Even now, with proof of Holley's dishonesty, Hackbarth seemed unwilling to admit that Holley had killed Tench. Heth felt a rush of contempt for this spineless, whining storekeeper. "Why are you telling me this, Emmet?"

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

"Why, what do you figure I ought to do?"

Heth looked at him carefully, stood up, and peeled off his vest. "Go home and put on a house dress, Emmet. If you've got to ask me what to do, that's what you ought to wear." He turned away, shucked out of his shirt, tramped over to the posthole, and began to dig.

Heth worked with a steady, angry violence, for Hackbarth's visit had reopened the old sore. Mention of Tench had done it, and he thought of Sam Holley with the purest hatred. Every day since Bill's death, he had ridden to Relief for the single purpose of goading George Dana into arresting Holley, and each time the sheriff had refused. Heth promised himself he would wait just a little longer, and then the hell with Dana, he would get Sam himself.

Thinking over Hackbarth's story now, he saw no humor in it, only the further proof of Sam Holley's evil. And the beginning of a question slowly took shape in his mind: I wonder if Meacham and Bliss know Holley kept their money?

He stopped working then and stood staring at the pile of rubble by the posthole, excitement gathering within him. He glanced up and saw Farley watching him curiously, and he knew he had already made his decision.

Dropping his shovel, he walked over to his shirt and vest, put them on, and, without a word to Farley or the others, walked over to where his horse was grazing. Mounting, he set off across the flats in the direction of Relief.

IT WAS close to late afternoon when Heth rode into town. The streets were still muddy after the rain, but the crossings were newly planked for pedestrians. Out of long habit, Heth put his horse in at the tie rail of the Revenue Bar, but he did not go inside. He stood teetering on the edge of the plank walk, wondering where to begin his search. A passer-by spoke to him, and Heth answered absently. Then he turned down the street, crossed over on the Conover House plank walk, and headed for Dundalk's Saloon.

A scattering of customers stood at the bar on the right, and Heth stopped just inside the door, looking them over. The barroom was a dark, ill-lit room; its low ceiling seemed to imprison permanently a smell of poverty—cheap beer and whisky and cheap tobacco. Heth cruised down the bar, looking over the dozen or so card players at the gaming table on the left. Wrong guess, he thought. He stopped, and was about to turn back when he remembered the cardrooms in the rear. Moving on, he came to a dark corridor cluttered with stacked whisky cases, mops and brooms, and a barrel of sawdust. Beyond them, to his left, was a door to the first cardroom; the room was lighted but empty. Moving past it, he heard voices, and when he stopped in the open doorway of the rear room he saw there was a card game in progress here. Both Bliss and Meacham held hands in it, and Heth leaned against the doorframe and watched the game.

While the hand was being played out, Heth looked curiously at Otey, who was facing him. Otey's tough, unshaven face had a kind of inbred viciousness in it that Heth noticed with approval. Otey was bantam size, but his movements were those of a big man, slow and deliberate. There was none of the small man's aggressiveness of movement in him, and Heth guessed shrewdly that the gun at his hip made him, in his own mind, as big as any man.

When the hand was finished, Otey, swearing mildly, pitched in his cards, leaned back in his chair, and only then caught sight of Heth. For a moment, the two of them looked at each other, and Heth felt the cold, indifferent appraisal of Otey's eyes.

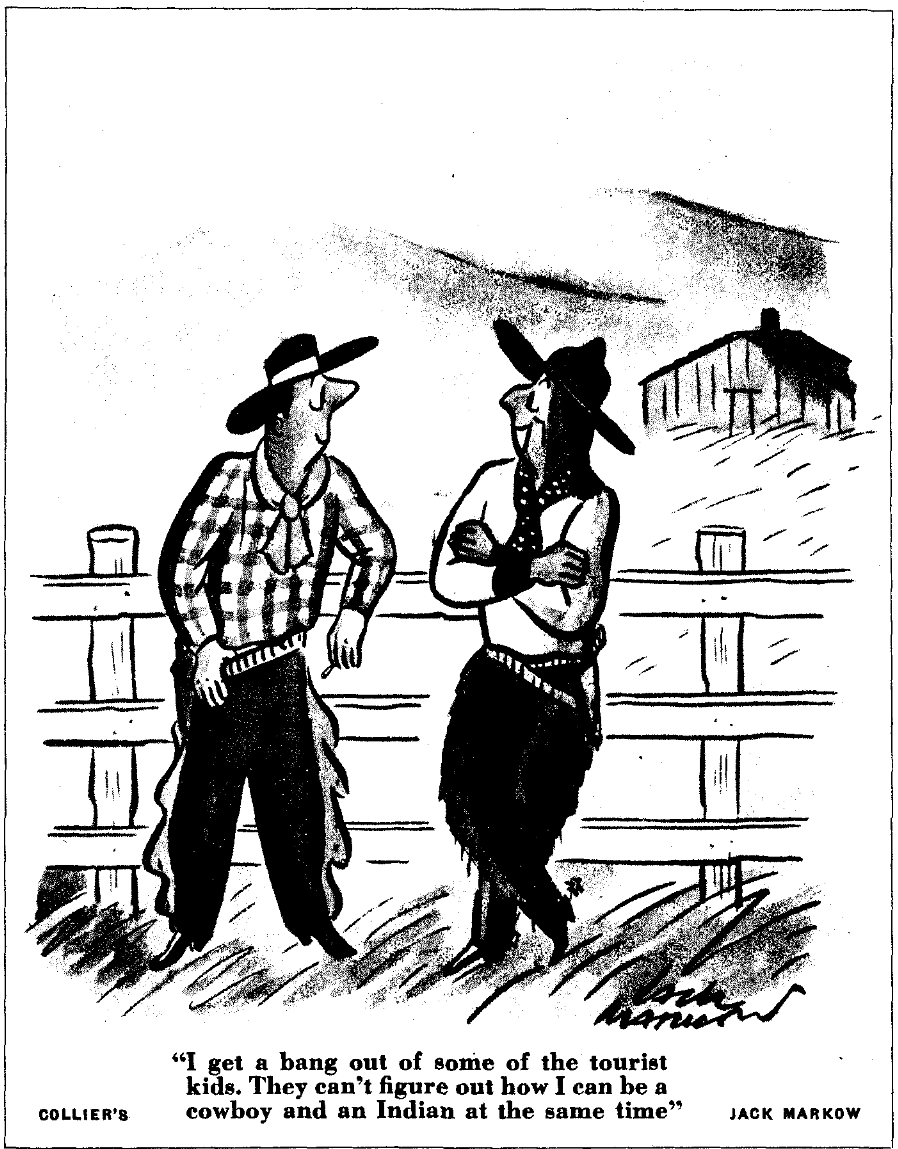
Heth gestured with his thumb toward Meacham, whose back was to him, and then, still looking at Otey, he motioned with his head. Otey nodded. Heth backed out into the corridor and waited, and, a moment later, Otey and Meacham came out of the room together.

Without saying anything, Heth went up the corridor and turned into the deserted cardroom, Otey and Meacham behind him. Once inside, he closed the door.

For a long, uncomfortable moment, Meacham and Otey looked at him without any curiosity whatever. The wordless communication between them puzzled Heth; he knew that Otey had not spoken to Meacham, and yet Meacham seemed to understand that this was the quiet beginning of a conspiracy.

Heth asked, "Know me?"

"Yeah," Otey Bliss answered quietly. Meacham put his hand in his pocket and drew out a lint-covered plug of tobacco. From his other pocket he pulled out a knife and proceeded to cut a wedge from the plug. He raised both his chew and his knife to his lips, flipped the tobacco into his mouth, licked the knife blade carefully, wiped it dry on his pant leg, and pocketed it, along with the remainder of the plug. Heth watched this ritual particularly, then moved away from the door and sat down at the table. "Sit down," he said. "I'm sorry I busted up your game."



"I get a bang out of some of the tourist kids. They can't figure out how I can be a cowboy and an Indian at the same time"

COLLIER'S JACK MARKOW

The two of them moved to the table and took chairs, neither of them acknowledging his apology.

Heth said bluntly, "I'm going to ask you a question that's none of my business." He paused. "What were you paid to move off Swallowfork?"

Otey and Meacham looked at each other, and then Otey said, with no rancor in his voice, "All right. You asked it."

"You got a hundred dollars—fifty apiece—didn't you?" Heth asked.

Otey nodded, and Heth leaned back in his chair. "Suckers," he said quietly.

Meacham chomped once slowly on his new cud of tobacco; there was neither resentment nor curiosity in his expression. "How you figure that?" he asked pleasantly.

Heth said, "Hackbarth gave Sam Holley a thousand dollars to move you two off his land—and you moved off for a hundred. Holley made a cold nine hundred dollars on the deal—your nine hundred dollars."

Heth saw a wicked flick of anger in Otey's eyes, and then Otey glanced at his companion. Meacham pushed his chew into his cheek with his tongue, and then asked placidly, "You know that for a fact?"

"Hackbarth told me only two hours ago."

"Well, well," Meacham said mildly.

Otey said, his voice puzzled, "I thought you was a North Basin rancher."

The implication was plain. Heth stood up and slowly moved his chair back against the wall. "Holley killed Tench, my foreman. He beat him to death with a brick."

Otey shook his head sympathetically, and said, "You sure of that?"

"Dead sure."

Otey glanced at Meacham, and, as if this were a prearranged signal, they both lounged to their feet. Meacham nodded once and said, "Thanks, mister."

When they had gone, Heth waited a moment, then went out to the bar, bought himself a drink and left. He was going to hunt up George Dana and ride him again about arresting Holley.

THE word had been brought to Sam in the casual sort of way which was characteristic of George Dana. The sheriff had sent it by a rider on his way to the reservation, and Sam didn't hear of it until he saw Lydia Beale in the late afternoon. As he rode up to the corral and dismounted, she said, "Want an egg sandwich, Sam?"

Sam looked across his saddle at the little girl and said, "Not one of yours, sport—not if I can help it."

"It's a long ride, and you'll probably be sorry."

Sam stopped working at the cinch and said, "So I'm going to ride. Where?"

"Town."

"What am I going to do in town?"

"See George Dana," Lydia said.

Sam went on unsaddling. "Who told you?"

"A man stopped by on his way to the reservation and told Mother."

Sam shook his head slowly. "What were you saying about egg sandwiches?"

"It's too late now," Lydia said. Nevertheless, she left for the house, and Sam cut out a fresh horse from the bunch in the corral and hunted up a dry saddle blanket, wondering what George Dana wanted. He thought he knew. When he stepped out to saddle his fresh horse, he saw Julia Rainey inside the corral. With her fingers, she was combing out the tangled mane of the chestnut he was about to saddle.

As he watched her, unobserved for a minute, Sam saw a deep contentment in her face, and he knew that though he had done many things wrong lately, one act of his had been overwhelmingly right. That was his insisting that Julia stay at Six-Up. When she saw him, Julia smiled, and she moved back against the corral post, silent while Sam saddled up.

She said presently, "We didn't know where to find you to tell you, Sam. You can get supper in town, though."

"Not if Lydia can help it," Sam said. "Can't you teach her to make anything but an egg sandwich?"

Julia laughed. "Give her time, Sam. When you're young, you have favorite things."

Opening the corral gate, Sam waited for Julia to step through, and then he led his horse out; and they set off slowly toward the house.

"Sam, are you worried about Dana?" Julia asked.

"Why? Do I act like I am?"

"You're taking off now, just as if it won't wait until tomorrow."

It was true, Sam thought, and he wondered if he really was worried. Even if Heth were crowding him, Dana would take his own time and depend on his own solid judgment before he made a move. His summons, therefore, was a thing Sam had expected.

"It won't wait," Sam said slowly. "He's too good a man for me to yawn in his face."

THE sun had moved west; its slanting light on the great cottonwood by the house seemed to pick out in relief each of the tree's thousands of leaves. Somewhere off behind the grain shed, Lydia's pet goose honked angrily. In that moment of late-afternoon stillness, this place held a simple goodness for Sam that he could never have put into words. He glanced at Julia, wondering if she felt it. There was a serenity in her face, too, as she looked at the house and beyond it to the timbered Elks rising into cottony thunderheads.

"Have I told you, Sam," she asked, "how glad I am you made me stay here?"

"You don't have to. It shows."

Julia accepted this with a nod of agreement.

Sam asked, "Has Mrs. Beale been firing questions at you since Meacham and Bliss moved off?"

"Yes. Has she at you?"

Sam grinned. "I just keep telling her our luck has changed."

Julia looked up at him. "She thinks you and your visit to town are connected with it."

"I haven't even got a haircut to show for that trip. It bothers her."

Julia laughed. "I told her you said you were going to talk to Dana. Either you said you were, or I've told a white lie."

"If it helps keep this quiet, it'll be the whitest lie ever told," Sam said soberly.

"But it's working, Sam. They're off, and nobody knows how."

"That's right," Sam agreed. He added, "That's a nice tight button on your lip, Julia. Have I thanked you?"

She gave him a pleased look, and then she said soberly, "That's just a small payment on a debt due, Sam."

"I can't even remember it."

"But I do. And I keep wondering why you trusted me, when you had every reason in the world not to."

"I'm just damned sure of myself, that's all," Sam said.

Julia gave him a quick look; then she

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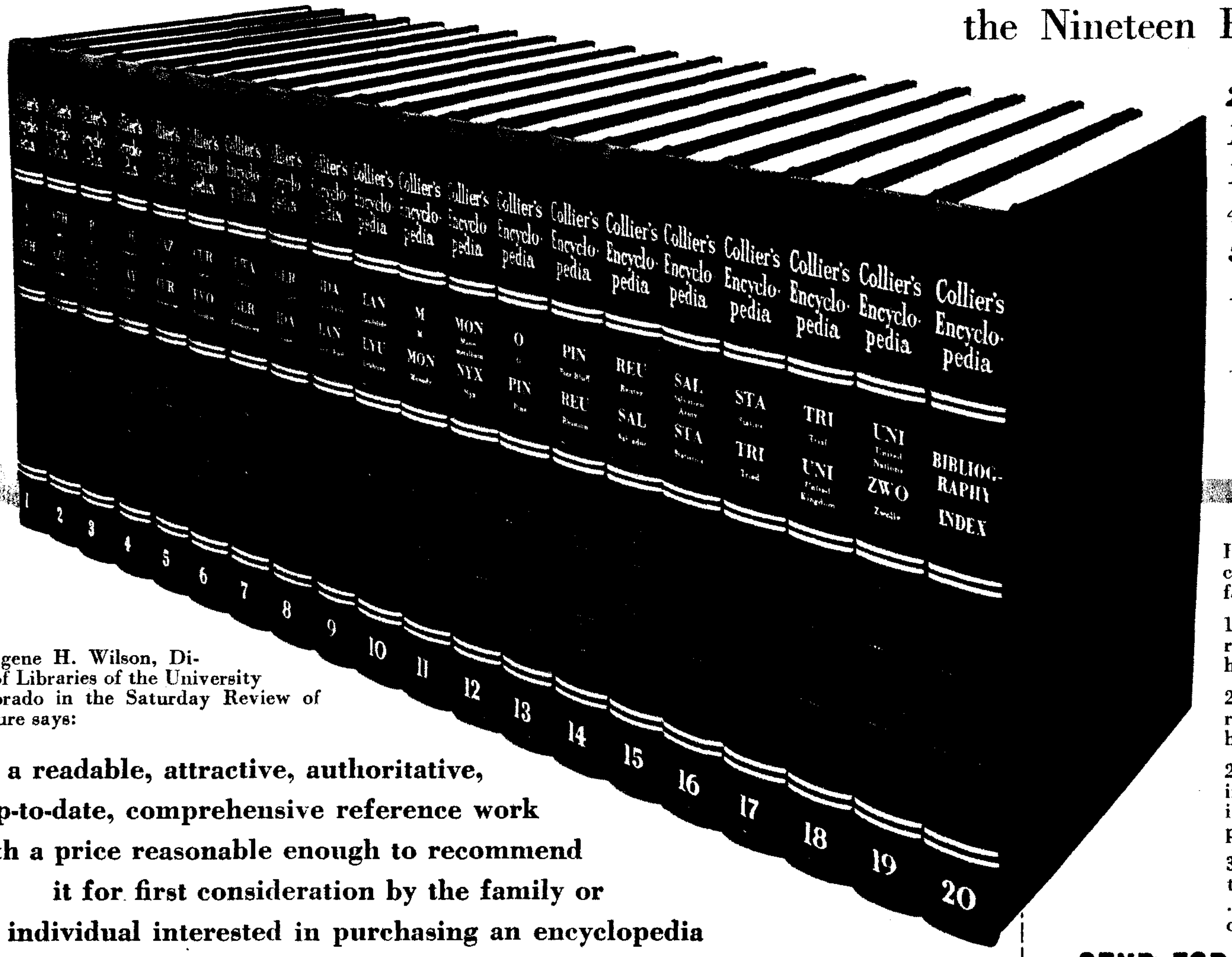

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laughed, and Sam knew they would never quarrel again.

Lydia, coming down the walk, carried Sam's sandwich wrapped neatly in a newspaper. Sam accepted his supper gravely as he stepped into the saddle. Then he set off down the road.

When he was out of sight of the house, he left the road long enough to pitch the sandwich in a thicket of oak brush. He was careful to leave the road and return to it on a thrust of rock, so that Lydia, who was always prowling and tracking about the place, would not discover his crime.

SAM reflected on his talk with Julia. Thinking of her, he wondered why he had never asked her about herself. He knew nothing about her except what she had volunteered, and that had been little. He wondered what had brought her to Relief, and wondered too in what courageous and hopeless way she had managed to provide for herself and her worthless brother. There were things he must ask her, things that took time and must be handled gently before he would know her. All that will come, he thought with certainty.

Dusk settled over the land, and Sam, hungry and relaxed after his day's work, watched it with the pleasant feeling of loneliness that is natural to a solitary man. The first lamps were lighted as Sam crossed the bridge. Only a few people were stirring about after the supper hour, and the cool smell of drying mud still lingered in the summer evening.

Sam rode past the Revenue, which had only three horses tied out front. Ahead of him was Dana and an uncomfortable half hour, Sam knew, for he had no intention of telling Dana any more about his whereabouts during the time Tench was killed than he had in his first talk with him.

Ahead of him on the gravel sidewalk, Sam saw the figure of a woman walking slowly up the street. As he drew closer, he had a feeling that her pace and the way she carried herself were familiar to him, and then he realized that it was Virginia Talcott, the girl Hugh Ganley had taken away from him.

For the briefest moment, Sam wondered if his greeting would be welcome, and then he reined over to the edge of the road and pulled his horse up under a spreading tree.

When Virginia saw him, she smiled pleasantly. Leaving the gravel walk, she came to the edge of the road, saying, "It's nice to see you, Sam. How've you been?"

Sam touched his hat and leaned on the saddle horn, looking down at her. The sight of her would always give him pleasure, Sam knew, and between them there still remained an ease and understanding that was almost painful in its intimacy.

Sam said, "Virginia, you're getting prettier."

She laughed her low, familiar laugh. "It's this fading light, Sam. I really look like a suspicious and overworked boardinghouse keeper."

"You don't sound it," Sam said quietly. "You sound happy."

He saw Virginia hesitate, then nod. "I am, Sam. I—I'm going to be married."

For a moment Sam was silent, working for a casualness he did not feel to put into his next question. "Ganley?" Virginia nodded, and he said quietly, "I'm glad you're happy, Virginia. I wish you all the good things."

He had observed the courtesies, and he wanted this to end now, but Virginia was full of herself, he saw. She raised a hand to stroke the cheek of his horse, and even in the fading light he could see the life and the gaiety in her eyes. He felt no jealousy any longer, only a deep pity that saddened him.

"Do you really want to hear about it, Sam?"

Instead of saying no, he said, "Of course," and waited.

"I don't have to tell *you*, of all people, how hard this last year has been on Hugh," Virginia said, and there was a kind of good-humored malice in her words that Sam did not miss. "Hugh and I had planned to wait, because we were both so poor."

She hesitated, looking up at him, and Sam felt a dismal foreknowledge of what was coming.

"A few days ago, Hugh got word that an uncle of his had died. He left Hugh a little money. It isn't very much, but it'll get us out of here and give us a start somewhere else."

A slow rage welled up in Sam. So Hackbarth's bribe money was going to pay for their move and their new start. For a moment, Sam thought of telling her the brutal and unlovely truth about the man she was to marry, and then he knew he would not. Other Virginias, loyal and loving, had married other Ganleys who were shrewd and unprincipled and hungry, and they had been happy together. Long ago, Virginia had turned her back on the beliefs and loyalties Sam held. If she liked Ganley's better, if their surface brightness hid their lack of depth, then no man should make her look deeper, he knew. He said gravely, "I wish you both luck," and he meant it.

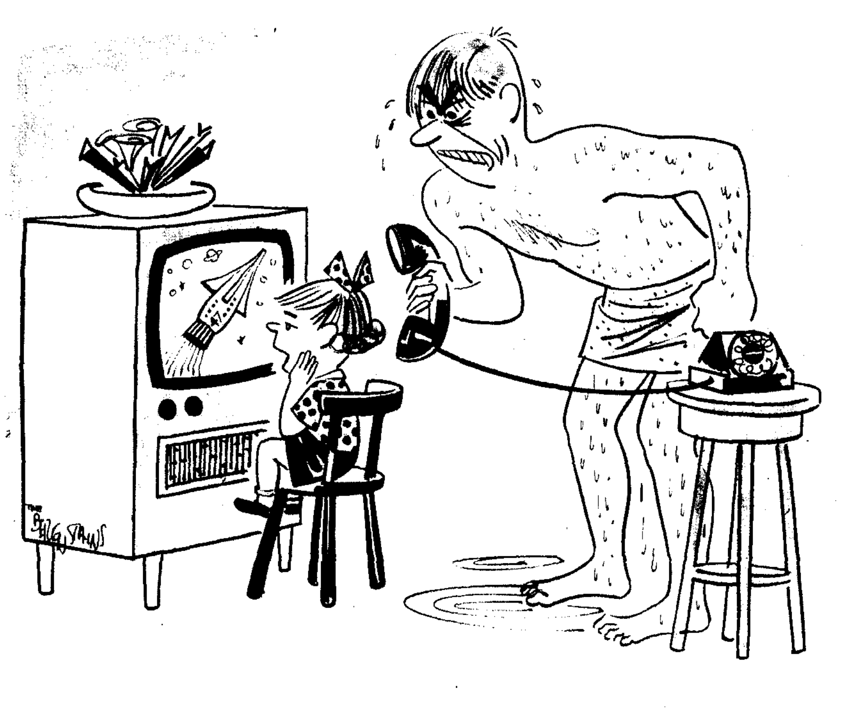
"Oh, we'll have it!" Virginia said passionately. "All we need is a start, Sam."

Then, as if she were afraid she had been overemotional, Virginia stepped back. In the fading light, Sam could see the happiness in her face. She said good night, and Sam started off. Riding along in the dusk, he felt a deep sadness. Virginia had passed beyond him into a world of her own making; it would hold heartbreak and disillusion and a hunger for everything he could have given her, he thought; but then he realized that Ganley, in his way, probably loved her—and Sam no longer did.

THE lamp from the sheriff's office a block ahead thrust its bright rectangle of light out into the road, where, under the big cottonwood, water still lay pooled. Sam stepped down at the tie rail and went into George Dana's office.

His entrance was so quiet that Dana did not hear him. He was sitting cross-legged on a table which he had pulled against the wall, rearranging and adding to his gallery of horse pictures. When he heard Sam's low laugh, he turned and, smiling almost sheepishly, held out a picture. Sam took it and saw that it dated from a magazine of the year before. It was a drawing of an Arab stallion which, the caption said, had recently been imported into England. Sam handed the picture back, saying, "I'll take a bigger barrel on mine, George."

**SISTER**



COLLIER'S "Tell her to call me back" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

"Me, too," George agreed quietly, but he didn't try to hide his admiration for the horse.

Almost reluctantly, Dana unfolded his long legs and climbed off the table. He went over to his swivel chair in front of the desk, and Sam followed him and took a chair against the wall.

"Where were we?" Dana asked amiably. "As I recollect it, I was saying no."

George nodded. "Well, let me ask it again, Sam. You feel like telling me where you were when Tench was killed?"

Sam was already shaking his head when the thought came to him: Why, the reason is gone. Virginia's news of tonight had freed him. He said slowly, "Sure, George. I was with Ganley, and he'll likely say so."

Dana's expression was one of amazement. "Ganley?" he echoed. "*You* were talking with Ganley?"

"That's right. I went up to tell him that if he didn't treat Virginia right, I'd tear off his head and hide it."

"How come you didn't say so before?" Dana asked, after a moment.

"It wasn't your business."

Surprisingly, George nodded. "Then how come you're telling me now?"

"Because I met Virginia outside just now. She and Ganley are getting married."

George scratched his neck thoughtfully. "That's too bad," he said. "I like Virginia."

Sam made no comment, and George looked at him appraisingly before he hoisted himself to his feet. The sigh he gave then was an obvious one of relief. "Maybe I've felt better than I do now, but I can't remember when," he said. "I'll check with Ganley. You can go if you want."

"That puts you on the hook again, doesn't it, George?"

Dana nodded, almost happily. "It sure does. But, Sam, I'd rather be there than have you there. And that's where you were."

Sam stood up. "Heth pecking at you?"

"All the time, all the time," Dana said cheerfully. "You know, someday I'm going to hit him."

"You already have."

George looked at him and laughed. "That's right," he said, "I have. Now get out and let me look at my pictures." . . .

From the deep shadows of George Dana's barn, across the street from the sheriff's office, Otey Bliss watched Sam mount his horse and head back toward the business district in the new dark. He waited until Sam was a block ahead of him, then led out his own horse, mounted and followed.

There was little traffic on Relief's streets at this hour, and Otey had no trouble keeping Sam in sight. When Holley pulled into the tie rail before the Revenue, Otey tied his horse in front of Ganley's office across the street and took up his station in the dark doorway of the saddle shop. Presently, Sam came out of the Revenue, and headed for the Conover House and his supper. Thoughtfully, Otey watched his tall figure outlined against the lights of the Conover House lobby. When he saw Sam cut across the lobby toward the dining room, Otey stepped out on the plank walk and moved up to the four corners. Meacham was waiting for him in the unlighted doorway of the bank.

They didn't greet each other, but both watched the Conover House silently for a minute.

"Hell, he won't have it on him," Otey said pessimistically.

"He can get it."

"What if it's in the bank?"

"He'll get it."

There was a long pause; then Otey said doubtfully, "I don't know."

"He'll get it," Meacham said again, a grim confidence in his voice. "When you got property, you're damn' careful about things like that."

Otey glanced inquiringly at him.

"I can shoot nine hundred dollars' worth of his beef in half an hour. He knows it. I can burn down his damn' house. He knows that too."

AGAIN they lapsed into silence, watching the Conover House. Presently, Otey said, apropos of nothing, "How come he give our hundred to Ganley to give to us?"

"He's too damn' high and mighty to deal with us," Meacham said softly, viciously. "We work for Ganley, don't we?"

Otey seemed satisfied with this answer.

Meacham walked over to the edge of the steps and spat, then returned to the darkness. "You sure there's a lantern out there?"

"I checked."

"Then you better get along," Meacham said matter-of-factly. "Remember, from where you'll be you can see him when he takes the corner in front of the hotel. Step back behind the shed and scratch a match. I'll start riding toward him. When he passes, you drop in behind him. I'll make the first play; you back me up. You get his gun. If he don't turn at the hotel, strike another match and then follow him. I'll be behind you."

Otey said mildly, "All right," and went down the steps to get his horse. Presently, he rode out of the darkness, turned at the hotel and vanished into the night.

Meacham waited a moment, then moved over to his own horse and followed Otey down the street that ran alongside the Conover House, Sam Holley's normal way home. When he crossed the bridge and came to the shed where Otey was already posted, he turned in the saddle to look back. There was enough light from the Conover House lobby lamps to recognize a person, even at this distance. Satisfied he rode on.

At the old sawmill on the edge of town, Meacham reined in and expertly fashioned a cigarette in the darkness. He took his glance from the road just long enough to touch a match to his smoke. Then he took the lariat from his saddle horn and, still looking up the road, shook out what he judged would be enough rope to serve his purpose. He made three five-foot loops; then he flattened these, took a hitch at one end, spiraled the rope down to the other end and took another hitch. Once it was done, he had a limber rope club the thickness of a man's arm.

It might have been ten minutes before he saw the distant flare of a match up the road. It went out abruptly, but it was in the right place. He waited another minute until he could make out, against the lights of the town, the figure of a horseman, and then he moved out into the road.

Walking his horse slowly toward the approaching horseman, he hefted his makeshift rope club and then let it trail down behind his right stirrup. He was purposely keeping to the wrong side of the road now, so that Holley would be on his right.

Now he could see Holley's horse plainly and, behind it, perhaps forty yards away, the mounted shape of Otey. He began whistling a toneless, monotonous series of notes that he hoped would convey to Holley the cheerful unconcern of a bored rider. As they came abreast of each other, Sam Holley said, "Howdy," in a quiet voice. At the same moment, still whistling, Meacham kneed his horse to the right. Almost gently, he drew back his arm, and then slashed savagely with his rope club at Holley's head.

He heard Holley's involuntary cry of pain and surprise, and he spurred his horse savagely against Holley's. Wrapping his arm about Holley's neck, he dragged him out of the saddle, as Sam's frightened horse reared. Shaking his feet free of the stirrups, Meacham let himself fall with Holley, and he was on top of him as Sam landed on the road on his back.

For a wild moment, Albie bent his head and took the powerful blows that Sam was throwing with his left hand; Sam's right arm was pinned beneath Albie's body.

Then Albie heard the wicked thud of Otey's gun barrel rapping across Holley's skull and felt Holley relax under him. He came to his knees and reached down for Holley's gun, still in its holster.

"You took your damn' time," he panted.

"I got here." Otey's voice was mild.

"Catch his horse."

Otey vanished into the night and presently returned to Meacham, who was squatting in the middle of the road over Holley. Then they sat smoking, watching for Holley to move. When he did, Albie prodded him roughly to his feet with his gun and then, holding the gun in his back, ordered him to move on toward the sawmill. Otey trailed him, leading the three horses. When they reached the open back of the shed, Otey went ahead. From the dark depths of the building a match flared, died down, then was replaced by the even glow of lantern light.

Meacham said, "Get over there."

The shed, from which the machinery had long since been removed, was empty, its floor deep in rotting sawdust and bark.

WHEN Holley halted in front of the lantern, Meacham moved around him and looked at him curiously. A broad welt of scraped skin angled across Holley's temple and eye and nose, and Albie felt satisfaction at his handiwork.

"What's this for?" Sam asked.

"It's for nine hundred dollars," Meacham said slowly. At Holley's puzzled scowl, he felt an irrational anger. "Mister," he said, with an ominous gentleness, "you got a thousand dollars from Hackbarth to move us off his place. We want the rest of it."

"Nine hundred dollars," Otey put in.

Holley looked from one to the other. "So you got fifty apiece."

Meacham nodded.

"Then see Ganley," Holley said. "He's got your nine hundred."

When Meacham heard this, he sighed. Taking a step forward, he gave Holley a vicious clout across the face with the whole frame of his gun. Sam staggered back against the wall, blood immediately welling from his cut face. Dazedly, he pushed himself upright and shook his head to clear it.

Meacham said, "It won't work, Holley. We know you kept the nine hundred."

In a thick, fuddled voice, Sam said, "You're a pair of fools. Ganley's your man."

This time, as if by prearrangement, both Otey and Meacham moved in on him. Meacham gave him another clout in the temple, this time with his gun barrel. Holley staggered sidewise, braced himself, and then made a staggering lunge at Meacham, his arms swinging.

Otey stepped aside, and brought his gun barrel down on Sam's right forearm. The force of it wheeled Sam half around, and he grimaced with pain. His turn left him wide open to Meacham, who again slashed at his head. The blow drove Holley to his knees. He put both hands over his head and moaned softly with pain.

Otey kicked him in the side then, and he grunted from the shock.

Standing over him, Meacham said, "Better get it for us." His voice was thin and wicked.

Holley did not answer, and, with a vicious impatience, Meacham kicked his arms aside, grabbed his thick black hair, and pulled his head back. "Are you listening, friend?" Meacham said. "We want our nine hundred dollars."

Sam said in a choked voice, "Then see Ganley."

CURSING, Meacham slammed his gun in a sweeping arc at Sam's head. The sound of metal hitting bone and flesh was sharp and distinct. Sam pitched forward on his face and lay still.

Otey came up and kicked him in the head. Still Sam did not move. "Search him," Meacham said.

Otey knelt and went through Holley's pockets and found only the odds and ends that a working ranch hand might carry. His wallet held three silver dollars. Otey took the money, gave Meacham two dollars, pocketed his, threw the wallet in the corner and then looked up at his partner. "What you figure?" he asked.

"Give him time," Meacham said. "He's just stubborn."

"You figure he's got it?" Otey asked at last.

Meacham squatted down on his heels. "Heth said so, didn't he? He ought to know, too. Him and them were all in this together. Hackbarth told Heth, didn't he? And if Hackbarth don't know, who does?"

"But Holley said Ganley had it," Otey pointed out.

"I heard him."

Otey squatted down on his heels too. "Holley might be right," Otey said at last. "Come to think of it, he might be."

"How you figure that?"

"Ganley give us the money, didn't he? He just said for us to move off and stay off and give us our hundred, didn't he?"

Meacham nodded slowly, following Otey's words with sober concentration, and Otey went on: "All right, nine hundred is missing. Heth said Holley kept it. But Ganley paid us." He paused. "Don't you see it?"

"No," Meacham said promptly.

"If Holley kept the nine hundred like Heth said, and we got a hundred, what did Ganley get out of it? Nothing?"

Meacham's frown of concentration deepened and he looked steadily at Otey. "He ain't ever told me. I figure he knows what he's doing."

"But what's he get out of it? Nothing?" Otey asked insistently. Then he added softly, "Like hell. You know what?" he said after a moment.

"What?"

"You remember why Heth don't like Holley?"

A faint humor touched Meacham's face, and he nodded soberly. "He thinks Holley killed Tench."

"Now don't you damn' well see it?" Otey asked softly. He nodded toward Holley. "Heth was hoping for this, maybe worse. He lied to us apurpose." He paused. "Holley never lied, though. Ganley give us our hundred and kept the rest. Don't you see? That's the only way it makes any sense, come to think of it."

Meacham said, "Let's find out."

Without another word, they got to their feet. When Otey had blown out the lantern, they went out to their horses, without another glance at Sam.

When they turned the corner of the Conover House, both of them looked immediately to see if Ganley's lamp was lighted, and saw that it was. At the tie rail in front of Ganley's steps, they dismounted, and, perhaps because this originally had been more Otey's conviction than Meacham's, Otey led the way up the steps and was first to step into the room when Ganley answered his knock.

Ganley was writing in a large notebook which lay across his knees; his legs were propped up on his desk, and he was in shirt sleeves, the smoke from his pipe pleasantly clouding the room.

When he saw Otey and Meacham, he let one foot drop to the floor and closed the ledger. His greeting was polite and cold, and Otey paid no attention to it.

"I want to ask you something," Otey said without preliminaries.

"Go ahead." Ganley glanced from Otey to Meacham, and he could not entirely hide the wariness coming into his face. His wide jaw was set unpleasantly, and his eyes were suddenly bright.

"Did Sam Holley give you our money from Hackbarth?" Otey asked.

Ganley nodded.

"How much?" Otey asked.

"You know how much," Ganley said sharply. "I've paid you."

"Holley gave you a thousand dollars, didn't he?" Otey asked implacably.

Ganley hesitated only briefly, then said, "Something like that."

"Then where is it?"

Ganley put one foot up on the desk and leaned back in his chair. "Now wait a minute," he said. "Who you working for? Who bought your grub and put you out there? Who thought up this scheme?"

When Ganley was finished, Otey said with a deceptive mildness, "Let me ask a question. Who backed Hackbarth down?"

"You did," Ganley conceded.

"Who did Hackbarth want moved off—us or you?"

"You."

"Then give us our nine hundred dollars," Otey said flatly. Meacham simply drew his gun.

THE brightness in Ganley's eyes was plain fear now. He swung his other foot down and got to his feet, and Meacham's gun barrel followed him.

"You don't think I deserve anything for what I've done?" Ganley demanded.

"Now you mention it—no," Otey said mildly. "Where's the money?"

The skin around Ganley's mouth was white, and his lips were bloodless. "You've forgotten one thing," he said slowly. "I know who killed Bill Tench."

Otey almost smiled. "You see it happen?"

"I went over to your place and saw your clothes. They were covered with brick dust. The pair of you did it, and I know it."

Meacham asked abruptly, "You got the clothes?"

Ganley hesitated.

Meacham walked up to Ganley, put a hand on Ganley's chest and then pointed his gun less than an inch from Ganley's nose. "You got the clothes?" he asked again.

"I— burned them."

"Now," Meacham said softly, "we'll talk about the nine hundred dollars. You speak Bill Tench's name again, and I'll let this thing off."

Otey said, "Where is it?"

Ganley saw the baleful viciousness in Meacham's eyes. "I haven't got it here."

"Where is it?" Otey demanded.

"Virginia's got it. I won't be able to get it from her till tomorrow night. She's visiting out at the Carmichaels' tomorrow. She won't be in till dark."

"We can wait," Otey said. "Tomorrow night at this time we'll be back. You hear me?"

"Yes."

"Now, hear *me*," Meacham said gently. "Don't go near Dana tomorrow. We'll be watching."

"All right," Ganley said weakly.

Meacham backed off two steps, then holstered his gun. He turned and headed for the stairs, Otey trailing behind him.

*(To be concluded next week)*

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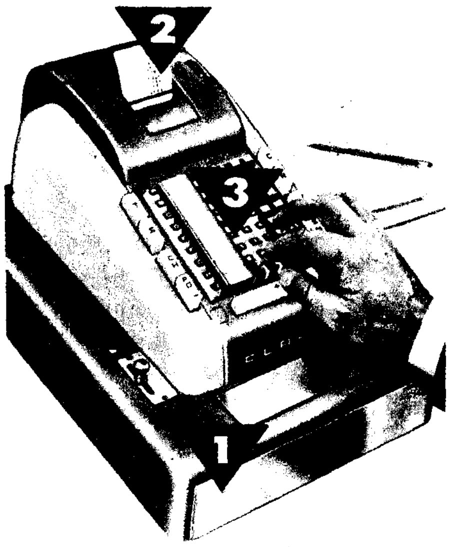

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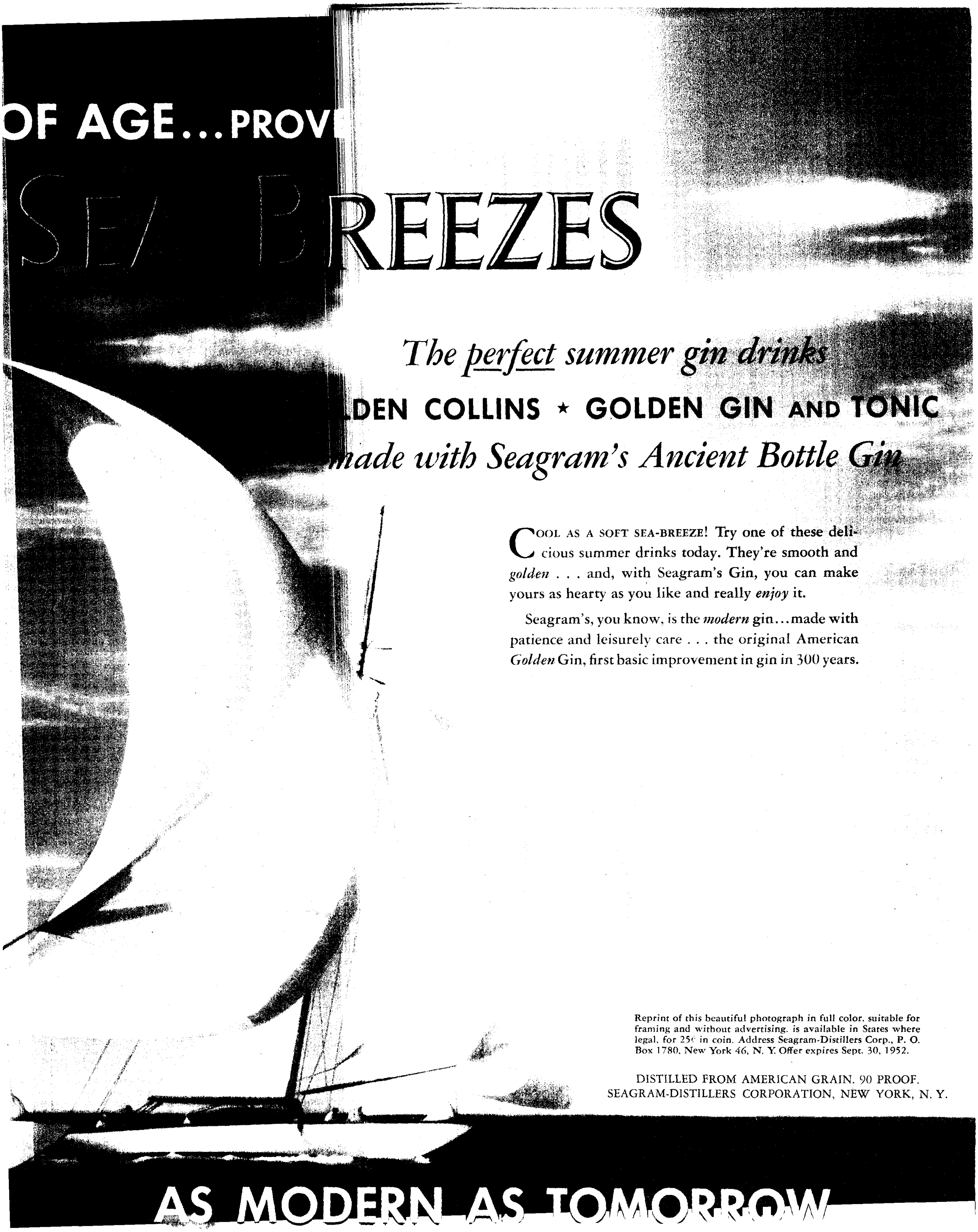

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**AS MODERN AS TOMORROW**

# The Sons of Cyrus Trask

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

she went out on a moonlight night and drowned herself in a pond so shallow that she had to get down on her knees in the mud and hold her head under water. This required great will power. As the warm unconsciousness finally crept over her, she was thinking with some irritation of how her white lawn shroud would have mud down the front when they pulled her out in the morning. And it did.

Cyrus Trask mourned for his wife with a keg of whisky and three old Army friends who had dropped in on their way home to Maine. Adam, the baby, cried a good deal during the beginning of the wake, for the mourners had neglected to feed him. But Cyrus soon solved the problem. He dipped a rag in whisky and gave it to the baby to suck, and after three or four dippings young Adam went to sleep. Several times during the mourning period he awakened and complained, and got the dipped rag again and went to sleep. The baby was drunk for two days and a half. Whatever may have happened in his developing brain, a good thing happened to his metabolism. From that two and a half days he gained an iron health that never wavered during his whole life.

At the end of the three days, his father went out and bought a goat, and Adam drank the milk greedily, vomited, drank more and was on his way. His father did not find Adam's reaction alarming, since he was doing the same thing himself.

WITHIN a month, Cyrus Trask's eye fell on the seventeen-year-old daughter of a neighboring farmer. The courtship was quick and realistic. There was no doubt in anybody's mind about his intentions. They were honorable and reasonable. Her father abetted the courtship because he had two younger daughters, and Alice, his oldest, was seventeen, and this was her first proposal.

Within two weeks, Cyrus wooed, wedded, bedded and impregnated her. His reasons for quick remarriage were reasonable and understood by the community. He wanted a woman to take care of Adam. He needed someone to keep house and cook, and a servant cost money.

Alice Trask had a number of admirable qualities. She was a deep scrubber and a corner-cleaner in the house. She was not very pretty, so there was no need to watch her. Her eyes were pale, her complexion sallow, and her teeth crooked, but she never complained, not even in this her first pregnancy. Whether she liked children or not no one ever knew. She was not asked, and she never said anything unless she was asked. From Cyrus' point of view, this was possibly the greatest of her virtues.

The youth, inexperience and taciturnity of Alice Trask all turned out to be assets for Cyrus. While he continued to operate his farm as such farms were operated in the neighborhood, he had entered on a new career—that of old soldier. No one outside of the War Department knew the quality and duration of his service. His wooden leg was at once proof of his soldiering and a guarantee that he wouldn't ever have to do it again.

Timidly, he began to tell Alice about his campaigns, but as his technique grew, so did his battles. At the very first he knew he was lying, but it was not very long before he was sure that his stories were true. Before he had entered the service he had not been much interested in the war, but now he bought books about the war, read every report, subscribed to the New York papers, studied maps. His knowledge of geography had been shaky, and his information about the fighting nonexistent. But now, gradually, he became an authority. He knew not only the battles, movements, campaigns, but also he learned to know the units involved down to the regiments, their colonels, and where they originated. And from telling, he became convinced that he had been there.

All of this was a slow development, and it took place while Adam was growing to boyhood, and his young half brother behind him. Adam and little Charles would sit silent and respectful while their father talked. And gradually Cyrus knew how every general had thought and planned, and he knew where they had made their mistakes and what they should have done. And then—he had known it at the time—he had told Grant and McClellan where they were wrong and had begged them to take his analysis of the situation. Invariably they refused his advice, and only afterward was he proved right.

There was one thing Cyrus did not do, and perhaps it was clever of him. He never once promoted himself, even to noncommissioned rank. Private Trask he began, and Private Trask he remained. In the total telling, it made him at once the most mobile and influential private in the history of warfare. The stories also made it necessary for him to be in as many as four places at once. But, perhaps instinctively, he did not tell such stories close to one another.

Alice and the little boys had a complete picture of him—a private soldier and proud of it, who not only happened to be where every spectacular and important action was taking place, but who wandered freely into staff meetings and joined or dissented in the decisions of general officers.

"Hurry up, Mike, or the parade will be over before we're finished"

COLLIER'S HAL ANDERSON

THE death of Lincoln caught Cyrus in the pit of the stomach. He always remembered how he felt when he had first heard the news. He could never mention it or hear of it without quick tears in his eyes. And while he never actually said it, you got the indestructible impression that Private Cyrus Trask had been one of Lincoln's warmest and most trusted friends.

It is always interesting to find the exact point where a man's direction is established and to wonder what might have happened if it had been warped in some other direction. When Cyrus Trask had been drafted, he had tried his best to raise the money to buy a substitute, and he had not been able to get it. If he had succeeded in raising nine hundred dollars, he would not have gone to the war at all, and his whole career, as it was, could not have been. But it is more far-reaching even than that. His sons' lives would have been different and his grandsons' and his great-grandsons'. The creative energy of Cyrus Trask and his ability to channel his thinking and his interest would have taken him far in some direction, but there is no way of knowing what that direction might have been.

The formation and growing strength of the Grand Army of the Republic gave Cyrus the backing he needed. He was one of its earliest members, and during his whole life he was never without office.

Quite early, he began to write letters and then articles about the conduct of the war, and his conclusions were intelligent and convincing. Indeed, Cyrus developed a good military mind. His criticisms both of the war as it had been conducted and of the Army as it functioned were penetrating. His letters to the War Department, printed simultaneously in the newspapers, began to have a sharp effect on decisions on the Army. Perhaps if the G.A.R. had not assumed political force his voice might not have been heard so clearly in Washington, but the spokesman for a bloc of nearly a million men was not to be ignored.

Such a voice in military matters Cyrus Trask became. It came about that he was consulted in matters of Army organization, officer relationship, personnel and equipment. His expertness was apparent to everyone who heard him. He had a genius for the military. More than that, he was one of those responsible for the growth of the G.A.R. as a cohesive and potent force in national life. After several honorary offices, he took a paid secretaryship, which he kept for the rest of his life. He traveled from one end of the country to the other, attending conventions, meetings and encampments. So much for his public life.

His private life was also laced through with his new profession. He organized his house and farm on a military basis. He demanded and got reports on the conduct of his private economy.

It is probable that Alice preferred it this way. She was not a talker. A terse report was easiest for her. She was busy with the growing boys and with keeping the house clean and the clothes washed. Also, she had to conserve her energy, though she did not mention this in any of her reports. Without warning, her energy would leave her. Then she would have to sit down and wait until it came back. She knew that she had what was called a consumption, would have known even if she was not reminded by a hard, exhausting cough.

She did not know how long she would live. Some people wasted on for quite a few years. Perhaps she didn't dare to mention it to her husband.

HE HAD devised a method for dealing with sickness which resembled punishment. If she had mentioned her condition, Cyrus might have started a treatment which would have killed her off long before her consumption could have done it. Besides, as Cyrus became more military, his wife learned the only technique through which a soldier can survive. She never made herself noticeable, never spoke unless spoken to, performed what was expected and tried for no promotions. She became a rear-rank private of great efficiency.

It was the little boys who really caught it. Cyrus had decided that even though the Army was not perfect, it was still the most honorable profession for a man. He mourned the fact that he could not be a professional soldier because of his wooden leg, but he could not imagine any career for his sons except the Army. For years, he tried to get them appointments to the military academy, and he was very bitter toward various congressmen when he could not. He got to hating West Point. Then, with ease, he switched his intention. He achieved a contempt for schoolbook soldiers. A man should learn the Army from the ranks. His boys would join up as privates. Then you would see what kind of officers they would be.

He taught them the manual of arms when they could barely walk. By the time they were in grade school, close-order drill was as natural as breathing and as hateful as hell. He kept them hard with exercises, beating out the rhythm with a stick on his wooden leg. He made them walk for miles carrying knapsacks loaded with stones to make their shoulders strong. He worked constantly on their marksmanship in the wood lot behind the house.

It is hard to remember when, as a child, you first caught adults out—when you first realized that adults did not have divine intelligence, that their judgments were not always wise, their thinking true, their sentences just. On the other hand, it is hard to forget the panic desolation you felt when the realization came; the gods were fallen and all safety gone. But there is one sure thing about the fall of gods. They do not fall a little. They crash and shatter, or sink deeply into green muck. Then it is a tedious job to build them up again, and they never quite shine.

Probably, as a child, Adam didn't love his father—there was nothing there to love. But Cyrus had sternness and discipline. He was untroubled with doubts. He never questioned his motive in making a military camp of his home, soldiers of his sons, and a camp follower of his wife. Somewhere between six and sixteen, Adam found his father out. Adam had always hated the discipline, as every normal animal does, but it was just and true and inevitable as measles, not to be denied or cursed—only to be hated. And then—and it was very fast, almost a click in his brain—Adam knew that for him, at least, his father's methods had no reference to anything in the world but his father. The techniques and training were not designed for the boys at all but only to make Cyrus a great man. And the same click in the brain told Adam that his father was not a great man, that he was indeed a very strong-willed and concentrated little man wearing a huge busby. Who knows what causes this?—a look in the eye, a lie found out, a moment of hesitation? Then the god comes crashing down in a child's brain. And it may not even be a god of love. The collapsed certainty may even be a principle of anger or hatred or vengeance, but when the magic moment comes, it is no longer god and you can cope with it, either by obedience on the surface or by defiance.

Young Adam was always an obedient child. Something in him shrank from violence or even from the silent tensions that can rip at a house. He contributed to the quiet he wished for by offering no violence or contentiousness, and to do this he had to retire into secrecy, since there is some violence in everyone.

He covered his life with a veil of vagueness, while behind his quiet eyes a rich, full life went on. This vagueness did not protect him from assault, but it allowed him an immunity. His half brother, Charles, only a little over a year younger, grew up with his father's assertiveness. Charles was a natural athlete, with instinctive timing and co-ordination, together with the competitor's desire to win over others which makes for success in the world. Cyrus was tender and sometimes even a little soft with Charles, but Adam's passiveness aroused fury in him, arising perhaps out of shame. To Adam he gave the greater discipline and the harsher punishments, as he said, "to make a man of him."

And very early his mind and will clamped on one intention: Charles might but Adam must go into the Army as soon as he was old enough. Then, if he had not entirely succeeded in making a man of Adam, the Army would complete the job. He had chosen the only perfect method for defeating his own purpose. Adam would retire deeper and always deeper into himself, and no beating or hazing would ever pull him out. Young Charles won all contests with Adam, whether they involved skill or strength or quick intelligence, and won them so easily that quite early he lost interest and had to find his competition among other children.

THEN it came about that a kind of affection grew up between the two boys, but it was more like an association between brother and sister than between brothers. Charles fought any boy who challenged or slurred Adam, and he usually won. He protected Adam from his father with lies and even blame-taking. Charles felt for his brother the affection one has for helpless things—for blind puppies and new babies. Adam looked out of his covered brain—out of the long tunnels of his eyes—at the people of his world: his father, a one-legged natural force at first, installed justly to make little boys feel littler and stupid boys aware of their stupidity; and then, after the god had crashed, he saw his father as the policeman laid on by birth—the officer who might be circumvented but never challenged.

Adam saw his half brother, Charles, as a bright being of another species—gifted with muscle and bone, speed and alertness, to be admired as one admires the sleek, lazy danger of a black leopard, not by any chance to be compared with oneself. And it would no more have occurred to Adam to confide in his brother—to tell him his hunger, his gray dreams, his plans and silent pleasures—than it would have occurred to him to share his thoughts with a lovely tree or a golden pheasant in flight. Adam was glad of Charles the way a woman is glad of a fat diamond. He depended on his brother in the way that same woman depends on the diamond's glitter and the self-security tied up in its worth; but love, affection, sympathy were not in it.

Toward Alice Trask, Adam held and covered a feeling that was akin to shame. She was not his mother—that he knew because he had been told many times. He knew that he had once had a mother and that she had done some shameful kind of thing like forgetting the chickens or missing the target on the range in the wood lot. And as a result of her fault she was not here. And Adam thought sometimes that if he could only find out what sin it was she had committed, why, he would sin it too—and not be here.

Alice treated the boys equally, washed them, fed them and left everything else to their father, who had let it be known clearly and finally that the training of boys physically and mentally was his exclusive province. Even praise and reprimand he would not delegate. Thus Alice was a kind of warm, silent, cooking-and-washing shadow, speaking rarely, and then quietly, never complaining, never quarreling or laughing or crying. Her mouth was trained to a line that revealed nothing and offered nothing.

ONCE, when Adam was quite small, he came by accident silently into the kitchen. Alice did not see him. She was darning socks—and she was smiling. Adam retired secretly. He walked into the wood lot to a sheltered place behind a stump he knew well. He settled deep between the protecting roots, so that you would have to know where he was to see him at all.

Adam was as shocked to have seen Alice smile as he would have been if he had come on her naked. He ached about her with a longing that was passionate and hot. He did not know what it was about, but the longing came from the long lack of holding, of rocking, of caressing; it was a hunger for breast and nipple, for the softness of a lap, for the voice tone of love and compassion. All of these were in his passion, and he did not know it because he did not know that such things existed, so how could he miss them?

Sometimes when she was alone and knew she was alone, Alice permitted her mind to play in a garden, and she smiled. And it was wonderful how quickly she could drive the smile to earth, the way the woodchucks hole their children.

Adam concealed his discovery, but he was inclined to pay for his pleasure with something. And so it happened that Alice began to find gifts in her sewing basket, in her worn-out purse, under her pillow—two cinnamon pinks, a bluebird's tail feather, half a stick of green sealing wax, a stolen handkerchief. At first, Alice was a little startled, but then that disappeared, and when she found some new present the smile flashed and disappeared, the way a trout crosses a knife of sunshine in a pool. She asked no questions and made no comment. Her coughing was very bad at night, and Cyrus had at last to put her in another room or he would have got no sleep. But he did visit her very often—hopping on his one bare foot, steadying himself with his hand against the wall. The boys could hear and feel the jar of his body through the house as he hopped to and from Alice's room.

As he grew, Adam feared one thing more than any other. He feared the day when he would be enlisted in the Army. His father never let him forget that such a time would come. He spoke of it often. It was Adam who needed the Army to make a man of him. Charles was pretty near a man already. And Charles was a man and a dangerous man even at thirteen, when Adam was fourteen.

The affection between the two boys had grown with the years. It may be that part of Charles's feeling was contempt, but it was a kind of protective contempt. It happened that, one evening, the boys were playing peewee—a new game to them—in the dooryard. A small, pointed stick is laid on the ground, then struck near one end with a bat. The small stick flies into the air, and then is batted as far as possible.

Adam was not good at games. His brother beat him at everything, but he was content to play and lose for the sake of the companionship. And now, by some accident of eye and timing, he beat his brother at peewee. Four times he drove the peewee farther than Charles did. It was a new experience to him, and a kind of mild flush came over him, so that he did not watch and feel out his brother's mood as he usually did. The fifth time he drove the peewee, it flew humming like a bee far out in the field. He turned happily to face Charles, and suddenly he froze. The hatred in Charles's face frightened him. "I guess it was just an accident," Adam said lamely. "I bet I couldn't do it again."

Charles looked at him coldly, set his peewee, struck it and, as it rose into the air, swung at it and missed. Then Charles moved slowly toward Adam, his eyes cold and noncommittal. Adam edged away. He did not dare to turn and run, for his brother could outrun him. He backed slowly away, his eyes frightened and his throat dry. And Charles moved close and struck him in the face with his bat. Adam covered his bleeding nose with his hands, and Charles swung his bat and hit him in the ribs, knocking the wind out of him, swung at his head and knocked him out. And as Adam lay unconscious on the ground Charles kicked him in the stomach and walked away.

After a while, Adam became conscious. He breathed shallowly because his chest hurt. He tried to sit up and fell back at the wrench of the torn muscles over his stomach. Alice looked out. He saw something in her face that he had never seen before. He did not know what it was, but it was not soft or weak. Then she saw that he was looking at her, and she dropped the curtains into place and disappeared. When Adam finally got up from the ground and moved, bent over, into the kitchen, he found a basin of hot water standing ready for him and a clean towel beside it. He could hear his stepmother coughing in her room.

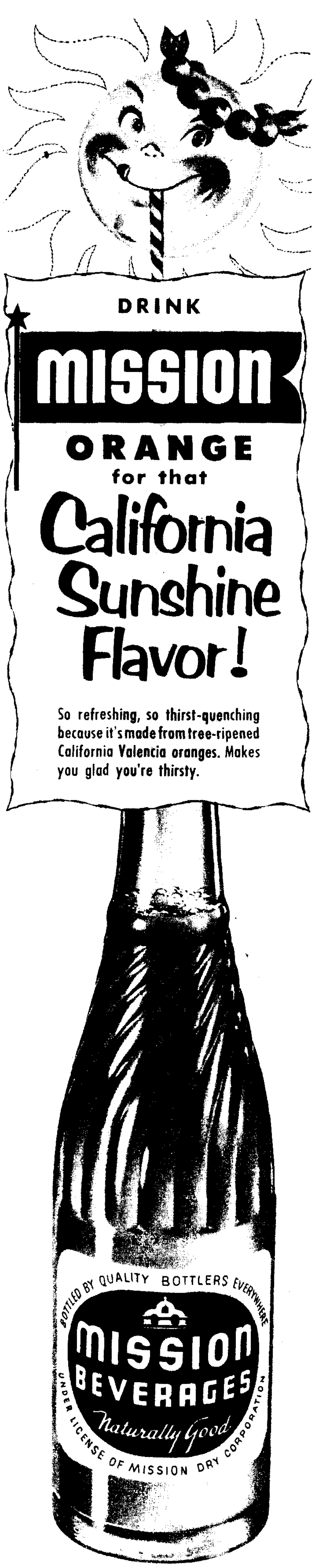
Charles never mentioned the beating. And Adam made very sure he didn't ever win again at anything. He had always felt the danger in his brother, but now he understood that he must never win unless he was prepared to kill Charles.

Charles did not tell his father about the beating, and Adam did not, and surely Alice did not, and yet Cyrus seemed to know. He turned a gentleness on Adam. His speech became softer toward him. He did not punish him any more. Almost nightly he lectured him, but not violently. And Adam was more afraid of the gentleness than he had been at the sternness, for it seemed to him that he was being trained as a sacrifice, the way intended victims of the gods are cuddled and flattered so that they may go happily to the stone and not outrage the gods with unhappiness.

CYRUS explained softly to Adam the nature of a soldier. His knowledge came from instinct rather than experience, but he knew, and he was accurate. He told his son of the sad dignity of a soldier, how he is necessary in the light of all the failures of man—the penalty of our frailties. Perhaps Cyrus discovered these things in himself as he told them. It was very different from the flag-waving, shouting bellicosity of his younger days. The humiliations are piled on a soldier, so Cyrus said, in order that he may, when the time comes, be not too resentful of the final humiliation—a meaningless and dirty death. And he talked to Adam alone and did not permit Charles to listen. He took Adam to walk with him in the evening, and the black conclusions of all of his study and his thinking came out and flowed with a thick terror high in the chest of his son.

He said, "I'll have you know that a soldier is the most holy of all humans because he is the most tested, most tested of all. I'll try to tell you. Look, now, in all of history men have been taught and taught with hanging and with hatred of their fellow men that killing is an evil thing. Any man who kills must be destroyed, because killing is a great sin, maybe the worst sin we know. And then we take a soldier and put murder in his hands and we say to him: 'Use it well, use it wisely.' We put no checks on him. 'Go out and kill as many of a certain kind or classification of your brothers as you can. And we will reward you for it because it is a violation of your early and natural training.' "

Adam wet his dry lips and tried to ask and failed and tried again. "Why do they have to do it?" he said.



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"I don't know," his father said. "I've studied and maybe learned how things are, but I'm not even close to why they are. And you must not expect to find that people understand what they do. So many things are done as instinctively as the way a bee makes honey or a fox dips his paws in a stream to fool dogs. I think a fox could not say why he does it, and what bee remembers winter or expects it to come again? When I knew you had to go, I thought to leave the future open so you could dig out your own findings, and then it seemed better if I could pad you about with the little I know. You'll go in soon now; you've come to the age."

"I don't want to," Adam said quickly.

HIS father went on, "You'll go in soon. And I want to tell you, so you won't be surprised. First they'll strip off your clothes, but they'll go deeper than that; they'll shuck off any little dignity you have. You'll lose what you think of as your decent right to live and to be let alone to live. They'll make you live and eat and sleep degradingly close to other men. And when they dress you up again, you won't be able to tell yourself from the others."

"I don't want to do it," said Adam.

"After a while," said Cyrus, "you'll think no thought the others do not think. You'll know no word the others cannot say. And you'll do things you do not even know about because the others do them. You'll feel danger in any difference whatever—danger to the whole crowd of like-thinking, like-acting men."

"What if I don't?" Adam demanded.

"Yes," said Cyrus, "sometimes that happens. Once in a while there is a man who won't do what is demanded of him. Do you know what happens then? The whole machine devotes itself coldly to the destruction of his difference. They'll beat your spirit and your nerves, your body and your mind with iron rods until the dangerous difference goes out of you. And if you cannot finally give in, they'll vomit you up and leave you stinking outside—neither a part of themselves nor yet free. It's better to fall in with them. They only do it to protect themselves. A thing so triumphantly illogical, so beautifully senseless as an army can't allow a question to weaken it. Within itself, if you do not hold it up to other things for comparison and derision, you'll find slowly, surely, a reason and a logic and a kind of dreadful beauty. A man who can accept it is not a worse man always, and sometimes is a much better man.

"Pay attention to me, for I have thought a long time about it. There are some soldiers who will surrender themselves and become faceless. But these had not much face to start with. And maybe you're like that. But there are others who go down, submerge in the common slough, and then rise more themselves than they were, because—because they have lost a littleness of vanity and have gained all the gold of the company and the regiment. If you can go down so low, you will be able to rise higher than you can conceive and you will know a holy joy, a companionship almost like that of a heavenly company of angels. Then you will know the quality of men even if they are inarticulate. But until you have gone way down you can never know this." They turned and walked back toward the house, but Cyrus turned left and went into the wood lot among the trees.

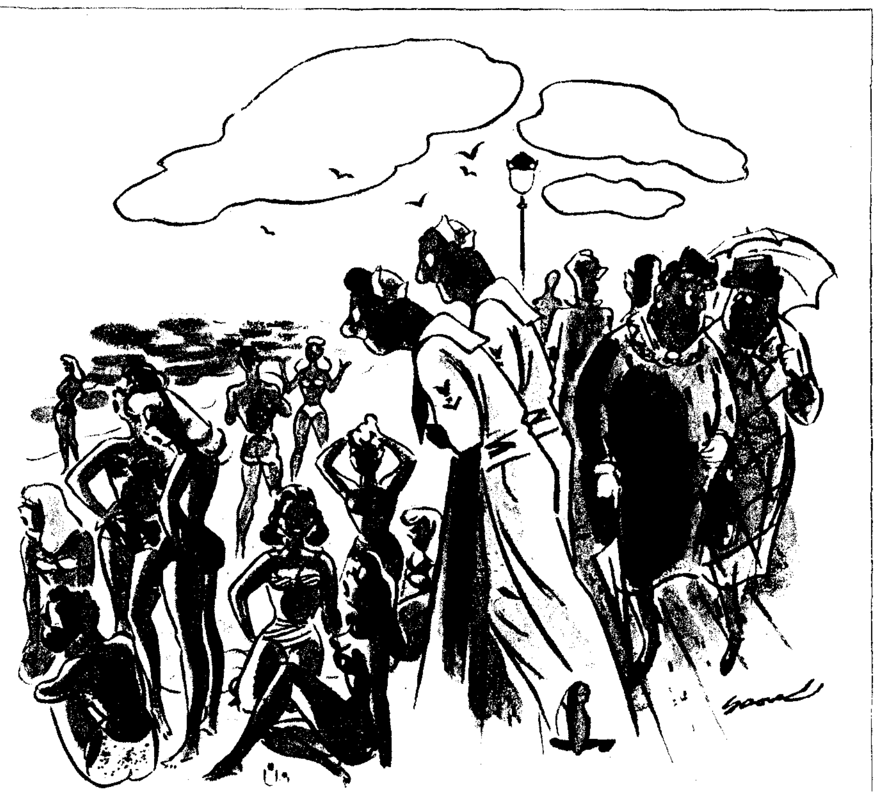
And suddenly Adam said, "You see that stump there, sir? I used to hide between the roots on the far side. After you punished me I used to hide there, and sometimes I went there just because I felt bad."

"Let's go and see the place," Cyrus said. Adam led him to it, and Cyrus looked down at the nestlike hole between the roots. "I knew it long ago," he said. "Once when you were gone a long time, I knew you must have such a place and I found it because I knew the kind of a place you would need."

Adam stared at his father in wonder. "You never came here looking for me."

"No," Cyrus replied. "I wouldn't do that. You can drive a human too far. I wouldn't do that. You must leave a man one escape before death. Remember that. I knew, I guess, how hard I was pressing you. I didn't want to push you over the edge."

They moved off restlessly through the trees. Cyrus said, "There are many things I want to tell you. I want to tell you that soldiers give up so much to get something back. From the day of a child's birth, he is taught by every circumstance, by every law and rule and right, to protect his own life. He starts with that great instinct, and everything confirms it. And then he is a soldier, and he must learn to violate all of this; he must learn coldly to put himself in the way of losing his own life without going mad. And if you can do that—and mind you, some can't—then you will have, I guess, the greatest gift of all. Look, son," he said earnestly, "nearly all men are afraid, and they do not even know what causes their fear—shadows, perplexities, dangers without names or numbers—fear of a faceless death. But if you can bring yourself to face not shadows but real death, described and recognizable by bullet or saber, arrow or lance, then you need not ever be afraid again, at least in the same way you were before. Then you will be a man set apart from other men, safe where other men may cry in terror. This is the great reward. Maybe this is the only reward. Maybe this is the final purity, all ringed with filth. It's nearly dark. I'll want to talk to you again tomorrow night, when both of us have thought about what I have told you."



"How touching. Even on their day off they are drawn to the ocean!"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

But Adam said, "Why don't you talk to my brother? Charles will be going. He'll be good at it—much better than I am."

"Charles won't be going. There'd be no point to it."

"But he would be a better soldier."

"Only outside on his skin," said Cyrus. "Not inside. Charles is not afraid, so he could never know anything about courage. He does not know anything outside himself; so he could never gain the things I have tried to explain to you. To put him in an army would be to let loose things which in Charles must be chained down. I would not dare to let him go."

Adam complained. "You never punished him, you let him live his life, you praised him, you did not haze him and now you let him stay out of the Army." He stopped, frightened at what he had said, afraid of the rage or the contempt or the violence his words might cause.

His father did not reply. He walked on out of the wood lot, and his head hung down.

The dark had come by now, and the golden light of the lamps shone out from the open kitchen door. Alice stood in the doorway and peered out, looking for them, and then she heard the oaken footsteps approaching and went back in the kitchen.

Cyrus walked to the kitchen stoop before he stopped and raised his head. "Where are you?" he asked.

"Here, right behind you. Right here."

"You asked a question. I guess I'll have to answer. Maybe it's good and maybe it's bad to answer it. You are not clever. You don't know what you want. You have no proper fierceness. You let other people walk over you. Sometimes I think you are a weakling who will never amount to a dog. Does that answer your question? I love you better. I always have. I love you more than your brother. Now shut your mouth and go to your supper. I'll talk to you tomorrow night. My leg aches."

That is the way Adam remembered it. And maybe he changed it a little here and a little there; maybe in his memory he put words in his father's mouth his father would not or could not have used, but that was the texture of his memory. He remembered also that there was no talk at supper. Adam thought his brother watched him secretly. And he caught the flash of Alice's eye when he looked up suddenly. Adam finished eating and pushed back his chair. "I think I'll go for a little walk," he said.

Charles stood up. "I'll go with you."

ALICE and Cyrus watched them out the door, and then she asked one of her rare questions. She asked nervously, "What did you do?"

"Nothing," he said.

"Will you make him go?"

"Yes."

"Does he know?"

Cyrus stared bleakly out the open door into the darkness. "Yes, he knows."

"He won't like it. It's not right for him."

"It doesn't matter," Cyrus said, and he repeated loudly, "it doesn't matter!" They were silent a moment, and then he said, almost in a tone of apology, "It isn't as though he were your child."

Alice did not reply. . . .

The boys walked down the dark, rutty road. Ahead they could see a few little pinched lights of the village.

"Want to go in and see if anything's stirring at the inn?" Charles asked.

"I hadn't thought of it," said Adam.

"Then what the hell are you walking out at night for?"

"You didn't have to come," said Adam.

Charles moved close to him. "What did he say to you this afternoon? I saw you walking together. What did he say?"

"He talked about the Army—like always."

"Didn't look like that to me," Charles said suspiciously. "I saw him leaning close, talking the way he talks to men—not telling, talking."

"He was telling," Adam said patiently, and he had to control his breath, for a little fear had begun to press up against his stomach. He took as deep a gulp of air as he could and held it for a while to push back the fear.

"What did he tell you?" Charles demanded again.

"About how it is to be a soldier."

"I don't believe you," said Charles. "I think you're a damned mealymouthed liar. What are you trying to get away with?"

"Nothing," said Adam.

Charles said harshly, "Your crazy mother drowned herself. Maybe she took a look at you. That'd do it."

Adam let out his breath gently, pressing down the dismal fear that pressed in on him. He was silent.

Suddenly Charles cried, "You're trying to take him away. I don't know how you're going about it. What are you doing?"

"Nothing," said Adam.

CHARLES jumped in front of him, so that Adam had to stop, his chest almost against his brother's chest. Adam backed away, but carefully, as one backs away from a snake.

"Look at his birthday," Charles shouted. "I took six bits and I bought him a knife made in Germany—three blades and a corkscrew, pearl-handled. Where is that knife? Do you ever see him use it? Did he give it to you? I never even saw him hone it. Have you got that knife in your pocket? What did he do with it? 'Thanks,' he said, like that. And that's the last I heard of it." Rage was in his voice. And Adam felt the creeping fear, but he knew also that he had a little time. Too many times he had seen the destructive machine that chopped down anything that stood in its way—rage first and then a coldness, a self-possession, noncommittal eyes and a pleased smile and no voice at all, only a whisper. When that happened, murder was on the way, but cool, deft murder and hands that worked precisely, delicately.

Adam swallowed saliva to dampen his dry throat. He could think of nothing to say that would be heard, for when his brother was in a rage he would not listen. Charles bulked darkly in front of Adam, shorter, thicker, but still not crouched. In the starlight, Adam could see his brother's lips shine with wetness, but there was no smile yet and his voice still raged.

"What did *you* do on his birthday? You think I didn't see? Did you spend six bits, or even four bits? You brought him a crooked stick you picked up in the wood lot. You laughed like a fool and said it would make a good slingshot. That stick is on top of his trunk. He plays with it while he's reading. He's got it all shiny with his hands. And where's the knife? 'Thanks,' he said, just, 'Thanks.' "

Charles's voice dropped to a whisper, and his shoulders dropped. Adam made one desperate jump backward and raised his hands to guard his face, and his brother moved precisely to him, each foot planted firmly. One fist lanced delicately to get the range, and then the deadly work began. A hard blow in the stomach, and Adam's hands dropped, and then four punches to the head. Adam felt the bone and gristle crunch as his nose was crushed. He raised his hands again, and Charles drove at his heart. And all this time Adam looked at his brother as the condemned look hopelessly and puzzled at the executioner.

Suddenly, to his own surprise, Adam launched a harmless overhand swing, which had neither force nor direction. Charles ducked in under it, and the helpless arm went around his neck. Then Adam wrapped his arms about his brother and hung close to him, sobbing. He felt the square fists whipping nausea into his stomach, and still he held on. Time seemed to have slowed. With his body, he felt his brother move sideways to force his legs apart. And he felt the knee come up, past his knees, scraping his thighs until it crashed into his groin, and flashing white pain ripped and echoed through his body. Adam bent over and vomited, and even then the cold killing went on. Adam felt the punches on temples, cheeks, eyes. He felt his lip split, but his skin seemed thickened and dull, as though he were encased in heavy rubber. Dully he wondered why his legs did not buckle, why he did not fall, why unconsciousness did not come to him. The punching continued. He could hear his brother panting now with the quick, explosive breath of a sledgehammer man. In the sick, starlit dark, Adam could see his brother through the tear-watered blood that flowed from his eyes; he saw the innocent, noncommittal eyes, the small smile on wet lips. And as he saw these things, there was a flash of light and then darkness.

Charles stood over him, gulping air like a run-out dog. And then he turned and walked quickly back toward the house, and he kneaded his bruised knuckles as he went.

CONSCIOUSNESS came back quickly and frighteningly to Adam. His mind rolled in a painful mist. His body was heavy and thick with hurt. But almost instantly he forgot his hurts. He heard footsteps on the road. The quick, instinctive fear and fierceness of a rat came to him. He pushed himself up on his knees and crawled off the road and to the ditch which kept it drained. There was a foot of water in the ditch, and the tall grass grew up from its sides. Adam slipped quietly into the water, being very careful to make no splash. Looking upward, he could see the road.

The footsteps came close, then slowed up, then moved on a little, then came back. From his hiding place, Adam could only see a dark shape in the darkness. And then a sulphur match was struck. Adam saw his brother's face grotesquely lighted from below. Charles raised the match and peered about, and Adam could see the hatchet in his hand. The match went out, and the night was blacker than before. Charles moved slowly on and struck another match, and on, and struck another. He searched the road for signs. At last he gave it up. He threw the hatchet far off in the field. He walked away toward the village.

For a long time, Adam lay in the cool water, trying to find some safety in his mind. He wondered how his brother felt, wondered whether, now that his passion was chilling, he would feel pain or sorrow or sick conscience—or nothing. These things Adam felt for him. His conscience urged him to his brother and felt his pain for him the way at other times he had done his homework for him.

Charles was standing at the bar in the village inn, and Charles was laughing delightedly at the funny stories the night-stranded drummers were telling. He got out his tobacco sack with its meager jingle of silver and bought the men a drink to keep them talking more. He stood and grinned and rubbed his split knuckles. And when the drummers, accepting his drink, raised their glasses and said, "Here's to you," Charles was delighted. He ordered another drink for his new friends.

Adam crept out of the water and stood up. His hurts were stiffening, and the blood was dried in a crust on his face. He licked his lips and started them to bleeding again. He thought he would stay outside in the darkness until his father and Alice went to bed. He felt that he could not answer any questions because he did not know any answers, and trying to find one would be too painful to his battered mind. Then dizziness, edged with blue lights, gathered around his forehead, and he knew that he would be fainting soon. He shuffled slowly up the road, with widespread legs. At the stoop he paused, looking in.

The lamp hanging by its chain from the ceiling cast a yellow circle over the table and lighted Alice and her mending basket. On the other side of the table his father chewed a wooden pen and dipped it in ink and made entries in his record book.

Then Alice looked up. Her eyes stared, and her hand rose to her mouth. Adam drag-footed up one step and then the other and supported himself in the doorway. Cyrus raised his head. He looked at the bloody face with a distant curiosity. The identity of the distortion came to him slowly. He stood up, puzzled. He stuck the wooden pen in the ink bottle and wiped his fingers on his pants. "Why did he do it?" Cyrus asked softly.

Adam tried to answer, but his mouth was dry. He licked his lips. "I don't know."

Cyrus stumped over to him and grasped him by the arm so fiercely that he winced. "Don't lie to me. Why did he do it? Did you have an argument?"

"No."

"Tell me. I want to know. Tell me. I'll make you tell me. Damn it, you're always protecting him. Don't you think I know that? Did you think you were fooling me? Now, tell me, or by God I'll keep you standing there all night."

Adam cast about for an answer he did not even know himself. "He doesn't think you love him."

Cyrus released the arm and hobbled back to his chair and sat down. He rattled the pen in the ink bottle and looked blindly at his record book.

"Alice," he said, "help Adam to bed. You'll have to cut his shirt off, I guess. Give him a hand."

He got up again, went to the corner of the room where the coats hung on nails, and, reaching behind the garments, brought out his shotgun, broke it to verify its load, and clumped on his wooden leg out the door. Alice raised her hand as though she would hold him back with a rope of air, and her rope broke, and her face hid her thoughts.

"Go in your room," she said. "I'll bring some water in a basin."

CYRUS hesitated at the village road. He knew where Charles would be. He saw himself stand in the entrance to the bar, slowly raise his gun, and fire both barrels into his son's dark face. The village lights winked dismally.

He looked back at the yellow lamplight shining from his kitchen window. And then he moved across the field toward the wood lot. He found the hiding place between the tree roots and settled into it. A strip of rotten punkwood on the dead tree glowed with green phosphorescence.

Cyrus unbuttoned the flap of his money pocket and pulled out a chamois pouch. He untied the drawstring and slid out his pearl-handled knife. Then, with the big blade, he worked a piece of punkwood loose and held it glowing in his hand.

Adam lay on the bed, a sheet pulled up to his waist, and Alice patted the cuts with a linen handkerchief dipped in warm water. She was silent for a long time, and at last she continued Adam's old sentence as though there had never been an interval. "But you love him. You always have." Adam did not answer her. She went on quietly. "He's a strange boy. You have to know him—all rough shell, all anger until you know." She paused to cough, leaned over and coughed, and when the spell was over, her cheeks were flushed and she was exhausted. But she was smiling. "You have to know him," she repeated. "For a long time he has given me little presents—pretty things you wouldn't think he'd even notice. But he doesn't give them right out. He hides them where he knows I'll find them. And you can look at him for hours, and he won't ever give the slightest sign he did it. You have to know him." She smiled at Adam, and he closed his eyes. THE END

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In studio of their Hollywood home, stars Marge and Gower Champion work out routines with dance director Nick Castle. They call it "mulling"

Wardrobe mistress helps Marge Champion with coat-dress she will wear in dance number, while M-G-M fashion designer Helen Rose (r.) looks on

On "New York" set, Gower (l.) holds prerehearsal dance conference with Castle (c.) and music arranger Dick Pribor while Marge limbers up

Wearing work clothes, Champions for first time go through entire dance routine on partially finished set, timing intricate movements to music

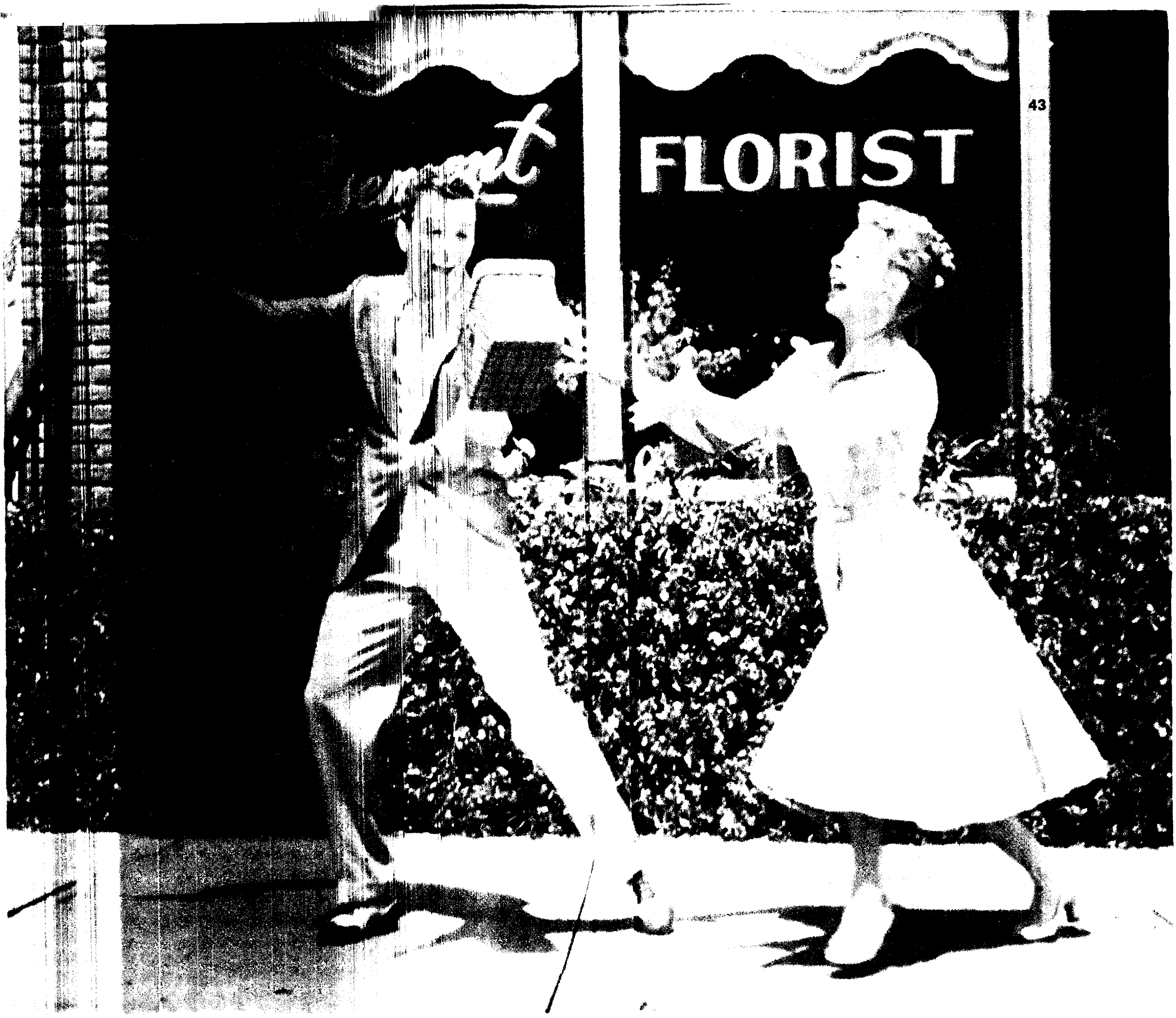
# A DANCE IS BORN

Musical director David Rose (r.) uses lunch break to discuss timing problem with dancers

LATE next fall, Marge and Gower Champion—a young husband-and-wife dance team in the brilliant tradition of the Castles and the De Marcos—will have the starring roles in a new M-G-M musical, Everything I Have Is Yours. For five minutes near the beginning of the picture they will romp gaily along four blocks of New York streets. The dance will look as easy as breathing. It wasn't. The Champions did it the hard way: the gay little scene took weeks of backbreaking work. "People think we make up dance numbers as we go along," says pert, five-foot-two Marge. "Unfortunately, it's not that simple. In this movie, for instance, we discovered that the original script required almost every dance scene to be shot against a backdrop of a theater stage. But Gower and I like to have our routines help develop the plot itself. So we began searching through the script. Right at the start we found a scene in an all-night restaurant where Gower said, 'Waiter, check,' and then the story picks up again the following morning. Immediately it hit us: How did the hero and heroine get home?"

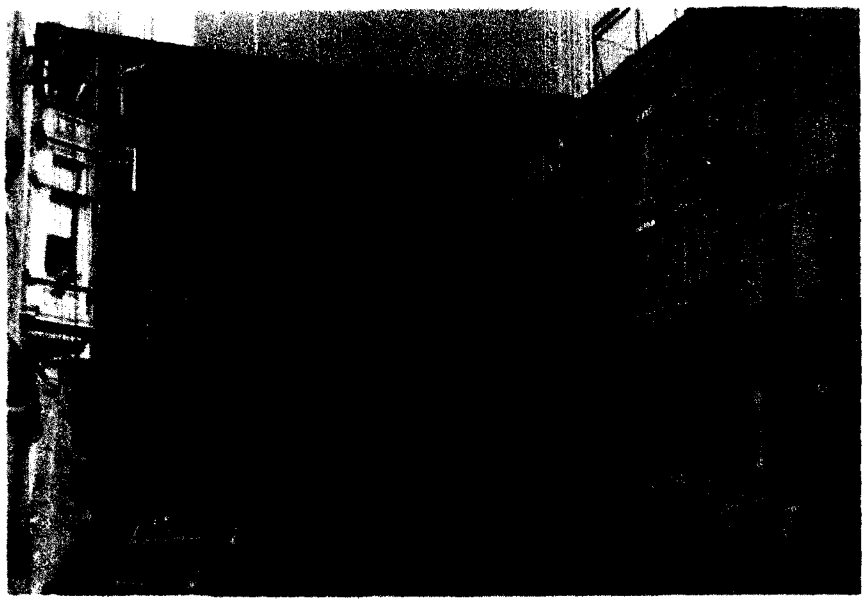
Gower Champion, handsome, six feet tall and imaginative, saw a great opportunity: they would dance their way home. "Marge and I," he says, "had often been in a similar situation. After a long rehearsal in New York we would skip or dance down the street. This looked like an excellent way to establish the relationship of the two characters as one of lighthearted gaiety. So we approached producer George Wells for permission to break open the script at this point for another dance number, and he agreed."

Because they were needed for the dramatic scenes then being filmed, the Champions could not work on their new dance ideas during the day; but in the evenings, in the large, lower-floor "studio" of their Hollywood Hills home, together with dance director Nick Castle and their arranger, Dick

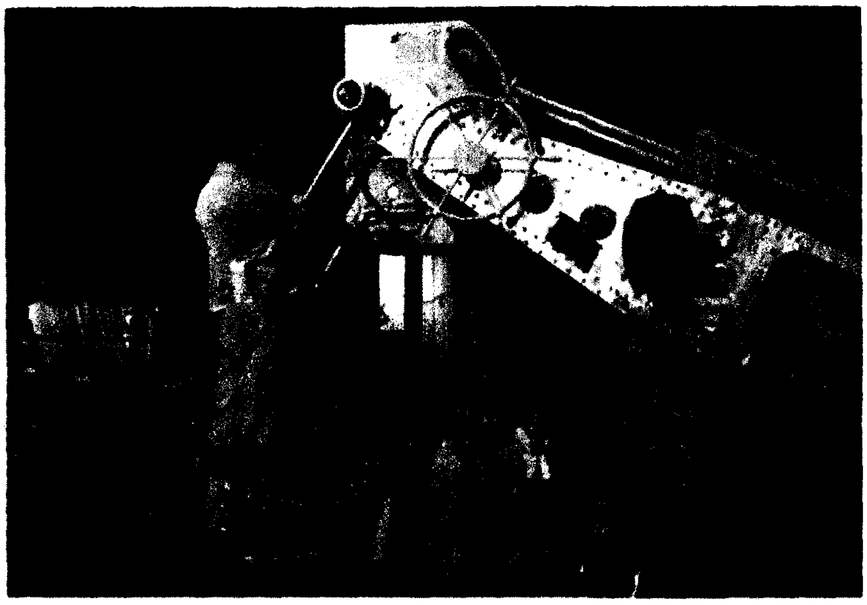


In daylight dress rehearsal of 4:00 A.M. scene, Champions reach peak of dance—a bag-passing sequence which ultimately took 34 takes to perfect

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY



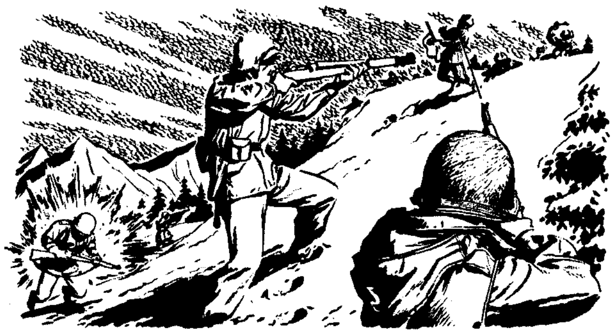
With cameras ready to film final scene, huge tarpaulins are stretched over "houses," giving whole set appearance of New York streets at night



Marge and Gower Champion take time out on steps of apartment house while cameraman and technicians work out lighting and camera angles

CONTINUED ▶

OUR MARINES' LIFELINE to the sea was in danger. A Communist force of 4,000 men had seized the key hill overlooking Hagaru-ri in the desperate Chosin Reservoir fighting. The hill had to be taken. But there were no combat forces available.



Lieutenant Colonel Myers, then a major, rallied together clerks, cooks, and other service personnel, and led a makeshift unit of 250 men in an assault up the snow-covered 600-foot hill. Lacking combat officers and non-coms, Colonel Myers ranged the entire attacking front, leading his outnumbered forces upward in the face of murderous fire concentrated on him. After 14 hours of bitter struggle, the enemy was routed, the hill captured, and the route to the sea secured. Colonel Myers says:

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## Reginald R. Myers, USMC
## Medal of Honor

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# A DANCE IS BORN CONTINUED

Pribor, they planned the routine. "We call this," says Gower, " 'mulling'—a word we use for knocking around ideas about a number."

While the mulling was going on, four blocks of buildings on the back lot of the studio were fixed up to represent New York.

After completing the dramatic scenes in the Technicolor production, the Champions started on the New York street dance. While Gower and Marge tried out ideas with dance director Castle, arranger Pribor, working with David Rose, the picture's musical director, adapted a Johnny Green tune called Like Monday Follows Sunday to a five-minute arrangement suiting the action of the dance.

"At one time," says Castle, "we had worked out ideas to knock over some ash cans and dance in the ashes; to be chased by a police squad car; to be lifted unexpectedly by a freight elevator; and to be squirted by a janitor while he watered the sidewalk. All of these things eventually had to be discarded because they disturbed the tempo, but we did come up with such gimmicks as looking in store windows, setting off a burglar alarm, and a fast-moving sequence involving passing a small traveling case back and forth."

In the dance as finally executed, the traveling case changes hands seven times in 12 hectic seconds of action. Marge and Gower tossed the case with the split-second timing of T-formation quarterbacks. It includes two lateral passes, a Statue of Liberty play and a 20-foot shovel pass. The scene was so technically difficult that even after the long weeks of planning and rehearsal, it was photographed 34 times before it finally satisfied everyone concerned. But like a good many of Hollywood's most enchanting products, the toil and trouble in the Champions' dance will never be as apparent to audiences as the sheer magic of the final effect.

ROBERT CAHN

**Listening to music through earphones, Champions synchronize "tap" noises to filmed dance routine**

**Movie-goers will see this night scene at end of Champions' five-minute romp on New York streets. After weeks of planning, dance was filmed in two days**

# Stanwyck

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

one of the cast—which included three other stars—who didn't need her script, yet didn't miss a line. The applause that night was for more than a performance; it was for a trouper.

The final scene of Clash by Night was shot at midnight on the last day of production. Stanwyck had been on the set since six that morning. Next day, she kept a scheduled appointment with a magazine interviewer and that afternoon was taken to a hospital in an ambulance with pneumonia. She had been fighting it off for the last three shooting days, but no one on the set had suspected it.

Oddly enough, in the face of such professional perfection, Barbara's relations with the studios have been more troubled than otherwise. She refuses to accept roles she does not like and probably has won more suspensions for this reason than any other actress in Hollywood. She had not worked for a year and a half when Joel McCrea persuaded Goldwyn to sign her in 1937 for the film that was to be one of her biggest hits and Goldwyn's best moneymakers—Stella Dallas.

### Philosophic View of Defeat

The picture won her the first of her Academy nominations; the others were for Ball of Fire in 1941, Double Indemnity in 1944 and Sorry, Wrong Number in 1948. Stanwyck couldn't conceal her disappointment in losing out on Stella Dallas to Luise Rainer in The Good Earth. After her second defeat she began to take it more philosophically and, on the third time out, told reporters she had begun to feel like one of Bing Crosby's horses, notable also-rans.

While many things enter into the Oscar races—such as tough competition and the hairbreadth difference between a good performance in a good picture or in a great one—frequently the vote is as much a tribute to a player's personal popularity as it is to acting ability. And Stanwyck, although idolized by her crews (most of whom have no vote), and respected by the majority of those who have worked closely with her, has no talent for wide and easy friendships. A certain Celtic directness of speech and of thought may have something to do with her limited popularity.

She listened one day to her leading man's hour-long diatribe against his producer, his director, his working hours, the demands of his fans, his loss of privacy, his tax bracket and so on. "Why don't you quit?" she asked when he finally drew breath. "If you hate the business so much, sooner or later it's bound to show in your work. In fact," she added casually, "after the way you played that scene this morning, I think it already has." He shut up, knuckled down to business and turned in a performance which subsequently won him an Academy nomination. But he has no love for Stanwyck.

Miss Stanwyck is forty-five this month and doesn't care who knows it. Nobody fools with the color of her hair; she wears it the way it is growing in, already silver gray. It looks blonde or a soft brown on the screen.

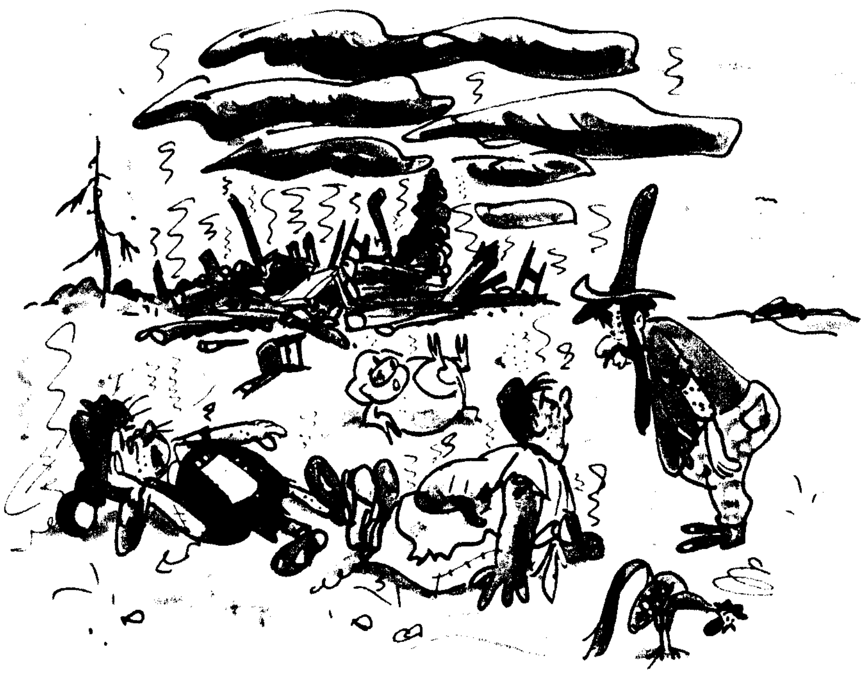
She dresses casually, usually in sweater combinations or a tailored suit simply cut but expensively priced. She is five feet three, weighs 110 pounds and never wears a girdle—not even with evening gowns. She washes her own lingerie and the white cotton gloves which are almost invariably part of her costume.

She looks exactly the same off the screen as on, yet people hardly ever recognize her on the street. Four years ago a magazine editor refused to credit this and challenged her to a demonstration. Stanwyck went for a stroll in New York's Central Park, unobtrusively trailed by a photographer. She loitered, fed the pigeons, asked a passer-by for the time, sat on a bench and read a newspaper over a man's shoulder. No one gave her a tumble.

One reason for this is that Miss Stanwyck looks and sounds and generally behaves as what she is: a girl from Brooklyn who got into show business via a chorus line. The late Mark Hellinger, then a Broadway columnist and later to become a movie producer, once described her as the "gal with the prettiest gams on Broadway"; she still has them. She grew up speaking with the flat A of Flatbush; she can still curl her lip around "erster." Like any chorus girl who danced in the prohibition clubs—the Club Anatole, the Everglades—and captained the front line for the Shuberts, she is tough, raucous, cynical and the biggest softy who ever blubbered over a sob story in the morning papers.

Her real name is Ruby Stevens; she remembers when she entered P.S. 15 in 1913 and her teacher asked what her father's occupation was. "He's a ditchdigger," said Ruby. The teacher clucked. "Let's put down 'bricklayer,' " she said. "It sounds nicer." Both her parents died before she was ten. At fourteen, she got her first working papers—as a package wrapper at Brooklyn's Abraham & Straus department store. "The plain wrapping, not the fancy," she specifies. She worked a while for the telephone company and briefly for a patternmaker. At fifteen—through the efforts of a show-girl sister—she was a $35-a-week chorus girl on the Strand Roof.

**KENNESAW**



"I forgot all about Kennesaw's breath and asked him to blow out the candles on his birthday cake"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

The late Billy La Hiff, whose tavern near Times Square served free lunches to unemployed chorus girls in those halcyon days, is the man who changed the course of Ruby Stevens' history. He heard that Willard Mack needed a chorus girl for a small part in his melodrama, The Noose. He introduced Ruby.

Although her experience at reading lines had been extremely limited, Mack decided to take a chance on her. But not with a name like Ruby Stevens. They were discussing other possibilities backstage when his eye happened to light on an old playbill advertising Jane Stanwyck in Barbara Frietchie. *Eureka!* Barbara Stanwyck. (Jane Frietchie wouldn't have done at all.)

By the time rehearsals were over, her part had grown considerably. On opening night, when the applause hit her as a solid wave, and when she took her curtain calls, Barbara Stanwyck knew she had gone legit. The Noose ran almost a year, and it was followed by the equally solid hit, Burlesque. But that was all Broadway was to see of her. She married comedian Frank Fay and went West with him in 1929 when he signed a five-year contract at Warners.

Barbara had met Fay when she was in Burlesque and he was the headliner at Tex Guinan's supper club—billed as Broadway's Favorite Son. She admits she trailed after him like a stray pup—and got about as much attention. It was after she had made her hits in the two shows that he sent her a proposal, by wire, from St. Louis. She took the first train out.

Barbara had made one picture in New York—Broadway Nights, with Sam Hardy and Lois Wilson. Nothing. Out West she did another, The Locked Door, with Rod LaRocque. Still nothing. Then she did a little dilly called Mexicali Rose in which she played a heavy. Frank Capra saw it and was quite impressed. "She is as bad an actress," the director said, "as I've ever seen." Two weeks later, he signed Stanwyck for the lead in Ladies of Leisure.

What did the trick was not Mexicali Rose, but a test Warners had made. In it, she played her big third-act scene from The Noose. When Capra saw it, he insisted no one else would do for his picture. The film was a great hit, and Capra subsequently made several other pictures with her, among them Meet John Doe and The Bitter Tea of General Yen.

Miss Stanwyck's success in Ladies of Leisure established her firmly with the movie-going public. Matrimonially she has been less fortunate. Her marriage with Fay was turbulent and ended in a divorce in 1935. A few years before, they had adopted a boy, Anthony, and Barbara was given custody of him. Now twenty, he recently was inducted into the armed forces.

About a year after her divorce, Miss Stanwyck was invited to a dinner party by Zeppo and Marian Marx. They wanted her to meet a man whose name she caught as "Artigue"; she seemed to remember a Hollywood agent called Artigue. At the party they were joined by Robert Taylor and the evening wore on pleasantly enough, except that Stanwyck kept wondering what had happened to Mr. Artigue. Eventually Taylor noticed her preoccupation. He laughed when she explained it. "I'm your date," he said. "R.T. for Robert Taylor. That's what the Marxes call me."

They eloped on the 13th of May, 1939, and waited until five minutes past midnight to be married, to avoid the jinx. For almost 12 years, theirs was regarded as one of Hollywood's ideal marriages. They had a compact circle of steadfast friends—the Ray Millands, the Bill Holdens, the Peter Godfreys (he directed two of her films), Jack and Mary Benny, the Marxes—they went dancing occasionally and they stood in line for the movies with the rest of the customers in Westwood or Beverly Hills.

When Bob became Lieutenant (jg) Taylor, flight instructor, during the war, Barbara stayed at home or, at best, accepted a few dinner invitations at the homes of their friends. But a rift became apparent after the war, when Taylor hired a private plane, engaged a copilot and went on a series of hunting and fishing trips.

Barbara went along once. As she later described it, Bob was on one hill, Gary Cooper on another and Ernest Hemingway on a third, with a posse of guides beating the brush to drive the deer their way.

"It wasn't hunting," she exploded. "It was the damnedest ambush I've ever seen!"

Ultimately, what with Bob's fishing and hunting trips and locationing for his picture work, Miss Stanwyck eventually realized—as she told the court—that "we've been separated just too often and too long."

On this testimony, the marriage was dissolved. Since then, Miss Stanwyck has plunged more intensely than ever into pictures, radio and television work. She commands top prices from the broadcasting networks, gets as much as $150,000 per picture and frankly admits she has enough money now to support herself comfortably for the rest of her life. But she has no thought of quitting. Acting is her life, and she intends to keep at it until she doesn't need make-up to play a seventy-year-old.

### Two Cherished Paintings

By Hollywood glamor-girl standards, Stanwyck lives almost a cloistered life. Her home, on the fringe of Holmby Hills, is at once feminine and austere. She is a notorious ash-tray emptier. Over her mantel is a snowy landscape by Vlaminck; she is crazy about snow scenes and the Vlaminck is her favorite. But she grins when she looks at another painting in her bedroom—a portrait of a drooping chorus girl in a dressing room massaging her foot.

"I know *her!*" she says. "My feet have ached that way too!"

She has a cook, a maid, a twice-a-week gardener, and a general factotum, ex-vaudevillian Buck McCarthy, whom she calls "Uncle Buck." McCarthy knew her when she was a gangling kid hanging around backstage while her sister promenaded in fans and rhinestones. He taught her some of the basic steps which later were to get her a place on a chorus line, and he would usually remember to pick up an extra turkey wing from the delicatessen as a treat for the hungry-looking teen-ager.

Their paths recrossed in Hollywood 20 years ago, when Uncle Buck used a baseball bat on a tall Texan who was blighting his domestic life. He employed the bat with such diligence that the Lone Star man saw a galaxy and Uncle Buck saw the need of lying low for a while. Barbara and Frank Fay provided the necessary hide-out in a spare room of their Brentwood home, and Uncle Buck soon proved himself such an invaluable adjunct to the household that he was dissuaded from ever returning to the three-a-day. He has been with Barbara ever since, in the multiple capacity of head shopper, watchdog and executor of Miss Stanwyck's unsung charities.

Barbara makes the usual perfunctory donations to the usual charitable agencies, but she much prefers her own methods. When the headlines carry a story about a burglarized poor box, or an orphanage whose Christmas tree burned down, or a penniless mother with a brood of hungry urchins, or an eccentric who has been trying to feed 25 stray cats on a budget which wouldn't permit one, you can be reasonably certain Uncle Buck will be on his way to the scene next morning with a cashier's check in his pocket and strict orders against revealing its donor. Stanwyck not only refuses to discuss such matters, but will flatly deny she ever has done any such thing.

"Barbara is a gay, good-humored girl with plenty of spirit and a great capacity for fun," says Uncle Buck. "But she does have moods. They come on her all of a sudden, and the only thing to do is to wait until she gets over them. I think it's a combination of privations, sufferings and plain Irish 'heart' that makes Barbara the woman she is today," he adds.

Miss Stanwyck likes to dance, even though she rarely goes night-clubbing. A few years ago she surprised and delighted the Mocambo crowd by performing an impromptu Charleston there with the old showman, George White. She reads omnivorously—almost a book a day—and sends the finished literature off at once to veterans' hospitals. She refuses to wear hats off screen, hates jangling jewelry, drinks rarely and then only champagne. She has no interest in food: her dinner almost invariably is a small steak and a salad or green vegetable. She can't stand hearing a telephone ring and invariably beats her maid to the phone. She likes a good story, but rarely tells one herself. She has a great laugh, right from the stomach.

She loves Broadway and all the people of show business. She can't resist writing thank-you notes to players whose performances she has especially enjoyed. She sent a note to Shirley Booth after seeing Come Back, Little Sheba and two dozen roses to comedienne Lee Grant, the little shoplifter in another play, Detective Story. After Stanwyck saw the film Jezebel, she couldn't wait to write Bette Davis—she had to phone. The maid said Miss Davis was sleeping. Barbara called next day: Miss Davis was out. After the fifth call—Miss Davis was napping—Barbara left a message: "When Snow White wakes up tell her I think she was marvelous."

She shamelessly and openly pilfers bits of technique from other players. Thelma Ritter displayed a shrug in All About Eve that delighted her; she is waiting for a chance to use it. She is just as free in sharing her own technique with ambitious newcomers. Bill Holden is only one of the many who confess their indebtedness to her for coaching in stagecraft. Holden would have been dropped from Golden Boy, his first picture, if Stanwyck hadn't fought for him with the front office and worked with him after hours and between takes.

### Conspiring With the Prop Man

Sometimes she chooses a more indirect instructional method. A scene in B.F.'s Daughter called for Van Heflin to carry his mink-coated bride across the threshold. Van was playing the brash young newspaperman and getting brasher every day. During the rehearsals, he was sweeping her off her feet and over the doorstep with such aplomb that she began to feel like an adagio dancer. When Van went off to freshen his make-up for the take, she whispered a few words to the prop man.

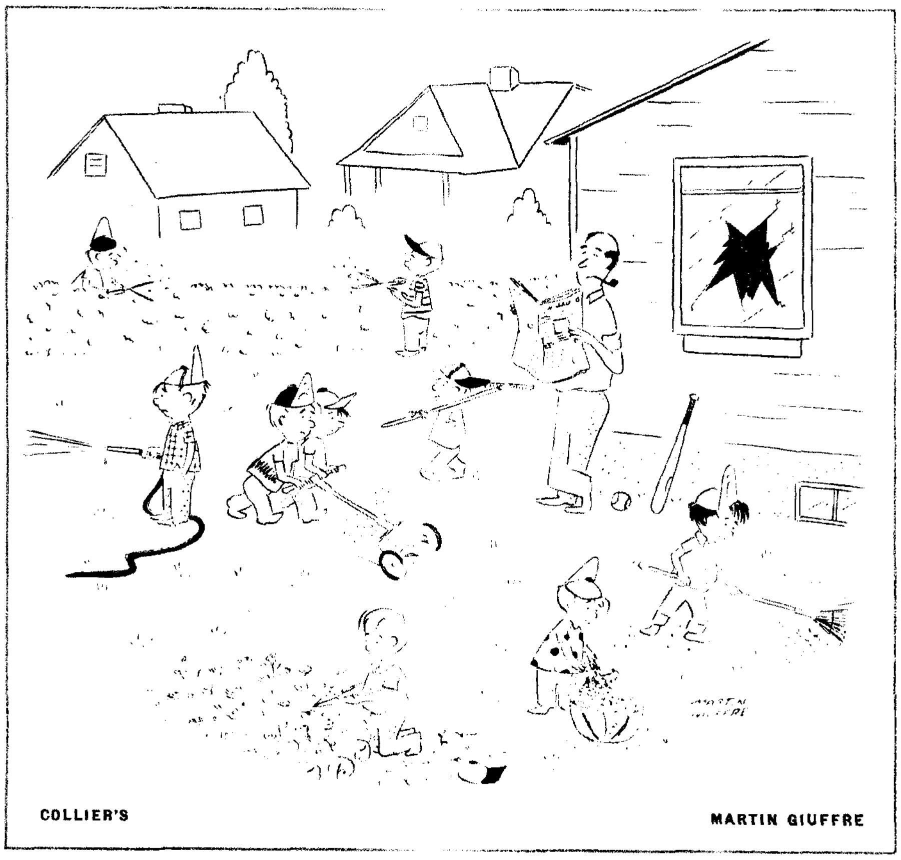
Half an hour later the stage was set, the camera grinding. Van pranced over, put his arms about her and sw . . . sw . . . No, he didn't sweep her off her feet. Beneath her mink, she was draped in 60 pounds of ship's chain wrapped in muslin. So far as Van was concerned, she might as well have been nailed to the floor. They say the film of that moment is one of the high-comedy scenes of all time. Too bad the public can't see it—or hear what Heflin said.

There was drama off and on the set another day, when an actress famed chiefly for her beauty and curvaceousness reported—two hours late—for her first day's work with Stanwyck. Barbara had been on the premises, as usual, since 6:00 A.M. Their first scene together was shot mainly across the other woman's shoulder to feature Stanwyck. (Later the angle would be reversed and the close-ups intercut). The beautiful actress blew her few lines 26 times. Everyone expected Stanwyck to blow too—not her lines, which would be out of character, but her temper, which would not. But she was as calm on the twenty-seventh and final take as she had been on the first.

Later one of the crewmen noticed her eying the pack of visitors and autograph hunters milling around the other woman near her dressing room. "What do you think of her as an actress, Queen?" he asked with an expectant grin. Barbara's smile was sweet. "With a figure like that," she said, "you don't have to act."

She almost made it sound like a compliment.

THE END



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# How I Broke the Michigan Prison Riot

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

of the hostages to the window. "For God's sake, Dep," one of the guards pleaded, "do something. These guys mean business."

"Fox," Ward said, "will you ask the warden to send us some food?"

"I'll see what he says," I replied.

It was then about seven thirty Monday morning. Some 2,500 inmates from the North blocks had marched to breakfast and returned to their cells without incident. South-block inmates were in the dining hall on the second breakfast shift. Thus far, the uprising had been confined to the one block. Acting on Warden Frisbie's instructions, I returned to Ward with word that food would be brought to 15-block as soon as the South blocks finished breakfast.

Suddenly, our conversation was interrupted by a roar from the dining hall. An inmate cook (as I learned later) had put salt in the coffee. When the men from the South blocks, already seething with news of the 15-block mutiny, tasted the briny liquid, they went crazy. Somebody threw a tray—and we had a second riot on our hands, involving another 1,600 inmates!

### Dividing the Rioters' Forces

A solid row of buildings, whose corridors quickly were sealed off by guards and state troopers, separated the dining-hall mob from 15-block. Nevertheless, the second group of rioters began infiltrating the whole north side of the prison, avoiding buildings and making a half-mile detour through the recreation yards.

Meanwhile, concentrating on strengthening my ties with Ward, at about ten thirty I delivered to him the food Warden Frisbie had promised: cereal, coffee and milk. "Well, I'll be damned!" Ward exclaimed. Evidently he had expected the dining-hall uprising to change our decision to feed 15-block.

Shortly after noon, groups of dining-hall rioters began to congregate outside 15-block. By one o'clock, these infiltrators numbered approximately 200. During the morning, they had picked up food from the dining hall and knives from the kitchen and had also captured half a dozen more guards. All of this booty was turned over to Ward through the doors and windows of 15-block (although none of the dining-hall rioters themselves ever showed any inclination to get into the block). He now had 12 hostages.

The rioters outside 15-block milled around the yard, becoming more and more surly. (At about one fifteen, I started toward the block, but was warned back by Ward. "Dep," he yelled, "I might not be able to control these guys.") Suddenly the men in the yard began to regret turning their hostages over to 15-block. A cry of "Send out the guards" set off a frenzied demonstration. When Ward refused to release his hostages, the rioters outside 15-block actually turned their wrath on those inside, hurling rocks and chunks of wood through the windows. A bottle which smashed through one window severely cut the nose of a Ward lieutenant named Jarboe.

Finally, to appease the mob, Ward opened the front door of 15-block and shoved out one of the hostages, a guard named Henry Curry. For a moment, Curry was ringed by rioters. Then a flying wedge of 20 state troopers—on the alert for just such an eventuality—plowed through the rioters and rescued him.

This moment (about one twenty Monday afternoon) was one of the two critical stages in the riot negotiations. If Curry had fallen into the hands of the dining-hall rioters, two things could have happened: 1) He would have been killed on the spot; or 2) the mob would have used him as a hostage and barricaded themselves for a prolonged holdout involving the whole south side of the prison. The incident demonstrates Ward's complete callousness. So far as Ward knew, when he opened the doors of 15-block, he was sending Curry to his death.

After Curry's rescue, some 200 state troopers, hastily recruited from within a radius of 250 miles, moved into the north yard and began a systematic roundup of the men milling outside 15-block. During the remainder of the afternoon, some 250 troopers, under magnificent discipline, slowly maneuvered the 1,600 dining-hall rioters back into their South-block cells. It was the most nerve-racking, dangerous work imaginable. The troopers were under orders to shoot only as a last resort, because Crazy Jack Hyatt, brandishing a cleaver, had threatened: "Kill one of our men and I'll cut up a couple of guards!"

At about seven o'clock in the evening, I visited Ward. "Earl," I asked, "what do you fellows want?"

"It's hard to put in words, Deputy," he said. "Do you suppose you could help us?"

"I think so."

Abruptly, Ward seemed to lose interest. "You better go home, Dep," he said to me. "Get some sleep. Nothing's going to happen until morning."

### Ward Presents His Grievances

I went home, but couldn't sleep. Back at the prison at seven Tuesday morning, I found that Ward had prepared a long list of the rioters' grievances and demands. He presented them orally, and I argued them point by point. Eventually I succeeded in watering them down to a degree I felt might be acceptable to the authorities.

"Can you have these typed up?" Ward asked.

I said I'd dictate them to my secretary.

"Good," Ward said. "After I've checked them I want one of my boys to read them over the public-address system, so all the men know where we stand."

I said that probably could be arranged; then, cautiously, I broached the subject of surrender arrangements. "When this is all settled," I remarked, "you fellows could walk out of here and straight over to the dining hall for a hot meal."

As I hoped, the thought of food—a subject which always intrigues inmates—started Ward thinking ahead to the end of the riot.

"What kind of a meal?" he asked.

"What kind do you want?"

"Steaks!"

"Okay."

"Steaks—and ice cream. Not that prison junk. Real ice cream—buy it downtown."

"That's a deal," I promised. "Steak and ice cream—downtown ice cream."

Leaving Ward, I went to my office. But before I could start transcribing his notes, State Corrections Commissioner Earnest Brook asked me to accompany him to Lansing (an hour's drive) for a luncheon conference with Governor Williams. I phoned Ward, explained the circumstances, and told him I would be back at about two thirty to follow through on the notes for the broadcast.

"Fine," Ward said. Then, referring to the 1950 Marquette incident, he added: "Give my regards to the governor. He ought to remember me."

After my conference with the governor, I returned to the prison to find that two inmates in 15-block had been beaten brutally and thrown into the prison yard.

Despite this savage display, I proceeded to carry out my agreement with Ward by dictating his demands to my secretary. Summarized, they included: (1) remodeling of 15-block to provide adequate air and lighting; (2) free access to the block for psychological counselors; (3) complete segregation of homosexuals and mental cases; (4) elimination of inhuman restraint equipment; (5) selection of guards for 12-block (where mental cases, blind and crippled inmates are kept) who would not inflict harsh punishment; (6) more personnel for handling mental cases; (7) a letter on prison stationery asking the parole commission to give equal treatment to all parole requests; (8) postoperative care for 15-block inmates; (9) equal dental treatment for all inmates; (10) creation of a permanent council, elected by inmates, to confer periodically with prison officials; (11) a promise of no reprisals against ringleaders of the revolt.

Commenting on Ward's main points, Warden Frisbie told reporters: "We've already repaired the first gallery in 15-block, and we plan to remodel the rest when the money is available. I don't know what Ward means by inhuman restraint equipment. We use leg irons, handcuffs and strait jackets for wild mental patients—you can't run a prison without them. So far as cruelty is concerned, no guard is permitted to lay a hand on an inmate except in self-defense."

Throughout the negotiations, I was struck by the incongruity of Ward's cruelty charges against the guards while he was beating some of his own men unmercifully with chains. It was another indication of Ward's mental instability. There was no basis for his complaints against the prison medical system.

At three o'clock, I delivered a typed copy of the 11-point program to Ward in 15-block. After Ward rechecked the list, I escorted two of his lieutenants, Young and Jarboe, to the public-address microphone in the parole-board room. Young broadcasted Ward's demands to the inmates. When we returned to 15-block, Ward was highly elated. He had decided to release one of the hostages—Elliott, the first guard captured. For this occasion, Ward again shaved, combed his hair neatly, and donned a clean shirt. Smiling for the photographers, he shook hands with Elliott and wished him "good luck."

### More Food for the Prisoners

Ward then asked for more food. I procured sandwiches and hot coffee on carts and personally pushed the carts through the front door and into 15-block. It was the first time an outsider had been permitted to enter 15-block since the siege began—an indication Ward was regarding me with less suspicion.

"Go on home," he said. "Nothing'll happen tonight, Dep."

But Ward wasn't through for the night. At eight thirty, he phoned my office, reported a man had been beaten, and asked for a stretcher. When guards carried the stretcher to 15-block, Ward opened the front door, and dragged an unconscious, bloody inmate through the door. "There he is, boys," Ward said, and went back inside.

At nine thirty, the phone rang again. It was Ward, this time calling to report beforehand (as mentioned earlier) on a beating that had not yet occurred. The chief prison guard, Captain Tucker, and I hurried to 15-block. When Ward saw us, he waved us back. "Not ready yet," he called. Finally, looking through a window, Captain Tucker and I saw Ward take a hammer from a desk drawer. He disappeared down the corridor. Minutes later, he came back, dragging a man named James Glenn by one foot. Glenn's face was bloody and swollen, and his legs were crippled. Ward shoved Glenn outside, then went back down the corridor, returning immediately with an old convict named John Weiss. Ward pushed him out the front door, unharmed. "You can have him," Ward said; "he's too old to beat."

That night I got about two hours' sleep. At seven fifteen Wednesday morning, Ward presented me with a statement criticizing Michigan parole-board policies, drawn up by an inmate named Richard Bellew.

## A Standard for Prisons—And What's Wrong in Michigan

**According to nationally accepted standards advocated by the American Prison Association, no penal institution should contain more than 1,200 inmates. Beyond this population peak it is extremely difficult to establish a program which combines economical administration costs with desirable rehabilitation and security policies.**

**Moreover, prison authorities agree that mental patients, hardened criminals and homosexuals should be screened and segregated, that guards should be well trained, well paid and temperamentally suited to prison work, that co-operative prisoners should be put to some kind of useful work, and that inmates capable of being rehabilitated should be given educational opportunities and, when necessary, psychological and psychiatric treatment.**

**How does Southern Michigan Prison compare with these minimum standards?**

**Southern Michigan's badly overcrowded population of 6,470 inmates makes efficient administration impossible. Only violent mental cases, the helplessly ill and uncontrollable homosexuals are segregated. Many guards are poorly trained and underpaid (the starting take-home salary is less than $50 a week) and antagonistic to any measures designed to rehabilitate or educate prisoners. There are about 4,400 jobs for prisoners, leaving about 1,600 inmates idle most of the time. So far as the educational and rehabilitation program is concerned, the prison's 13 counselors, each carrying almost 500 cases, cannot begin to do a completely effective job.**

**Before the riot, the attitude of the Michigan legislature, which ultimately controls the policies governing the rehabilitation of prisoners, could best be described as skeptical. After the riot, the attitude shifted to suspicion and antagonism. Moreover, a substantial number of the guards became openly resentful toward any measure which was not designed solely and exclusively to maintain discipline.**

**Under present conditions, Michigan's prison system cannot make effective application of accepted principles for improving or rehabilitating inmates.**

—DR. VERNON FOX

During the morning, copies of Bellew's statement were typed for Ward. At noon, when Captain Tucker and I visited 15-block, Ward remarked expansively that he appreciated all the courtesies shown to his men. As a token of gratitude, he would release another guard at 2:00 P.M.

Punctually at two o'clock, in another dramatically staged ceremony, attended by newsmen, Ward released guard Harold Carrier. The campaign to capitalize on Ward's vanity had paid another dividend!

However, an hour later, disastrous news came from 15-block. Guards reported Ward had been deposed. Crazy Jack Hyatt was in charge. When I reached 15-block, Hyatt was brandishing a long-bladed knife and screaming, "We want action!"

Warden Frisbie attempted to talk to Hyatt but Crazy Jack kept shouting a refrain about "chopping off heads." Luckily, the screaming awoke Ward, who had been sleeping on the second floor. "I just felt tired," Ward explained, "and asked Hyatt to take over for a while."

### Reprisals Clause Is Modified

With Ward apparently weakening physically—and the unpredictable Hyatt eager to take over—our time for negotiations was running short. After conferring with Warden Frisbie, I drafted an agreement closely corresponding to Ward's 11-point demand of the previous day, but altering the "no reprisals" clause to read that there would be no reprisals *by prison officials:* I explained to Ward that no one had authority to suspend the laws dealing with such matters. The agreement also contained Ward's stipulation that the rioters would leave the block only after they had seen a complete report of the armistice terms in the newspapers. The agreement was to be signed by Ward, Warden Frisbie, Commissioner Brooks and by me. Governor Williams agreed to send a letter of approval.

At one o'clock Thursday morning, the governor's letter was delivered by a state-patrol car. I clipped the letter to the signed agreement and went to 15-block to get Ward's signature. As I anticipated, Ward hesitated when he saw the agreement. He called Hyatt. Neither wanted to sign. Crazy Jack asked: "How do we know this is the governor's signature?" I said the newspapers would not dare print a forgery—and the agreement did not take effect until printed in the newspapers.

That satisfied Hyatt. I offered my pen to Ward, mentioning casually it was the pen used by Warden Frisbie, Commissioner Brooks and myself to sign the agreement. "I'd consider it a personal favor if you used it, too," I added.

Ward smiled, pleased at the compliment. He signed. I thanked him, and took duplicate copies to Warden Frisbie. After a prolonged session with newsmen, I started home. It was about four thirty in the morning. I got home at five thirty, lay down on a couch in the living room for an hour, took a shower and went back to the prison at seven thirty. A bundle of Detroit Free Press newspapers had just arrived.

Photographers took shots of Ward reading the surrender terms printed in the Free Press.

Casually, I asked Ward if the men would be ready to come out by noon. "Oh, no," he said, "there's too much to do. Besides, we want to see the afternoon and evening papers to make sure this isn't a fix-up job." Ward added that his men wanted to clean up the cell block, too. Maybe they could come out by late evening, but it would be dark then, and the agreement stipulated the surrender would be in daylight.

"We can't very well do it until noon tomorrow," Ward concluded. "Just right, anyway. That's your birthday, Dep."

This was discouraging, but considering Ward's suspicions regarding the Free Press story, I thought it would be unwise to prod him. I went back to my office. At about eight thirty, Ward phoned to report that one of the hostages had suffered a nervous breakdown. Ward said he'd release the guard immediately, if "you come get him."

When I reached 15-block, the hostage, sobbing hysterically, was sitting in the front office with two of Ward's lieutenants, Jarboe and Ken Moore. They half carried the weeping man out the door. Suddenly, Moore, running with hands held high, belted down the walk and into the security of the corridor leading to the front office of the prison.

Moore's desertion infuriated Ward. He accused me of helping Moore, and when breakfast for 15-block (rolls and coffee) arrived, he refused to open the front door.

At nine o'clock, Commissioner Brooks summoned me to a conference with Warden Frisbie and State Police Commissioner Donald Leonard. Brooks reported that Moore had told him Ward's surrender was a double cross, that the convicts had no intention of giving up. Turning to me, Brooks said he'd give me one hour to get the men out of 15-block. If they didn't come out then, the state troopers would blast them out.

I protested vigorously, but Commissioner Leonard declared, "I'm not going to sit on this powder keg for another 24 hours." I continued to argue, pointing out that Ward had kept his promises so far and that any attempt to blast 15-block would almost certainly result in the death of the hostages. Finally Brooks said, "You're tired and nervous. You'd better go home and get some sleep, and we'll meet again at one and make up our minds."

I went home. I considered calling Ward, but rejected the idea. In his current rage over Moore's desertion, he would surely react suspiciously to any overtures from me. Then the telephone rang. It was Ward! He'd got an outside line through the prison switchboard. Why Ward called me, I'll never know. Probably he just wanted the satisfaction of making the outside connection. "Dep," he said, "one of the hostages isn't feeling so good. You better ask the hospital to send over some medicine."

Apparently, Ward had entirely forgotten the Moore incident—another example of his abrupt mental flip-flaps. From my viewpoint, the call was providential.

"Earl," I said carefully, "you know tomorrow's my birthday, and I'd like to have it free. Is there any chance you fellows might come out this afternoon?"

"Dep," Ward replied, in a surprised tone, "this isn't like you. Something must be wrong."

"Nothing's wrong," I said quickly. "Some of my friends in Albion have a party planned for me, that's all."

"It isn't like you," Ward insisted. "I don't get it."

Apparently, I'd pushed too hard. Ward was suspicious. There was one last chance. If I could maneuver him into the proposing end of the suggestion, he'd sell himself and the other men, too.

"Well," I said, "it isn't important, but I'd like to give my friends in Albion some kind of answer about tomorrow. Why don't you talk it over with Hyatt? See what he thinks, then call me back."

### Instructions for a Speech

Twenty minutes later, Ward phoned again. "Dep," he said, "we'll come out at four o'clock, but you've got to protect us with the boys. You got to make a speech and tell them we did a good job and didn't sell them out." As a part of this demand, he outlined some ideas which he insisted must be incorporated in the speech.

Here was Ward's vanity again. He had tasted leadership, and he wanted to keep his reputation as a big man. "Sure, Earl," I said, "I'll make a little talk to the boys."

I went back to the prison, informed Warden Frisbie and Commissioner Brooks of Ward's capitulation, and explained that I had agreed to talk to the prisoners at three thirty. It was about two o'clock when I started to write the script, aiming to make it a combination of effective propaganda and a device to ensure that the rioters would quit. I realized that Ward and Hyatt would be under terrific tension as the surrender deadline approached. However, more than anything else, they were concerned over their reputation with the men. If I built up that reputation by praising them as men of their word, I felt sure they would be forced to surrender.

With this in mind, I prepared the following text:

"Counselors have passed newspapers to the blocks—there were not enough for everyone, but Mr. Dellinger (group therapist) read the news over the radio system. You know by the broadcast and the newspapers that the boys in 15-block have won. They have won every single demand they made. Most of the demands will be put into effect immediately.

"Remodeling 15-block will need budget operations, but the procedures will be started. The grievance concerning the parole board is under jurisdiction of the legislature and is now in the hands of Senator Blondy of Detroit who says he is going to present it to the legislature on May 14th.

"Earl Ward, Jack Hyatt, Jarboe and all the others in charge are men of their word. In accordance with their agreement, the boys from 15-block are going to file out into the dining hall at four o'clock. No state police will be in evidence. With Ward's permission, institutional custodial personnel will take positions in the yard during the operation. Photographers and newsmen will take positions on the roof in order to ensure adequate room for every one of the large staff of men, and to afford them all a good vantage point.

"Earl Ward is a natural leader. He and the other boys are to be congratulated on the good faith with which they have bargained. Their word has been good. My word has been good.

"This may presage a new era of good, sound interrelationships between inmate and administration in American prisons. They have done a service. Congratulations to you, men of 15-block!"

### Ward Studies a Carbon Copy

At about three o'clock, I delivered a carbon of the text to Ward. He read it carefully and said he would follow it word-for-word during the broadcast. However, I felt too tired to risk the strain of broadcasting directly. With the help of Joe Dellinger, I transcribed the speech on a tape recorder. At three thirty, the recorded version was delivered on the public-address system.

Promptly at four, Ward opened the front door of 15-block. Six of his lieutenants lined up, on either side of the entrance, so emerging inmates would pass between them. Ward called for five inmates. They backed out one by one with hands up. After Ward searched them, they backed up about 10 more paces, until they reached Captain Tucker, who ordered them to turn and walk into the dining hall.

After the tedious job of searching some 160 men was completed, Ward and his six lieutenants went back into 15-block and searched the cells for hidden weapons. Next, they carried three sacks filled with weapons out of 15-block and dumped them on the sidewalk. Then Ward brought his eight remaining hostages into the office of 15-block. Ward called for me. I walked inside. Rather formally, Ward turned over to me the keys of 15-block. He told his lieutenants to leave. The hostages followed. Then I walked out between Ward and Hyatt.

In the dining hall, steward Nick Ross had prepared the promised dinner of steak and ice cream (I was later somewhat surprised at the newspaper accounts of this steak dinner. The steak was utility beef, a tough, cheap grade of meat, cut in thin slices, and not to be confused with choice sirloin).

After looking in on the dinner, I drove home, went to bed without eating and slept for 18 hours. The riot was over, 92 hours and 40 minutes after it started. All the hostages were safe. One prisoner had been killed. I felt we were lucky to have got off so cheaply.

THE END

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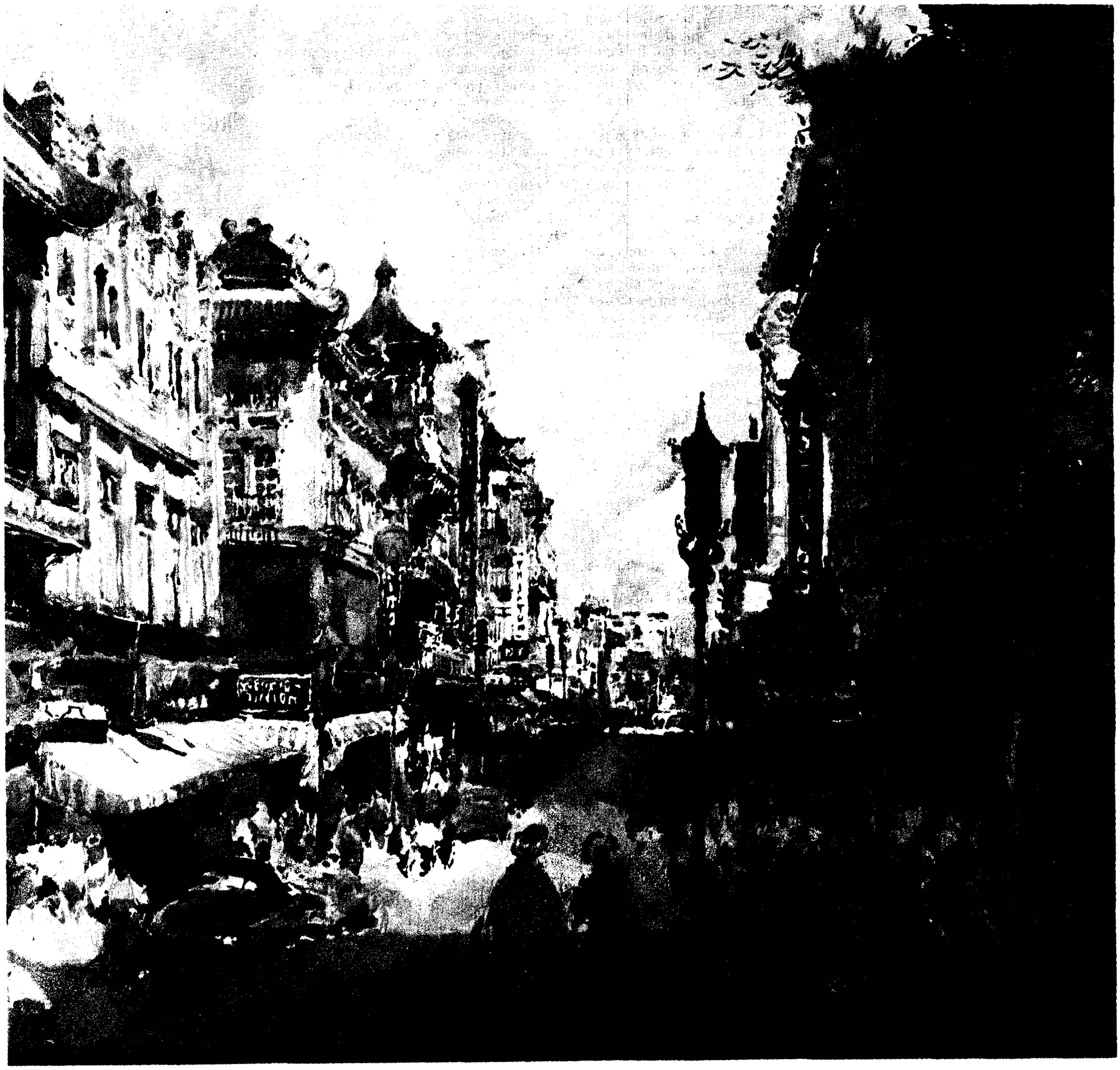
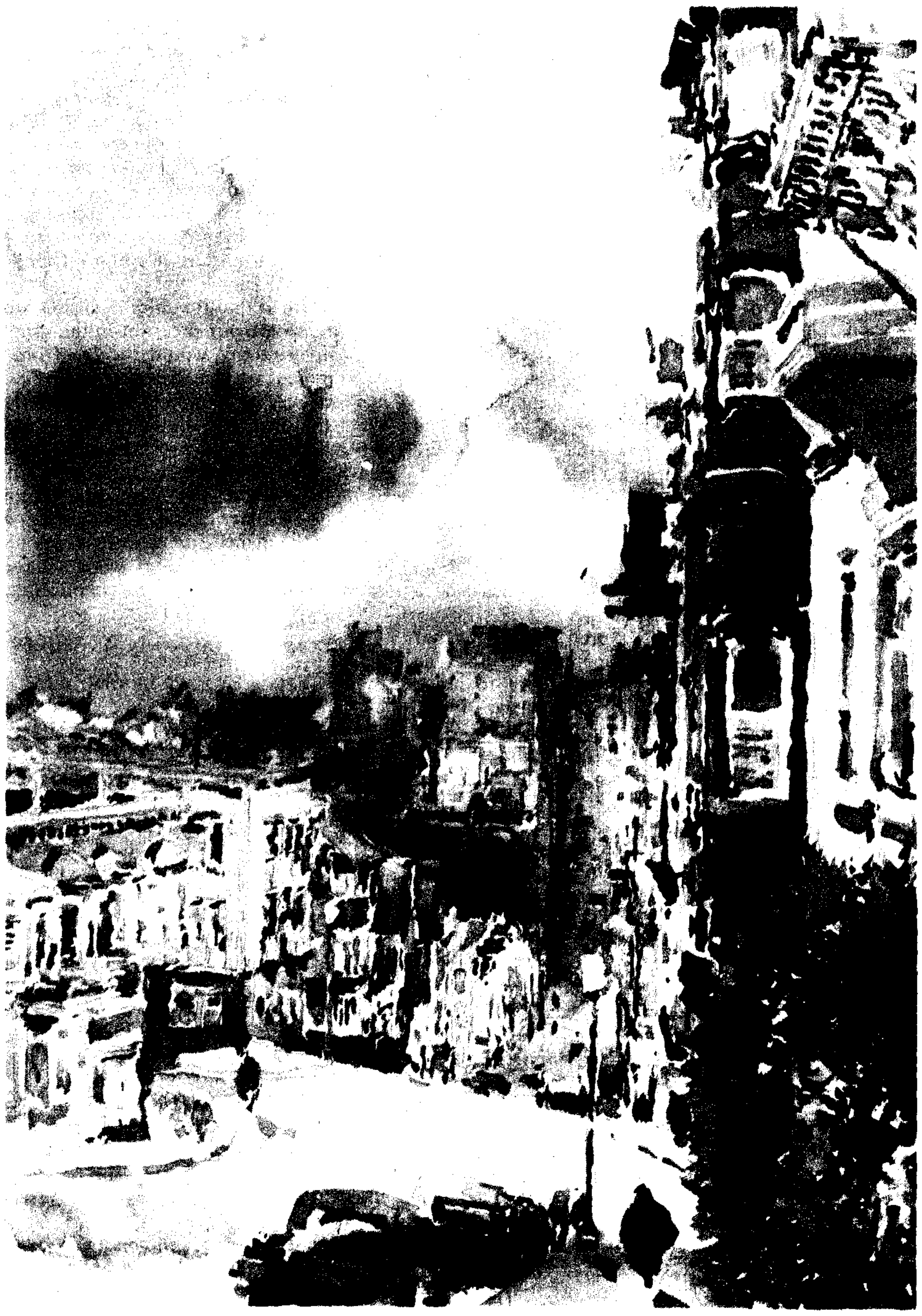
# *Painting the Town:*
# SAN FRANCISCO

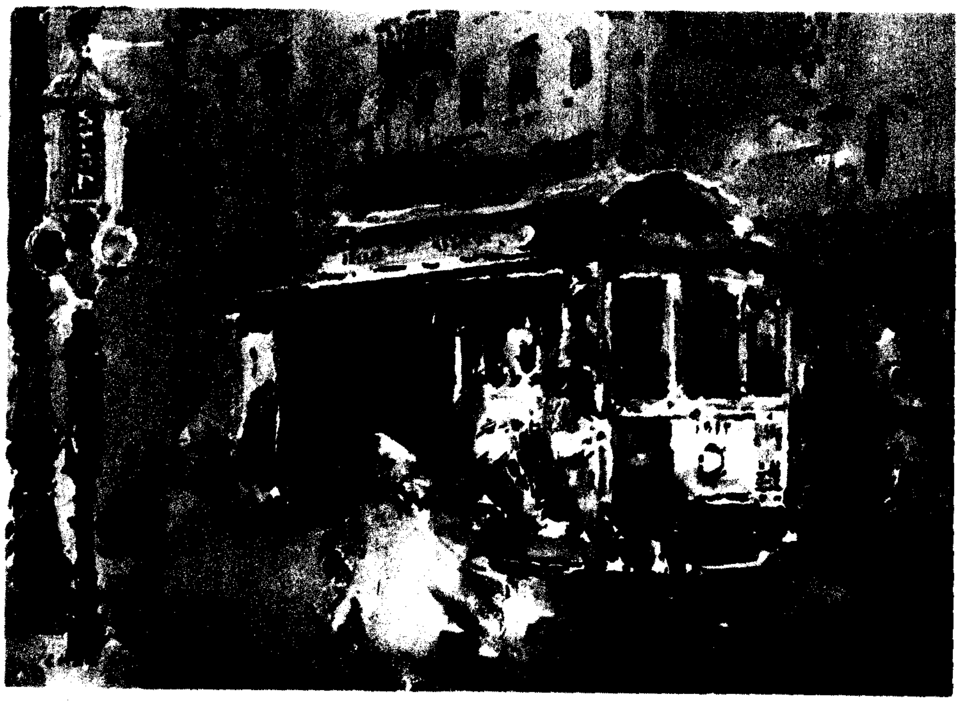
**Artist Chen-Chi captures in water color the gay spirit of the Bay City, one of America's most exciting communities**



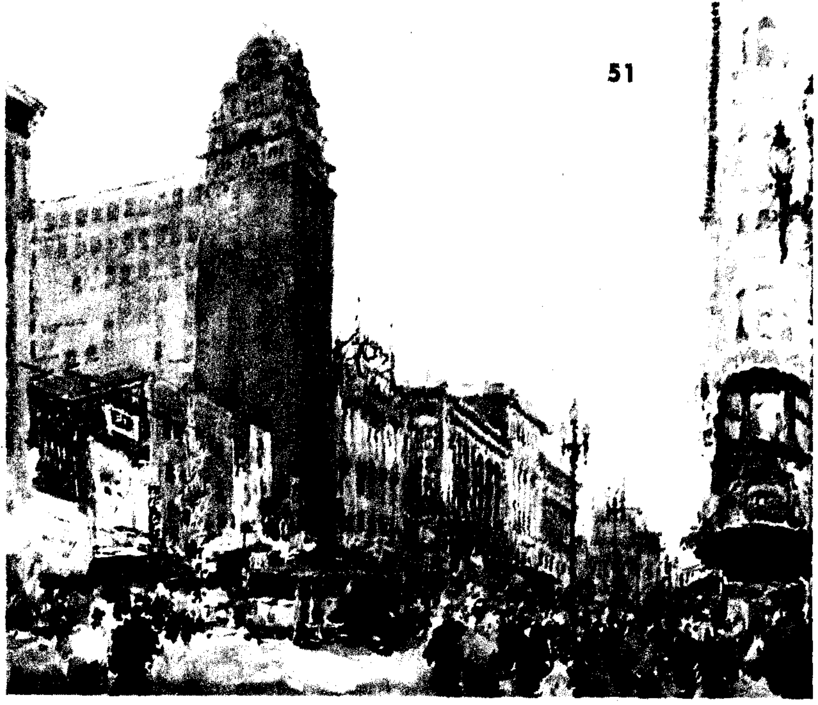
City's famous, colorful Chinatown has the world's largest settlement of Chinese outside Asia. This view, which resembles a scene from Old China itself, is along Grant Ave., where most of section's shops, restaurants are



A quiet residential area on Nob Hill. San Francisco's hills are so steep, law requires cars to be parked with wheels turned toward curb



Celebrated cable cars, adopted in 1873 because streets were too hilly for horses, are outdated now. But townsfolk refuse to give them up



Looking up Market St., the wide, busy, main thoroughfare, which cuts city diagonally. This view is from Grant Ave.

Maiden Lane— a narrow canyon of masonry just two blocks long—looking toward the shops and hotels of Union Square

# Friendship Flight

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

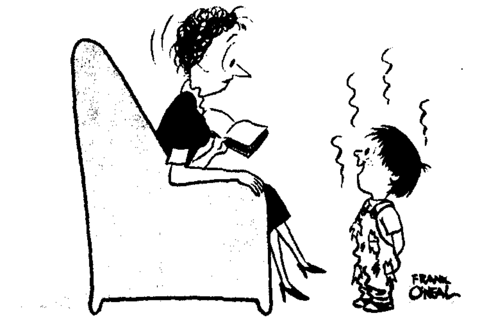
8,100 votes, and, in 1950, I used the same airborne tactics to get myself elected again.

In May, 1951, I flew home to Carlinville, Illinois, for the Memorial Day week end. I dropped in to visit an old friend, John W. Hobbs, a small manufacturer of auto accessories, and the talk turned to the Marshall Plan. "The trouble with these international operations," Hobbs said, "is that our top brass just talks to the top brass of other countries. They never get down to the level of the people themselves, and so those people in foreign countries don't understand us. They think we're all millionaires dispensing charity."

I defended the Marshall Plan, having seen it in operation in Europe, but I agreed that foreign nations need to understand us better.

"When Congress adjourns," Hobbs said, "why don't *you* fly to some of these countries and talk to the people?"

**"Why didn't you put on your new overalls, as I told you to?"**



COLLIER'S **"I did"** FRANK O'NEAL

This idea took root in my mind, and—while at that time I wasn't seriously considering it—I began to make cautious inquiries at the State Department and the Civil Aeronautics Authority to find out if such a flight was possible. It was. Then I began to think about the kind of aircraft I would need in the remote possibility that I would make such a flight. Since finances would be limited, it would have to be a small plane, very economical on gasoline—but with the fuel capacity for long overwater flights and sufficient ceiling to get over high mountain ranges.

With my interest more and more aroused, I began to try to locate such a plane. Then, when I had almost decided it was impossible, my luck turned. In the course of a conversation with Paul Garber, I mentioned my problem. Suddenly he exclaimed, "There *is* such a plane—perhaps the only one that fits the bill—but it's in our museum. It's the one in which Bill Odom set the nonstop distance record for light aircraft, from Honolulu to New Jersey, in 1949."

My hopes rose tremendously. Was it possible that I could borrow the plane for my flight? It was! That is, the museum would return the plane, the Waikiki Beach, to the original donor, the Beech Aircraft Corporation of Wichita, Kansas, for my flight, if the company requested it. Beechcraft general manager John P. Gaty agreed, if I would pay the cost of reconditioning—about $3,200.

The final push came with an unexpected front-page story in the (Springfield) Illinois State Register on August 2d, announcing that I was going. Back in my home district, John Hobbs had helped round up a committee which was collecting contributions to finance the flight, even though it still wasn't certain that I would attempt it. The premature newspaper story made it certain. After that it was too late to turn back. That's how it was that I found myself making final preparations for a dangerous exploit I hadn't even dreamed of a few weeks before.

The final preparations consisted mostly of sparring with the Russian Embassy, the only foreign legation that had not granted me a visa. I finally visited a charming gentleman at the embassy named Chidirov, who promised that I probably would have clearance before my departure; if not, I could pick it up at the Russian legation in Helsinki. I never heard from him again, and, as it developed, my Helsinki experience was equally frustrating.

A few days before the House recessed last fall, I flew to the Beechcraft plant in Wichita, to pick up the reconditioned plane. The late Bill Odom's pride and joy was a red-and-silver beauty, 25 feet long, with a 35-foot wingspread and streamlined wing-tip tanks. I didn't have time to install modern gadgets like an automatic pilot and a drift meter, and its two radio transmitters were not capable of reaching beyond the horizon.

But I got to love the plane after I had flown in it a few times. When I got it back to Washington, I had the words "Waikiki Beach" removed from the fuselage, and we painted in "Friendship Flame"—plus the words, "Abraham Lincoln Good Will World Tour," since my trip was being sponsored by citizens of the Abraham Lincoln district in Illinois, and the great President's name is known to people all over the world.

Take-off day was October 7th. I flew to Carlinville, that morning, to have Sunday breakfast with my father and mother. At the airport, the high-school band played, and Mayor Virgil Clark gave me a little vial of soil from the City Park, "so you'll feel at home wherever you go." After that, police chief Sam McCormick gave me a four-leaf clover he had picked up on the runway, and I hopped over to Springfield, Abe Lincoln's home town, from which the flight actually was to start. There, the VFW band played, and a Catholic priest, Father John Brockmeier, presented me with a Saint Christopher medal.

The weather was abominable, with a 700-foot ceiling, but I took one look at Governor Stevenson and the crowd waiting for me to leave, and I decided I'd have to do it. The last thing I remember was Governor Stevenson saying, "By the way, Pete, as long as they let you take your choice down at the Smithsonian, why didn't you pick Lindbergh's Spirit of St. Louis?"

### Troubles of a Hungry Flier

Two days later, I was out over the Atlantic, winging my way to Argentia, Newfoundland, and I began to know exactly how Lindbergh must have felt. I decided, in fact, that—in one respect, at least—I was worse off than Lindbergh had been: I had had no breakfast, and my secretary had forgotten to put aboard any food. I was hungry. Also, my imagination began to play me tricks: I fancied the engine was missing. There is an old saying among pilots that "when you fly over water, the engine goes on 'automatic rough' as soon as you get out of sight of land." My engine was running on *full* rough.

Actually, the plane was functioning perfectly, and I had a good many safety factors aboard. Instead of the normal Beechcraft Bonanza gasoline capacity of 40 gallons, my extra wing and fuselage tanks carried a total of 268 gallons, which meant that, at 18 miles per gallon, my tiny aircraft could travel nearly 5,000 miles without refueling—or more than the range of a B-29. In addition, I had a gasoline jettisoning arrangement, so that my empty gas tanks would keep me afloat in any emergency at sea. Because of space limitations, the only gear I carried was a small suitcase and a brief case.

I had two business suits, one blue topcoat, four white shirts, four ties, four changes of underwear and socks, one pair of shoes, one pair of moccasins, one pair of gloves, two small knives, a pocket flashlight, a pocket compass, $700 in cash and traveler's checks—and that was all. I had no hat and no flying clothes of any sort. The cockpit was warm enough in flight so that I could remove my suit jacket, open my tie and fly in my shirt sleeves—for all the world like an Illinois farmer driving to town on a summer afternoon.

I soon discovered, however, that the farmer was better off. For one thing, there was no room to move in any direction; by the time I was halfway to Argentia, the desire to stretch my legs became almost overpowering, and when I finally got there, I was terribly stiff and cramped—and excruciatingly hungry, since I had not eaten in 24 hours. The U.S. Navy commanding officer at Argentia was an old friend, and that night, as I feasted ravenously on lobster—the first time I had ever eaten this delicacy for "breakfast"—he assigned a full lieutenant to make sure that a box lunch would be put aboard the Friendship Flame for my take-off the next morning. But came morning—and *again* no lunch!

But I had other troubles that day. The Gander (Newfoundland) Oceanic Control, which has jurisdiction over all aircraft flying the North Atlantic, forbade me to take off for the Azores—while I was sitting on the end of the runway, ready to go! They said I lacked proper radio equipment. Frantically, I argued that I could check in with other planes en route. Finally they said, "Okay. You are cleared to go at your own risk. But we won't send out any Air-Sea Rescue planes until your gas supply is exhausted." So that was it! They didn't know about my extra gas tanks. "Relax," I told them. "I have enough gas to go right on through to Rome."

As it turned out, it was an easy flight, one of the easiest of the trip. Hurricane-inspired tail winds carried me along at speeds up to 210 miles per hour, and I reached the Azores without difficulty. Nevertheless, I was anxious to reach Europe, and the lights of Ostoril, the summer resort section of Lisbon, were a welcome sight when they finally came into view the night of October 12th.

At Lisbon Airport, I was met by a swarm of newspapermen (one of whom translated the name Friendship Flame for his colleagues as "the ship of the flaming friend"). Despite the fact that Lisbon was just a refueling stop, the newspaper response was terrific, and by the time I left for Madrid the next day, nearly all of the millions of people who had crowded into the city—for a celebration in honor of Our Lady of Fatima—heard about me.

In Madrid, I began the procedure which I followed in all subsequent cities. The procedure was to check into a hotel and then present a friendship scroll from the people of my district to the mayor of the city. After that, I would wander about in the streets, in back alleys and in shops, talking, through an interpreter, to anyone who would speak to me.

In Madrid, it was difficult to get anyone to talk. Only 10 per cent of the people accosted would say anything at all and no one spoke about Franco. The peasants and the workers all were friendly, but I detected sullen resentment among the middle and upper classes. One shopkeeper, for instance, said, "Now you need our assistance so you can use our country as a base against Russia. But three years ago when you didn't need us, there were no friendship tours and no friendship."

I explained that the middle classes would benefit most from the shot-in-the-arm the Spanish economy would receive from the development of U.S. bases in Spain. Some believed me, some didn't. All agreed, however, that the shot-in-the-arm was necessary. The city was a welter of slums and shacks, less than a block from the beautiful main streets of the city, and General Eduardo Gallarza, the Minister of Air, told me the armed forces were so poor that their only military planes were a handful of fourteen-year-old German models.

### Tragedy Narrowly Averted

I left Barajas Airport in Madrid for Amsterdam on October 16th, and shortly thereafter I ran into one of the most alarming flying experiences of the trip: I began to doze! The towering Pyrenees were below me, and every time I nodded, the plane's nose headed toward them. I dozed, fought my way back to consciousness, dozed, perspired, dozed, drank black coffee, dozed and caught myself again. It was only the changing sound of the air speed that awakened me as the plane dived.

After two hours of this, I had just reached the point where I wasn't sure I was going to make it, when the mountains fell away and I was over the Bay of Biscay. By now, my cockiness was gone. After my easy flight across the Atlantic, I had built up great confidence in the Friendship Flame. But now I knew that while the mechanical machine could be counted on, there always was possibility of failure in the human machine. I resolved to get as much rest as I could from then on.

I reached Amsterdam on October 16th and underwent the disconcerting experience of having champagne for breakfast when I presented the friendship scroll to the burgomaster. (I am probably the only man alive—certainly the only one I know of—who, within a week, has breakfasted on lobster and champagne.) I spoke to a group of aldermen that same day, and I think I really convinced them that European aid is offered as a genuine sacrifice by the average American, because of his higher taxes.

Similarly, when I got to Oslo on October 18th, I talked to many citizens of the minority Conservative party, who complained that U.S. aid had strengthened the incumbent Labor government. I believe I convinced *them* that the aid would have been forthcoming no matter what party was in power at the time—barring the Communists, of course.

The flight from Oslo's Fornebu Airport to Helsinki, Finland, was really trying. It was dark and windy, with heavy, foreboding clouds, and I had to fly over a narrow corridor from Turku to Helsinki to avoid the big Russian naval base at Porkkala.

I knew the Russians didn't want to turn down my visa openly, and I thought they might try to stop my flight by attempting to lure me out of the corridor with one of their own radio stations, in which case the Finns probably would have revoked my permit, in strict adherence to the terms of the Russo-Finnish peace treaty. Apparently the Finns had the same thought in mind, because the Civil Air Minister had every radio station in south Finland calling to me, and a special floodlight had been set up at the airport to help me find the field.

All this was to no avail, however, so far as getting a Soviet visa was concerned. When I called on Larasornia Marchuk, chief of the Visa Section at the Russian legation—as I had been instructed to do by the Russian Embassy in Washington—he replied that he had never heard of the visa, or of me. He said that he would wire Moscow to find out, and that was the last I heard of *him*. So that ended that.

I decided to leave for Stockholm on October 25th—after learning from the Finnish man-in-the-street that the Russians were adhering scrupulously to the terms of their peace treaty, that Russian sailors never came to Helsinki on leave, even though their naval base was only 10 miles away, and that the Finns, tough soldiers though they are, definitely are not prepared to fight against Russia in any new war.

From Stockholm, I made the five-hour flight to Berlin, arriving in the former capital of the Reich on October 27th. There, I found that we Americans were much better liked than two years before, when I had visited the city and detected practically equal hatred of us and the Russians. Dozens of people on the streets thanked me personally for the air lift, and a seventy-four-year-old retired schoolteacher ostentatiously announced, "I take off my hat to you"—and proceeded to do so, before a crowd of people on the Unter den Linden.

From Berlin, I made the easy hop to Brussels on October 30th, and then, during the next three weeks, I paid short visits to London, Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin, Paris, Luxembourg, Bonn, Geneva, Neuchâtel, Nice, Rome and Athens.

The high spot of the western European phase of the trip came in the Italian town of Tivoli near Rome, where an old woman in a grocery store made a statement which we could well adopt as the key to our struggle in the Cold War. She said, "If the Russians were sincere, they would come to the assistance of our people in the Po Valley floods just as Americans did. This is the reason we do not believe the Russian propaganda any more." This woman was several hundred miles from the Po Valley. What better example of how little acts of friendship pay off!

I had good flying throughout Europe—with only three exceptions. Exception number one was the heart-stopper over the Swiss mountains when I forgot to switch gas tanks; exception number two took place on the Dublin-Paris run, when the plane picked up a heavy coating of ice and my air speed dropped dangerously before my radioed pleas induced the Airways Traffic Control center to let me fly below the freezing altitude. The third emergency developed when I flew into Neuchâtel, Switzerland, and landed in a cow-pasture airport so rough that I'll bet even the cows couldn't keep their feet. My plane rolled up an incline, bounced, and made a three-point landing on the other side of a road!

### Crowd Was at Wrong Airport

All this was nothing compared with the hazards of flying in Asia and Asia Minor, where weather information is fragmentary and there are few radio beams and fewer English-speaking technicians. This became apparent on my first stop when I made a Marx Brothers entrance at one airport in Ankara, Turkey, while a large crowd of dignitaries and newspapermen waited for me at another field.

When we finally got straightened out, I had a fine four-day visit, from November 26th to November 30th, during which I became convinced that the Turks are as tough as their record in Korea indicates. I saw military in unheated classrooms in below-freezing weather, wearing nothing but light summer uniforms. From Ankara, I flew on oxygen over the 15,000-foot mountains and then across the barren desert to Baghdad.

The next day, December 1st, I flew over more rugged peaks to Tehran, which I found to be the direct antithesis of pro-American Ankara.

I had a bedside interview with Iran's Premier Mossadegh, who railed at me for 2½ hours, making contradictory statements to the effect that (a) by withholding more aid from Iran, the United States was making it inevitable that the country would go Communist, and (b) the Moslem religion would never permit Iran to fall into the hands of the Communists. I kept disagreeing with him, but he ended the interview by saying, "More congressmen should come over here to be convinced like I convinced you." The tragic thing is that I found his bitterness toward the United States echoed by the common man in Tehran, one of whom angrily told me, "We don't want your *moral* assistance."

On December 5th, I flew south to the U.S. air base at Dhahran in Saudi Arabia, which was like getting back to a little patch of the United States. The first person to greet me as I stepped from the plane was a construction worker who rushed over and yelled, "Hi, Pete!" It was Robert Leon, who had gone to high school with me in Carlinville. I hadn't seen him in 17½ years.

That made me homesick and I could have stayed there for days. But Dhahran was just a refueling stop. So I filled my tanks with gas, filled my stomach with American food, and took off the next day to cross the Persian Gulf and the Arabian Sea to Karachi.

### On a Diet of Canned Fruits

By this time, all sorts of things were going wrong. For one thing, the day of box lunches was past, because of the danger of dysentery from the local food, so I ate nothing but canned fruits and drank only bottled water in flight. I had to open the cans with a knife while holding on to the wheel with one hand; more often than not, I jabbed the knife all the way through the can and spattered myself with sticky sirup. Not only that, but I was beginning to have trouble with my radio compass, and on this leg of the trip it went out completely.

I flew over the largely unexplored Oman territory of south Arabia, and when I passed the only radio station in the area—at Sharjah on the Gulf of Oman—I asked the operator to relay my position to Karachi. I arrived at Karachi 7½ hours later to find the airport in a state of turmoil. The Sharjah radio message had never been received, and the press services were convinced that I had gone down. The air attaché was just about to send a search plane to look for me, and the United Press already had put out a bulletin that I was missing.

In all, I made three stops on the Indian subcontinent—at Karachi in Pakistan, and at New Delhi and Calcutta in India. I was impressed with the enthusiasm and vitality of these new nations. But Pakistanis kept telling me how much they hated Indians, and Indians harped on how much they disliked Pakistanis—and each resented the aid the United States had given to the other. The poverty was awe-inspiring; at night the sidewalks were jammed with sleeping people. I got the impression that if Russia wanted to move in to any part of south Asia east of Turkey, it would be like walking through a paper bag.

India was full of contradictions. Outside of Calcutta, I saw Communist workers in a jute mill making sandbags for the use of the U.S. Army against the Communists in Korea. Also, the closer I came to the fighting in east Asia, the more I saw of fear and uncertainty. As I approached Calcutta in my plane, the control tower asked anxiously, "What are those objects on your wing tips?" There has been so much Communist rioting in Bengal Province recently that the tower operator thought I might be a Red plane carrying wing-tip bombs.

I caught some of the same fever myself, flying across the Bay of Bengal to Rangoon, Burma. I had heard an English-language radio broadcast by the Communist-aided Karen rebels, boasting that they were going to capture the city on December 15th—and here I was, approaching the capital on that very day. I was prepared to by-pass Burma, if necessary, but it was the most reassuring sound in the world when I heard a clipped, unruffled British accent from the control tower telling me to land. The Karen attack

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never came off and the capital still was in the hands of the government.

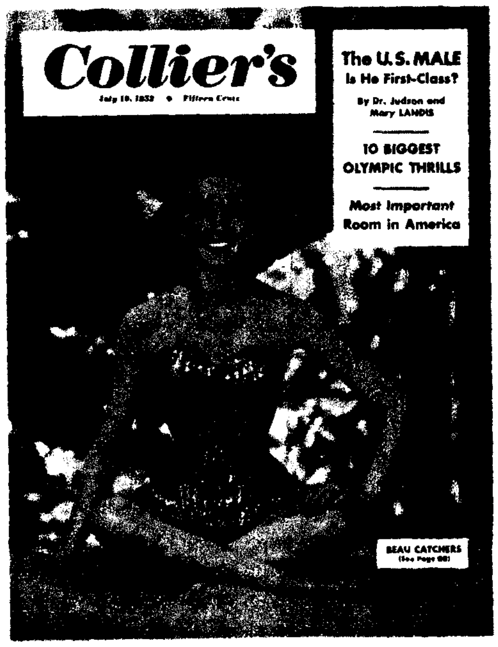
Notwithstanding, I found the average person in Rangoon possessed with unreasoning fear. The Burmese seemed to side with China in the Korean war, but they never repeated the familiar Communist line that Americans are warmongers, and ideologically they did not seem to be against us.

### A Jungle Doctor Explains

I spoke to Dr. Gordon Seagrave, the jungle physician recently freed after being imprisoned for aiding the Karen rebels (I knew him because his wife came from Carlinville), and he explained that Burma had been so closely tied to China economically for centuries, and there was such a large Chinese merchant class in the country, that the Burmese found it psychologically impossible to turn completely against them.

I found the same thing true in Bangkok, Thailand, and Saigon, Indochina, which I reached on December 17th and 19th respectively—except that the people I spoke to in both countries seemed to have made the mental adjustment by referring to the Korean enemy as "the Communists" rather than "the Chinese."

Our minister in Saigon, Donald Heath, is doing a superb job of persuading the Indo-Chinese of our friendship, and in Thailand our military aid seems to have paid off handsomely—as is evidenced by their contribution of troops to the UN in Korea. I found tremendous interest in the United States, and I had a delightful conversation with the mayor of Bangkok, who kept asking me to give him information about parking meters, "the device you use to raise revenue"—a strange request, since there are few cars in Bangkok and I couldn't visualize parking meters for bullock carts.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10 BIGGEST OLYMPIC THRILLS
Most Important Room in America
BEAU CATCHERS
(See Page 00)

The U.S. MALE
Is He First-Class?

By Dr. Judson and
Mary LANDIS

10 BIGGEST
OLYMPIC THRILLS

Most Important
Room in America

From Saigon, I flew to the Philippines and then to Formosa. By this time, the physical strain of the trip had caught up with me, and as I stepped from my plane, my knees buckled. A doctor in Manila had warned me that I was near collapse, so I spent the rest of that day in bed. I got up the next morning, however, because that night was Christmas Eve.

It was the strangest Christmas I have ever had. I attended a midnight Mass held by a Chinese priest in a little church on Formosa, and then I spent Christmas Day in the Korea battle zone, 900 miles away.

As I headed into Korea the weather became so bad that I couldn't reach Seoul. I spotted an airstrip through a break in the clouds and I scooted down onto it.

The first thing I knew, the commanding officer of the base, Colonel Nils Ohman, came roaring out to the plane in his jeep, yelling, "What the hell are you doing flying in that thing, when I can't send my night intruders out on missions?" I never had a chance to answer, because another officer came riding up at that moment and said, "You're from Carlinville." It was Colonel Bob Hughey, who once lived in Springfield.

This was the beginning of a delightful Christmas party which made me feel as if I'd never left home, because on the base I also found Private Marion Borr, of Smithboro, Illinois, and Major Alvin Tollman, of Palmyra, Illinois—both from my district. Tollman said, "I heard you're a congressman who gets around. But I didn't expect you to come halfway around the world to hear a constituent's complaints."

I spent several days in Korea, and then more than a week in Japan while my plane was reconditioned for the transpacific flight. In the back of my mind was a gnawing worry about this most dangerous leg of the trip. My worries were justified, because, as I found out later, no single-engine light plane had ever flown alone from Tokyo to Hawaii, and only six had made it from Honolulu to San Francisco. But on January 8th, the last ticklish repair was completed on the faulty radio compass, and I sped down the runway of Haneda Airport into what to me was the unknown.

The first tiny target was Iwo Jima. It was cold, and I had to buck turbulence and rain squalls all of the 660 miles. As I approached Iwo Jima it was dark, with a ceiling of less than 500 feet, and I thanked Heaven that my radio compass now was functioning perfectly—otherwise I never would have found the little island.

The next day, I took off for another pinpoint target, Wake Island, and almost immediately I found myself in the same storm I had bucked the day before. Then one of my navigating instruments, the artificial horizon, went out! This meant that, in order to keep the plane in level flight, I had to revert to the "needle-ball air speed" method used in the primitive pioneer days of flying—with my eyes riveted on two dashboard indicators every instant.

When I was about 150 miles from Wake, I began to get desperate. I was exhausted from watching the needle-ball air-speed indicators. Also, I had been in the air 10½ hours, and I was about half an hour late on my estimated time of arrival—and I seemed to have drifted way off to the south. It was then that I thought for the first time of Amelia Earhart's disappearance near this same area of the Pacific. Other planes, alerted to expect me, called over the radio, and I tried in vain to acknowledge their calls. Then a horrible period of radio silence nearly convinced me that I had passed Wake Island.

*Finally*, after 30 long minutes of this, I glimpsed the reflection of some lights through the broken clouds—a pleasant sight for any aviator. It was Wake Island, only 50 miles away.

After this chiller, the rest of the flight seemed anticlimactic. Midway Island is the major stop for big planes carrying wounded back from Korea; with the weather good, it was easy to find. Navy mechanics fixed my artificial horizon, and the next day, January 13th, I left for Hawaii. In Honolulu there was a great reception for the plane, which —having once carried Bill Odom from Hawaii to New Jersey—now had completed *its* flight around the world.

On January 21st, after waiting seven days for a new engine part to be flown from the United States, I took off on the longest leg —2,400 miles, to San Francisco. First, however, I suffered a minor mishap at the airport—when the taxi driver lifted my parachute from his cab by its rip cord, spilling the chute all over the runway. "I can't understand how that happened," he said. "I picked it up by the handle." But the Navy came to my rescue again, repacking the chute in about 60 minutes flat, and I rolled out to the take-off runway only an hour behind schedule.

As I sat on the end of the runway awaiting my instrument flight clearance, I suddenly realized that I had never made a night take-off in this type of plane—and had never flown the plane with a full load of gasoline. At 10:58 P.M., I released the brakes. It seemed the plane would never become airborne, with all the weight it carried. But after rolling a half mile down the runway, it finally labored into the air, and at last I was winging my way out over the Pacific with just one big obstacle—another storm—between me and the West Coast.

At first I was sleepy as I cruised along between cloud layers, but the storm cured my drowsiness. I missed sighting one weather ship because of the weather, but it picked me up on radar and gave me a position report. Tail winds swept me across the next station 20 minutes ahead of schedule. I was moving so fast that I didn't think it could be true. Then, after 16 hours in the tiny plane over the big ocean, just before dusk I saw a sight through the clouds that I had longed for for months—a strip of California sand beach.

After that, it was photographers, newspapermen and crowds at San Francisco, and brief stops at Tucson and Dallas, before heading back to Springfield to complete my round-the-world journey.

By now, I considered myself a pretty hot pilot, and when I saw the big crowd jamming Springfield's Capital Airport, I determined to end the flight with the magnificent flourish of a perfect landing. I thereupon hit down hard on the runway, wobbled along clumsily for a few hundred yards, and finally came to a sloppy stop. It was the worst landing of the entire flight!

Despite this performance, and my great weariness, a wave of exhilaration swept over me as I saw Governor Stevenson and Father Brockmeier coming toward me to say hello, just as they had said good-by nearly four months before.

Today, after thinking about the trip for several weeks, I have come to some major conclusions about what I saw and heard.

While I don't contend that I have turned the world upside down, I do feel that the Abraham Lincoln Good Will tour has been a success. During one stopover, a diplomat's wife said to me, "Don't you think you are encroaching upon the duties of the ambassador and the diplomatic corps? Certainly you have enough legislative duties in Washington, without running all over the world trying to take care of the diplomatic work as well." I did not and I do not agree with her. Good will is everyone's job and I am thoroughly convinced that it is the responsibility of every American citizen.

I can't help but feel that an immeasurable amount of good has been done even with this fast trip—and even in such disgruntled areas as the Arab world. As evidence of that, the mayor of Baghdad returned a scroll months after my visit, sending greetings on behalf of the inhabitants of his city, and expressing the hope that the principles of peace will prevail over the entire world, "consistent with the spirit of Islamic teachings and Arab traditions."

In the three and a half months I spent in 30 countries, I met many Americans living abroad—each of them, especially our official government representatives, with a great opportunity to serve as a good-will ambassador. Unfortunately, not all of them are doing so.

### Diplomats Without Top Hats

It seems that we have no middle ground in our Foreign Service. We have some diplomats who are always creating better relations with the local citizens. On the other hand, we have some who appear to be too busy attending functions to give enough thought to their jobs. I believe the time has come when all of our representatives should throw away the striped trousers and top hats, roll up their shirt sleeves and get to work. What we need, particularly in southeast Asia, is not to try to buy friendship, but to win the confidence of the people—and for that we must have good-will ambassadors, whether they be tourists, missionaries, businessmen or diplomats.

Every representative of our country should be required to speak the native language within six months of his arrival abroad. The members of his family should make every effort to live *with* the local people and not *above* them. Ambassador Chester Bowles, in sending his children to Indian schools, has won understandable praise from a people who for years had been looked down upon by the British.

My final conclusion is most important. As I flew for 223 hours alone in the sky, I looked down upon mile after mile of serene mountain, forest and plain. From where I sat, I could see no international boundaries and no squabbles among nations.

During those lonely hours, I thought more and more of peace and of the folly of man fighting man, and wherever I went I found people echoing my sentiments. Even a minor flight like mine excited their imagination about how God's air was the medium for the free interchange of friendship and friendly ideas.

Typical of this feeling was a new verse to an old Negro spiritual, composed in my honor by the Jubilee singers, formerly of Fisk University, who happened to be in Luxembourg when I was there. They sang this song to me as I took off from the airport. It was one of the most inspiring experiences I have ever had. The verse went:

*"The man who loves to serve the Lord,*
*'Way in the middle of the air,*
*Will surely get his just reward*
*'Way in the middle of the air,*
*As he carries far God's great command:*
*Peace and good will to all mankind,*
*'Way in the middle of the air."* THE END

# Stalin's Hungarian Hatchet Man

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

a billion dollars to Russia. Hungarian factories and farms work overtime producing for Moscow, and Hungary gets nothing in return.

Yet what Rákosi has undertaken and achieved politically for the Russians makes his economic gifts to the Soviet Union seem insignificant.

Virtually every major policy attack the Russians wanted their European satellites to launch, against the West in general and the United States in particular, has been tried out first by Rákosi.

### Stalin Statue Replaces Church

He spearheaded the great assault against the Roman Catholic Church in Eastern Europe which culminated in the trials and imprisonment of Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, Prince Primate of Hungary (as well as an archbishop and hundreds of priests and nuns), and which established firm Communist control of church schools. He topped these acts off recently by razing a church in Budapest and erecting a 25-foot statue of Stalin in its place.

When church officials came to protest and to ask for government assurances for religious instruction in schools, they told Rákosi frankly that they were skeptical of any promise he made.

The fat little man heaved his bulk out of the chair, paced around the churchmen and finally turned to them with a sneer.

"Very well," he said. "You don't believe us. What are you going to do about it?"

That's the attitude he assumed when the United States protested the first arrest and trial in Eastern Europe of a U.S. citizen, businessman Robert Vogeler. Rákosi's behavior in this instance proved so successful it created a precedent for all the satellites: it gave them an opportunity to inflate their own egos by tweaking Uncle Sam and getting ransom to boot.

To obtain Vogeler's release, the United States had to shift Voice of America broadcasts to another channel, permit Americans to travel to Hungary (at their own risk), expedite return of Hungarian property in Germany and reopen Hungarian consulates in the U.S.

What this agreement cost American prestige is incalculable.

"You see?" Rákosi observed blandly after Vogeler's release. "The Americans paid. What better proof of the prisoner's guilt?"

That set the stage for the arrest of American correspondent William Oatis and his trial as a spy in a Czech court, which aped Rákosi's methods and sent the reporter to jail for 10 years. (The Czechs later hinted that they have a price, too, for his release.)

Since the U.S. is the prime target of Soviet harassment, Rákosi takes especial delight in boasting of how he can outwit Americans. Right after he chopped up a conservative legislative majority—the only conservatives freely elected in any Soviet satellite—and grabbed control of Hungary, he exulted before a cowed Parliament:

"The Communist party seized the government before the U.S. could rub its eyes."

His allusion to the iron fist has proved highly appropriate. During the five years since, Rákosi has transformed Hungary into a sovietized province, whose people live on a standard that their dictator himself has called "stabilized poverty," and where summary police rule is the law of the land.

Not only has Rákosi literally fenced in the Hungarians with his miles of barbed-wire entanglements, but he has uprooted whole families as part of his "merciless war of the working class."

Last summer alone he deported to farm areas and forced labor camps 50,000 men, women and children, all of professional or middle-class families.

"These are inimical elements," he replied to a neutral diplomat who sought to intercede. "Of course, they can learn to mend their ways if they volunteer for work in the Soviet Union."

Uppermost in his thoughts always is service to the Soviet Union, which only a few months ago permitted him to assume the public station so coveted by Communists inside and outside Russia. For services rendered, the Kremlin has allowed Rákosi to take top billing in Hungary, even above Stalin. He has come of age in the Soviet-controlled world and he is being deified with all the Red trappings, for the unwilling benefit of more than 9,000,000 Hungarians.

In every community throughout Hungary, however small, schools, hospitals, football teams, production and literary prizes, trout streams and parks are named Rákosi.

Internationally, headier recognition is being accorded Rákosi in the Communist world: a hospital in North Korea has been named for him, in gratitude for the speed with which he poured technicians, money and whatever military experts he could muster into the area when the Reds kicked off the war there.

"We can never forget the name of this hospital and the glorious service the bearer (of the name) has given," the Chinese Communist news agency reported gratefully.

Obviously, that name, Mátyás Rákosi, cannot be dismissed lightly by the Western World. Rákosi is one of the brightest stars in the Communist galaxy, and should be watched as carefully as Stalin's immediate lieutenants in the Kremlin. His speeches and his actions are an accurate barometer of Soviet moves and intentions in Europe.

It was Rákosi who organized the first satellite denunciation of Marshal Tito and who pledged his army to the "liberation" of Tito's Yugoslavia. When the Comintern, the Reds' international instrument for revolution, was "dissolved" in 1943, in a cynical move intended to lull Russia's wartime allies, Rákosi was one of the hand-picked top leaders who signed the document of "dissolution." And when the Russians began moving into Eastern Europe toward the end of World War II, and the term "people's democracy" was gaining currency there, it was Rákosi who gave the tip-off to what was happening, with this glib definition:

"A people's democracy is, according to its functions, a dictatorship of the proletariat without the Soviet form."

Since that time, "dictatorships of the proletariat without the Soviet form" have sprung up all through Eastern Europe—in Bulgaria, Albania, Romania, Rákosi's own Hungary, Poland and Czechoslovakia.

### A Dangerous Foe of Freedom

Rákosi is one of the most dangerous enemies of the free community of nations, and one of the least known. Except for official Communist biographies, little information about this most successful of Stalin's protégés has ever appeared publicly.

Rákosi's passion for personal anonymity—except when called on to disseminate the Moscow gospel from public forums—undoubtedly found favor in the Kremlin. Unlike other international Communists, Rákosi never became more important than he considered useful for Stalin. But it's a hard position for him to maintain now.

Today, the Reds' Hungarian hatchet man undoubtedly enjoys considerably less privacy than he'd like—especially considering the number of his countrymen who would willingly risk their lives to take his. Rákosi lives in Budapest, dividing his time among three heavily guarded and lavishly appointed villas, once the residences of Hungarian nobles. He never lets it be known which one he intends to sleep in or entertain in—and he and his wife, an Asiatic Russian who is built physically on almost the same lines as Rákosi, rarely spend the night in the house where they have dined.

When the Rákosis play host to visiting Communist bigwigs, they bring out hand-

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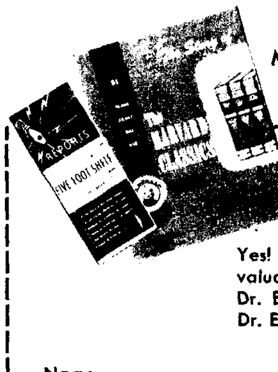

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some gold and silver plate—which they personally count after the guests depart. Then they turn the carefully tabulated dinnerware over to the butler in whichever house they've dined in—and he gives them a receipt for it, after which he is held accountable for its safekeeping.

This behavior is scarcely surprising to the people of Budapest, for they remember an even more astonishing evidence of the Rákosis' difficulty in adjusting to high living. Mrs. Rákosi now clothes herself in fine silks imported from France and Italy, but when she arrived in the Hungarian capital her wardrobe was sadly lacking. One of her first stops was at a lingerie shop on the then fashionable Vaczi Utca. As she emerged, wreathed in satisfied smiles, the pedestrians' eyes bulged: she was wearing a brassière—over her dress!

Rákosi's attire also has undergone a change since he reached Budapest with the Red Army seven years ago. At that time he wore baggy, Russian-made blue serge. Today a master tailor tries to drape his bulging form with expensive textiles not available at any price to other Hungarians. The effect is almost as ludicrous as the one his wife achieved after her visit to the lingerie shop. "They'll never be able to hang him," a Western reporter once observed, staring after Rákosi's waddling figure. "He doesn't have a neck."

### The Career of a Rosencranz

Mátyás Rákosi has come a long way since he was born sixty years ago into a merchant family named Rosencranz in the somnolent village of Ada.

For a country boy of conservative background, he wasted no time in demonstrating a penchant for rabble rousing. As a youth, he was the campus firebrand at the Oriental Academy in Budapest, and by the time he was twenty he was a recognized radical figure around town. At about that time, he decided to apply his talents elsewhere, and he went to Germany. He was promptly arrested—and as promptly escaped.

Young Rosencranz spent the next couple of years in England, mingling with the Fabian Socialists of that day, and being appalled at their tameness. ("They were delicate intellectuals," he once told us distastefully. "They talked vaguely about evolutionary methods and gasped with horror at the idea of revolution.")

On the eve of World War I, Mátyás Rosencranz returned to Hungary, and went into the army. An officer, now in the U.S., who served in the same company as Rosencranz, describes him as the "greatest malcontent in the whole Hungarian army," which was quite an accomplishment in those days. In any event, he didn't stay long. In 1915 he fell into the hands of the czarist Russians, Hungary's enemies on the eastern front. He says now he was captured. Fellow soldiers claim he deserted.

In prison, he instructed his fellow prisoners of war in Marxism, established Communist cells and converted many of the guards. His zealous devotion to Communism became so well known that Bolshevik prisoners like Stalin, then in Siberia, heard all about Rosencranz via the grapevine.

When the Communists seized control of Russia in 1917, Rosencranz formed a fighting unit from among the prisoners he had indoctrinated, and led them in the early, bloody days of rebellion. His spirit of fanaticism caught the attention of Lenin, with whom he conferred on the program for world revolution. Lenin instructed him to accompany Béla Kun on a clandestine mission to Hungary, where they were to overthrow the republican government that had succeeded the disintegrated Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

It was during this venture that Rosencranz, in accordance with Communist practice, took a new last name. Near Budapest there is a field called Rákos, where, in ancient times, Hungarian noblemen met to settle affairs of state. Rosencranz liked the name; he became Rákosi.

Kun took the credit for the short-lived success of the Red regime in Hungary, but it was Rákosi who received the personal congratulations of Lenin and Stalin for having organized and carried out the revolution. Rákosi, as Commissar for Social Production, sparked the terrorism that purged at least 100,000 people in six months.

A counterrevolution, that brought a dictatorship of the right under Admiral Nicholas Horthy, sent Rákosi and Kun fleeing to the Soviet Union. There Lenin received Rákosi and acclaimed his work. Kun was shunted off to the provinces for good. For his accomplishments in Hungary, Rákosi was rewarded with the position of secretary of the executive of the Third Comintern. His primary objective was to infiltrate and to attempt to dominate the labor movement throughout Europe.

In the four years he occupied the post—from 1920 to 1924—Rákosi established the party apparatus employed to smuggle couriers, trouble shooters and assassins into 100 European ports. The methods he drafted for illegal entry and for capturing control of trade-unions are still faithfully copied by Moscow emissaries today.

"Isn't that *quaint!* Just like Trader Vic's back home in Oakland!"

COLLIER'S

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It was during this period that his friendship with Stalin took firm root. Rákosi picked the right side in the internecine strife that flared between Stalin and Leon Trotsky, and the grateful winner personally conferred Soviet citizenship on the potbellied Hungarian.

For the next year or so, Rákosi busied himself with a tour of espionage, organization and arson in Europe, wandering around the great cities, checking on the Communist-dominated labor groups he had established, issuing orders for strikes, passing along funds to sagging party headquarters—and occasionally setting fire to anti-Communist labor union buildings.

During his tour, Rákosi didn't spare himself the fancy dishes. A man with a prodigious appetite, he had previously treated himself to quantities of food rather than quality. The Kremlin's expense account enabled him to savor the finest cuisine and he became, pound for pound, the most massive Communist leader in the world.

The next move for Rákosi was back to his homeland, which the Russians wanted desperately to control because of its strategic location between the Balkans and the lesser Slav nations. Delaying in Moscow just long enough to get married to a dumpy Yakut law student, Rákosi, armed with false papers, slipped back into Hungary.

In a couple of months he had the old Communist organization on a going basis, although the party itself was outlawed. For a time, he successfully eluded the police by never staying in any one apartment or house more than a few hours at a time. But a government agent finally spotted Rákosi and he was seized in a roundup that netted 60 top Hungarian Communists.

Rákosi's trial in 1926 appears, from available accounts, to have been an ideological circus, with the Nazilike Horthy regime dispensing with most of the trappings of justice, and Rákosi, in turn, leading his fellow prisoners in chanting, "Long live the Communist International." The highhanded court proceedings prompted numerous protests in Rákosi's behalf from groups in the United States, Britain and France; it may be that these demonstrations from abroad saved him from a worse sentence than he got: eight years in prison.

"I will not be forgotten by Moscow!" he shouted, as sentence was pronounced.

He wasn't. Through intermediaries, Stalin tried to buy his lieutenant's freedom with a multimillion-dollar trade offer. The authoritarian regime of Hungary, although tempted, decided that Rákosi in jail was worth more than the cash.

When Rákosi's term ended, in 1934, the Russians announced that they had sent him a Soviet visa. But it was not to be that easy: the Hungarian government, ignoring Moscow's avowed interest, ordered Rákosi to stand trial again—this time on charges dating back to the brief Béla Kun regime, 15 years earlier. Rákosi was accused of a multitude of crimes, including a number of murders, and once more the tactics of the court drew angry protests from abroad. Nevertheless, the trial proceeded. When it had concluded, Rákosi found himself sentenced to life imprisonment. His career as a Red hatchet man seemed finished.

Actually, world events were about to take a hand in Rákosi's fate. In 1939, when he had served less than five years of his life sentence, Russia and Germany (then an ally of Hungary) signed their famous nonaggression pact—and Stalin promptly asked Hitler to intercede for Rákosi. The Nazi leader obligingly brought pressure to bear on his Hungarian partners, and in 1940 Rákosi was banished to Russia. As a face-saving gesture, the Hungarians asked for—and got—their old battle flags in exchange for the prisoner.

Stalin and the Politburo gave the bald, squat Rákosi a royal welcome on his return to Moscow, and immediately appointed him to high position in the Comintern. Then, when Hitler turned on his erstwhile Russian ally a few months later, Rákosi swung into action again—this time charged with the task of whipping together a new Communist program for Hungary.

Thus, Rákosi was all set to move when, in the winter of 1944-'45, the Axis began to crumble under the hammering of Russian and Anglo-American armies.

Budapest fell to the Russians in January, 1945, and Rákosi, holding the rank of colonel general in the Red Army, entered the city with a plan already hatched that would assure the Reds control of the nation.

Meeting with the Hungarian patriots and anti-Nazi politicians whom the Russians had released from prison, he proposed that they form a coalition government—pointing out, quite accurately, that the Soviet occupying forces would certainly be more leniently inclined toward a government that included Communist officials. To allay suspicion, Rákosi modestly declined the top position, proposing instead that he be named deputy premier (officially, that's still his Cabinet rank; actually, of course, he's undisputed boss of the country). Only one thing did he insist on: the Communists must run the Ministry of Interior, which had charge of the police.

The politicians looked outside the conference room. Their country was in a chaotic state, their capital was a shambles and more than a million Red soldiers were inside the borders. They made one effort to talk Rákosi out of control of the police, but he broke in.

"Make your choice," he said, simply. "We get the Ministry of Interior, or we tell them"—he gestured to the Russian troops outside—"that there's no government."

### Men Who Ruled in Budapest

The government was set up in Budapest along precisely the lines Rákosi suggested, under the military supervision of Soviet Marshal Klementi Voroshilov, old Bolshevik soldier and Politburo veteran. A ruthless, cruel fanatic, Laszlo Rajk, whose brother had been a ranking Hungarian Nazi, was put in charge of the Ministry of Interior and all police affairs except one. That department, the economic police, was headed by bespectacled and greedy Zoltan Vas.

It was Vas and another economic planner, Ernö Gerö, who drafted the first phase of an amazing economic program—and Rákosi who saw that it went into effect. They decided that the "propertied classes" (the list ran 16 single-spaced pages and included people who owned two-room apartments) must be punished for having contributed to the war against Russia. The punishment took the form of what must have been the most deliberate and terrible inflation in history. The Hungarian pengö, worth 30 cents in 1945, was forcibly driven up to a rate of *one trillion to the dollar* and Hungary was pauperized.

The Russians achieved this by forcing the nation to feed, billet and pay the Soviet occupation troops, besides making reparations to the Soviet Union. Then, when the load proved too much for Hungary's battered economy, and the payments were late, the Russians tacked on interest charges! Paper money poured off the presses, and soon it had lost all value.

"We Hungarians wrought a terrible havoc in the Ukraine," Rákosi explained when his government associates reproached him for subscribing to increasing Soviet demands. "We must pay for it. That is democracy, and if it grows here there will be better understanding between Hungary and Russia."

To attain this "better understanding," the Reds ordered mass arrests of anti-Nazi and anti-Communist groups, primarily in the provinces. The purpose was extermination of peasant leaders who might organize opposition to the dreaded collectivization program being prepared for the farmers.

Meanwhile, the Russians astonished everybody by sanctioning a free and fair election, the only one of its kind the Soviet Union has ever permitted while it had full control of a country. Rákosi urged it as an experiment to see how much strength his party really possessed.

The Communists were overwhelmingly defeated, gaining only 17 per cent of the vote. Their ill-led partners, the Socialists, got about the same total. The Smallholders party, representing farmers, the professional classes and small businesmen, obtained 57 per cent, a clear-cut majority.

### Communists Keep Police Power

That didn't bother Rákosi. Now he knew where he stood and, after all, the Red Army was still in charge. Despite the electoral rebuff, the new Cabinet was much like the old one—a coalition affair in which the Communists kept control of the police. As a sop to the Smallholders, two of their number, Zoltan Tildy and Ferenc Nagy, were made President and Premier respectively. (Today Tildy is under house arrest and Nagy is in exile in the United States.)

Then Rákosi brazenly launched a reign of terror, directed in part at the freely elected majority. He jammed through a law imposing death or imprisonment for circulating statements disparaging the government, even if the statements were true. In one year, 150 death sentences were imposed, in addition to 100 life terms and 6,000 terms running up to 15 years. Thousands were arrested, and lights burned all night at the long, three-story building at 60 Andrássy Ut, once Gestapo headquarters, now the home of Rákosi's political police.

Rákosi forced the Smallholders to expel elected deputies as "reactionaries" and then arrested hundreds of their supporters on charges of murdering Russian officers and Hungarian policemen. Finally, he completed the rout by ordering new elections, explaining that "the leftist bloc (the Communists and their frightened Socialist associates) has the only real majority."

While Rákosi had the Smallholders on the run he went to the United States with a coalition delegation to negotiate the return of $30,000,000 in gold that the Germans had pilfered from Hungary. Along with the other delegates, he met President Truman and other administration officials. The Hungarians got their gold back and Rákosi bought seven pairs of shoes. The impression he brought back was more significant.

"The Americans," he said, back in Budapest, "are political idiots. How can they compete with us? Truman against Stalin? The idea is ridiculous."

Rákosi's Janizaries hadn't been wasting time while he was visiting Washington. The pace of arrests had been accelerated, with the Red Army and Rákosi's police working together. Now the middle class was virtually bankrupt and Rákosi introduced a new currency, the forint, which greased the skids for them further. The stage was set for the final coup and the opportunity came when Premier Nagy went for a brief vacation to Switzerland.

Rákosi telephoned Nagy and told him that the "confession" of a leading Smallholder had incriminated the Premier in anti-Soviet and anti-Communist conspiracies. He told Nagy to resign, in which case he would deliver Nagy's five-year-old son safely, or else return and face the consequences. Nagy bowed to the blackmail. Triumphantly, Rákosi announced the new elections—taking pains beforehand to disenfranchise at least half the eligible voters.

Rákosi was now riding high. He installed a puppet Premier—István Dobi, a renegade Smallholder, who says he shaves once a week to prove that he hasn't taken on airs—and launched one of his biggest campaigns: open war against the Catholic Church, and particularly Cardinal Mindszenty, Prince Primate of Hungary.

At about this time, I obtained an interview with the cardinal at his palace in Esztergon, opposite the Czech frontier. I had attended a Rákosi press conference not long before, and the cardinal listened calmly as I recited a list of the threats I had heard from the Red boss.

"He wants to cow us into an agreement that will turn the schools and church over to the Communists," Cardinal Mindszenty said. "We will never willingly agree—and I repudiate now any agreement they may claim in the future."

A short time later, he was arrested. No one knows what terrible things happened to the cardinal at the hands of the political police during the couple of months he spent at 60 Andrássy Ut. But when he appeared in court for his trial, he seemed fixed in a trance. His once-gleaming eyes were now glazed, and the firm jaw sagged. He "confessed" to a conspiracy against the state and was sent to prison for life. The Mindszenty case marked the start of a full-scale antireligious campaign which spread throughout Eastern Europe.

Meanwhile, other events outside his own nation were occupying Rákosi's attention. The most important of these was the defection of Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito, whose insistence that his country came ahead of Russia had brought on a sharp, angry break with the Kremlin and the Kremlin's satellites. Rákosi took the lead in attacking Tito and those who thought as he did, demanding that deviationists from Moscow's doctrine be combed out in all the People's Democracies and executed. He set the pace by removing his own brutal former police chief, Laszlo Rajk, now foreign minister, and having him hanged as a Titoist.

Then, with open Russian support, Rákosi blatantly violated the terms of Hungary's peace treaty, which limited the nation's armed forces to 70,000. New Soviet missions poured into Budapest and started whipping into shape a satellite army and air force whose strength is estimated today at 220,000 to 250,000 men. The police were placed on a semimilitary status and a militia was created among factory and agricultural workers. Supported by Russian divisions, the bulk of these forces now maneuvers constantly along the Yugoslav frontier, inviting incidents which Rákosi describes as "Titoist provocations."

### A Nation Enslaved to Russia

Certainly no one will ever accuse Rákosi of Titoist inclinations. He has stopped at nothing in his drive to make Hungary a complete vassal of Russia. All means of industrial and agricultural production are in the hands of the government, and the speed-up method known to Communists as Stakhanovism has been instituted. Hungarians who fail to keep up the pace, or who are guilty of absenteeism, are tried before "corrective education" panels, which can impose sentences as high as 15 years. And almost the entire production of the country, both industrial and agricultural, goes to Russia.

As a result, the average Hungarian lives at the barest subsistence level. Coffee costs $12 a pound, a razor blade sells for 40 cents, a decent pair of shoes costs $80. The worker must pay for these things out of wages that are incredibly low. At the Metal Fitting Factory Company in Budapest, a typical plant, the average employee receives the equivalent of about $45 a month—and recently each worker was assessed that much as a contribution to a "peace loan!"

In the brief period of less than seven years, Mátyás Rákosi has beaten his native land to its knees in a display of brutality unparalleled in Hungary's long, and often bloody, history. He has served his master in the Kremlin well, and the Communist papers of Budapest were more truthful than they knew when they wrote of him recently:

"We must rejoice in the good fortune that our beloved comrade, Rákosi, is showing us progress in the magnificent tradition and spirit of our father Stalin!" THE END

TOM HENDERSON

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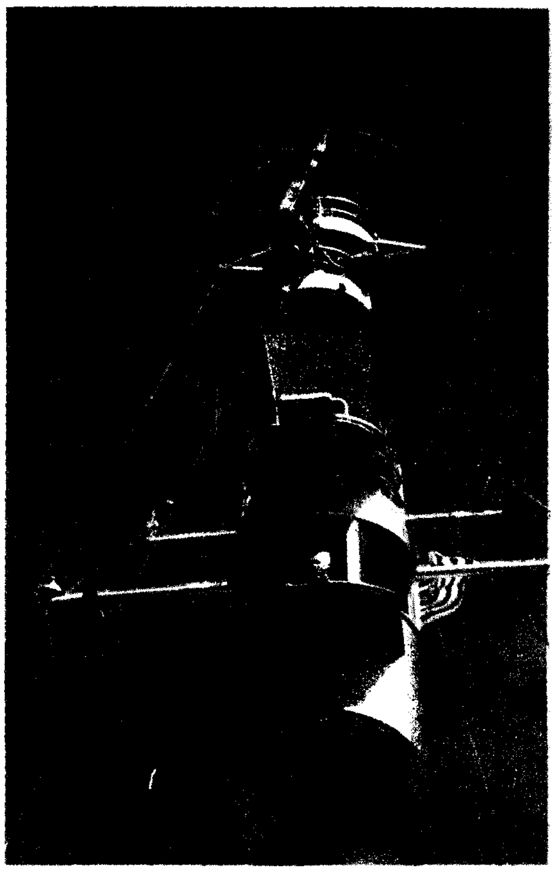
# SHAKEDOWN

THE SS United States, the American Merchant Marine's challenge to England's fast-moving Queens, the Mary and the Elizabeth, left New York July 3d on her maiden commercial voyage to England and France. But this was not the sleek, 990-foot ship's debut in the Atlantic. A month and a half earlier, without a single paying customer aboard, the world's newest luxury liner pulled out of a Virginia harbor for her first and most critical cruise: a 2½-day shakedown, or builder's trial. Conducted by the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, which built the 53,300-ton United States in seven weeks less than the 30 months allotted to the job, the shakedown tested such things as speed, maneuverability, economy and passenger comfort. The builder had to prove to officials of the United States Lines, which ordered the liner for regular transatlantic travel, that the ship was completely up to specifications. The Maritime Administration and the Navy also had to be satisfied. If war should come, the 2,000-passenger luxury liner is designed for quick conversion into a troop carrier able to transport 14,000 men 10,000 miles without having to stop for fuel, food or water.

Despite blueprints testifying to the seaworthiness of the new ship, there was always the fear during the shakedown that something serious might go wrong. But except for the minor—and quickly corrected—overheating of some bearings, everything went smoothly. The ship steered perfectly; fuel economy was excellent, and no one aboard got seasick. While security prohibited revealing the ship's top speed, officials admitted she had reached 34 knots—the Queen Mary averaged 31.69 knots on her record transatlantic run—and claimed she was the world's fastest liner.

America's new queen of the seas had passed her toughest test. The SS United States was ready for business. HOWARD COHN

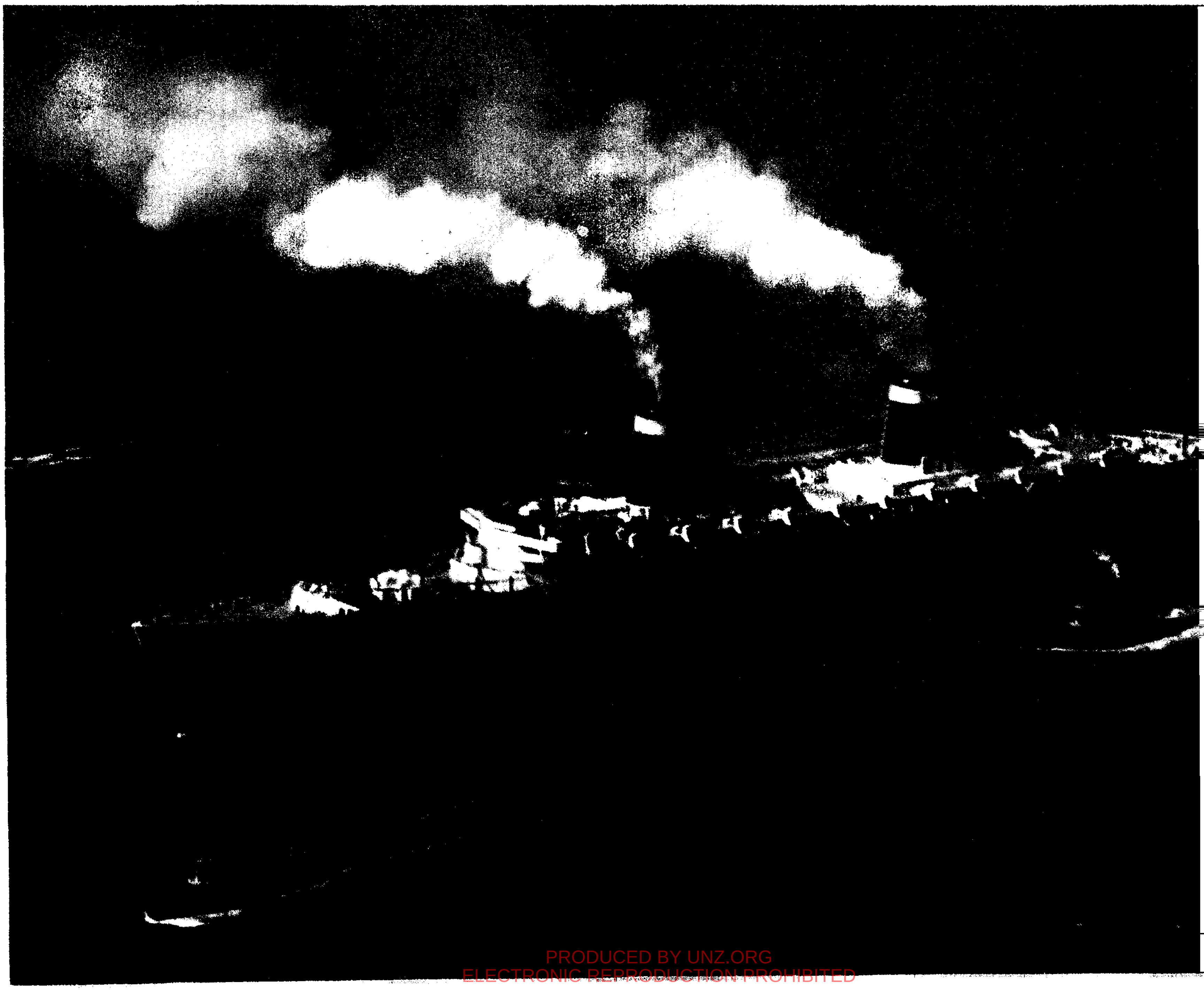
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE



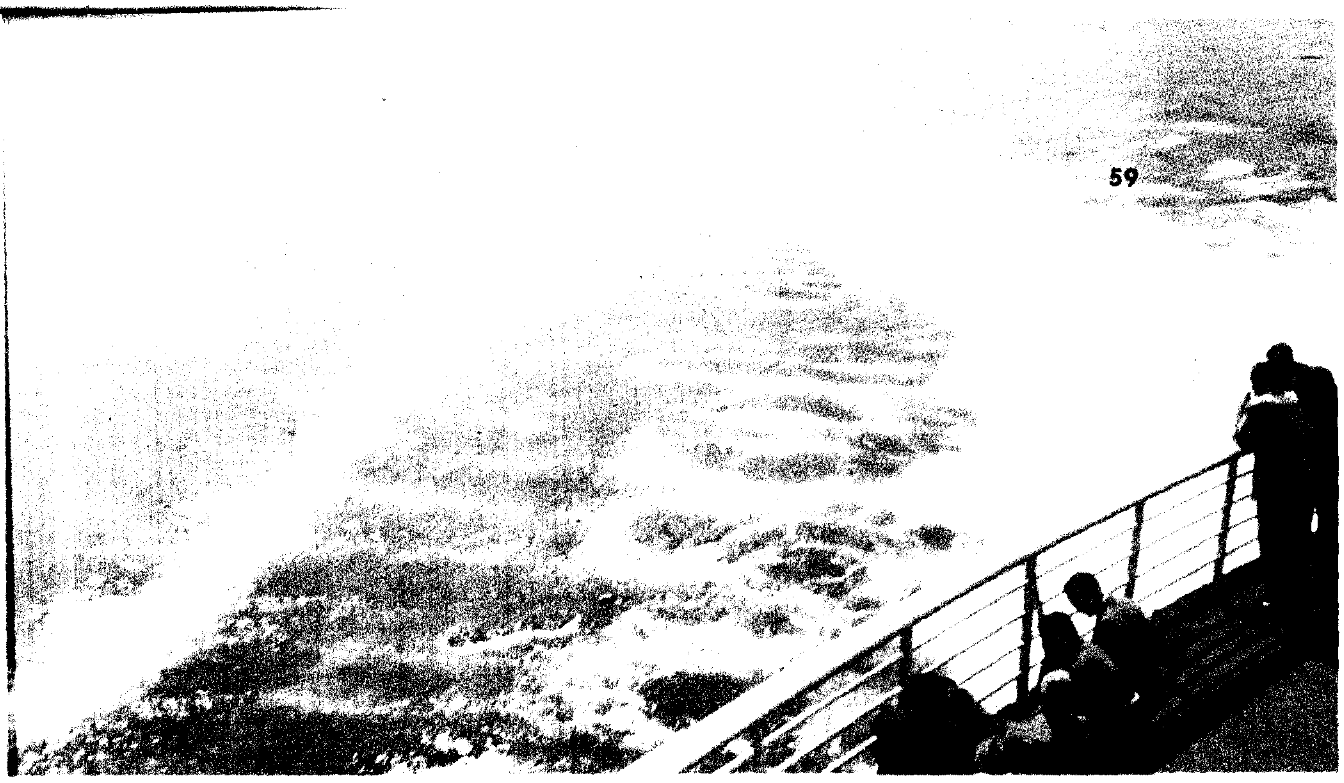
**New ship has a Navy-approved radar mast for protection during war as well as peace time**

**Escorted by tugs, the new $72,000,000 SS United States steams into Chesapeake Bay for the builder's trials—her first trip to sea**

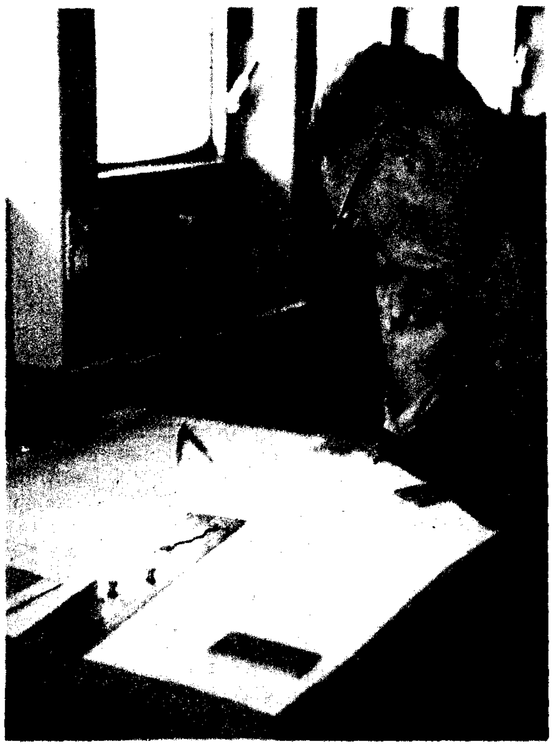
SAM SHERE



Commodore Harry Manning, ship's captain, never once left bridge during 2½-day trials



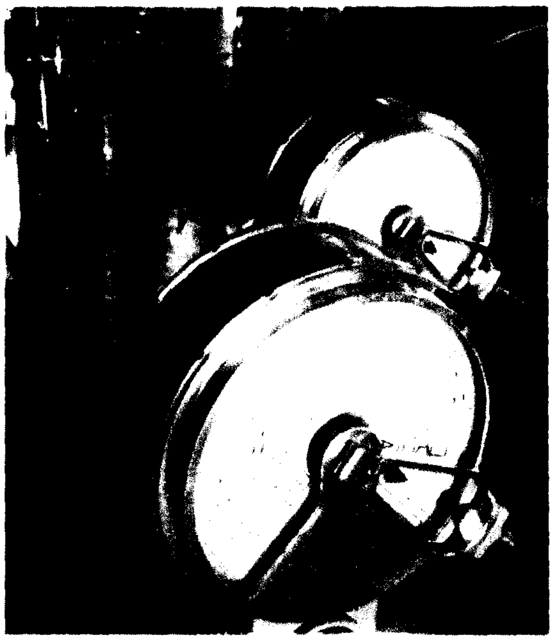
Wake during rudder tests shows the five-block-long ship's maneuverability. Unlike Britain's Queens, which are 16½ feet wider, the United States, 101½ feet wide, can navigate Panama Canal



Vincent Astor, a director of United States Lines, anxiously studies ship's speed chart

Passengers on sports deck were hit hard, as ship, which carried only about 600 official guests plus crew, swung into 35-mile-an-hour wind. The liner normally will have 2,000 passengers aboard

Trial thrill came when "telegraphs" carried full-speed order from bridge to engine rooms



During trials, ship's officers and government technicians kept in constant touch with bridge. Speed was marked by Raydist System of measuring radar impulses between ship and fixed buoy

# A Confession, a Cat, and a Canary

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

at me suspiciously, his nose coming down over his mouth.

"Any special kind?" he said.

"No," I said. "As long as it's a singer."

"We have some fine domestic birds," he said; and, pointing to a singing canary in a small, house-shaped cage on a level with his head, he said, "This one—cage and all—will cost you six fifty."

"Ain't you got anything cheaper?" I asked. "Say for around five dollars?"

"Well," the birdman said, rubbing under his beak, "I've got something in the back room I can let you have for five dollars. She's a pretty old bird, but she's still got a young voice. Wait here, and I'll get it for you—"

"Mister," I said touching his arm. "I ain't got the money right now—but could you hold it for me until Saturday night?"

His eyes got as big as an owl's when I said that, and they stayed that way even when I went on to explain to him about the job I had delivering groceries for Mr. Polito. He looked at me as if this was some kind of a joke the kids are always pulling on him, like opening and shutting his door quickly to make his bell ring, especially when he was in the back of the store; or like the afternoon Petey went in there and pretended to be interested in some pigeons, and while he was showing Petey a pair of tiplets, Frankie was off in a corner filling his pockets with polly seeds. I didn't blame him for being suspicious, Father, but did he have to take it out on me?

"I don't promise to hold anything—not without a deposit," he said, looking around the store to see if anybody was with me. "As a matter of fact, there was a lady in here yesterday who said she might take the old bird. First come, first served."

"I'll get you the deposit tonight," I said.

The birdman was smiling, and I knew he didn't believe me. "I close in a half hour," he said.

NOW there was only one thing to do: I *had* to steal the money, if that's what you want to call borrowing money from Papa's shoe and intending to put it back. All the way home, I must confess, Father, that I blasphemed that birdman for not trusting me the way he would have done anybody else, for treating me as if I was an Italian gangster like Danny Eastside.

When I got back upstairs, my kid brother, Nat, was still around. My two sisters were still downstairs with Elvira; and my grandfather, Nonno, was rocking away in the front room with the lights out, because Papa got mad if he found two rooms burning electricity at the same time. I had no worry as far as Nonno was concerned, but Nat was sticking around.

I said, "I saw Tony Lupo outside." That was a lie, Father, but you had to say *something* to get rid of him. He just sat hunched over the table, playing his silly Army game, making artillery sounds through his teeth, and maneuvering burnt-out matches and little pieces of stick all over the oilcloth.

Nat, because he was six months older than Tony, said, "Who wants him?"

I was working against time. If I was going to get the deposit that night from Papa's shoe, I knew I would have to let Nat in on my plan.

"Nat," I said, going over to him, "can you keep a secret?"

"Sure, Joey. What is it?"

"Never mind what it is yet. Do you swear?"

"Sure I swear," he said, but I could tell that he was too offhand about it, as if this was any old ordinary secret I was asking him to share with me. You have to be careful with a kid like Nat, be careful that he won't rat on you. I couldn't ask him to swear to God, him not having received his first Holy Communion yet and not appreciating the importance of who God really was; and so I asked him, "Do you swear to all your soldiers?" and I pointed to all his sticks.

"I swear to all my soldiers," Nat said, making a spit cross on his neck. "Tell me what it is, Joey."

Still I wasn't satisfied. "Do you swear to the *general* of your soldiers?"

"I swear to General Pershing," Nat said, making a cross over his heart. "Now are you satisfied?"

Looking around first, I brought his ear close to my mouth and whispered, "I'm going to take two dollars out of the shoe."

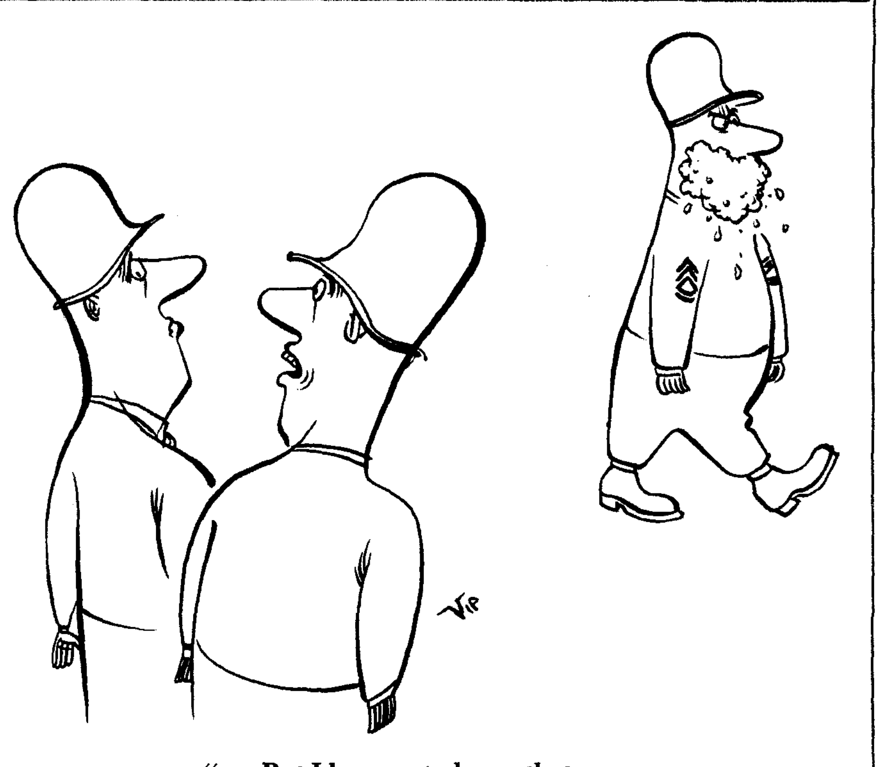
My kid brother's eyes froze in his head, as if it was a stick-up job or grand larceny. "Joey, you're crazy! Papa will kill you!"

"Papa won't know nothing about it."

"If you steal the money, he will."

"He won't find out—and besides, it's not stealing," I said, and I explained the whole thing over again to him, but when I was done, he walked away and shook his head.

## VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "... But I happen to know that he never *uses* shaving cream" VIRGIL PARTCH

"I'm not in it, Joey," he said. "I'm going downstairs to see Tony."

"Oh no you don't!" I grabbed his arm and swung him around, talking tough. "You're in it now, the same as me. You stand up against the door and play chickie."

"Joey, leave go of my arm!" he yelled, pulling at my fingers. "I'll play chickie, but I ain't in on it!"

He sulked over to the door, squeezing his arm, while I pushed a chair across the floor into the open closet. Standing tiptoe on the chair, I was barely able to reach the top shelf. My fingers searched along the dust until I found the shoe. Then, jumping down from the chair, I walked to the table, holding the old shoe by its tongue.

I shook the shoe over the table, but nothing came out. I shook the shoe harder, and when nothing still came out, I dug my hand deep into the toe. Way in deep, up against the tip of my fingers, I felt a wad of paper.

I pulled the money out—seven crushed one-dollar bills. At the sight of the money, Nat turned his face to the door, too scared to even look. Taking two of the bills for a deposit and stuffing the other five in the toe of Papa's bank, I smiled at Nat as I put the shoe back on the shelf. But I was only covering up my own fear.

Father, I want you to know that I didn't have a guilty conscience as I walked to the bird store that night with my hand in my pocket, holding the two dollars tight in my fist. I was doing the right thing, wasn't I? It was for something good, wasn't it? Mama wanted a canary, didn't she? Would it have been wrong to borrow the money from somebody, if somebody had the money to lend me, because, after all, that's all I was doing with Papa's money, wasn't I?

On Myrtle Avenue I began to run. I got to the Pet Shop just in time, just as the birdman was closing up. After he put the money in his pocket, he said, "All right, I'll hold the bird for you until Saturday night. But remember—you forfeit the two dollars if you don't show up." . . .

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday—everything went along fine that week. There was only one thing: From the secret look on each of my sisters' faces, I knew that Nat had ratted on me. Just remind my kid brother of that, Father, the first time he comes to confession, because, for my part, he deserves a penance of a hundred Our Fathers and Hail Marys for not keeping his promise when he gave me his sacred word that he wouldn't tell a soul: and from the pious way my sisters were looking at me, you'd think I had broken into the Williamsburg Savings Bank with a jimmy and had gone ahead and dynamited the vaults! I felt like screaming at them, when they gave me those Sister Superior looks, that I had only *borrowed* the two dollars out of Papa's shoe, and that it *really* in God's eyes wasn't even stealing! But I played it dumb, as if I didn't know what they were looking about.

Then, on Saturday, the Devil took over.

I call it the work of the Devil, Father. I don't know what you call it, but of all the days in the year for me to go and get sick, I had to go and pick the Saturday I was supposed to work for Mr. Polito and buy the canary! I knew something was wrong as soon as I woke up that morning. First my eyes felt like they were on fire; then they felt like they were being held by a breaking string; and finally, when I sat up, they felt as if they would fall out of my head. My whole body was on fire.

One thing I knew: I had to hide the fever from Mama or else she would never let me out of the house. I could hear her in the kitchen, making breakfast. After reeling around and dressing myself, I doused my head under the bathroom faucet to try to cool the fever off.

You have probably noticed this, Father. The more you try to hide something from your mother, the more she's liable to suspect that something is wrong. So as soon as I stepped into the kitchen, holding my head down like I was trying to cover up a black eye, she said, "What'sa matter you, Joey?"

"Nothing's the matter," I said, sitting down at the table. My voice must have sounded weak or different, because Mama dropped whatever she was doing at the stove and came for me, her hand reaching to my head. I ducked away from the hand. "There's nothing the matter, Mama. I gotta hurry up. I told Mr. Polito I'd be there at eight sharp."

"Joey, keep you head still!"

"Mama, I'm in a hurry."

She took her hand off my head. "Go back to bed."

"Mama, I gotta go to work! I promised Mr. Polito—"

SHE was already starting to undress me, beginning with the sleeve of my sweater. "You gotta go to bed, that's where you gotta go."

"Mama, I can't go to bed! I can't!"

"F'why?"

"Because I just can't!"

She ignored me. She had my sweater off by this time, and she was on her knees, unlacing my shoes. The fever was burning my brain, and as she yanked off one of my shoes, I almost tipped over on the chair.

"Mama—" I said, feeling dizzy and sick.

"What it is, Joey?"

"Mama—" I said, beginning to cry; and then, Father, whether it was from the light-headed feeling of the fever or because of the fear of what Papa was going to do when he found his money missing, I told Mama the whole story, crying half the time and crazy with fever the other half, starting with Cotton, the cat I told you about, and going all the way to the night I stole the money out of Papa's shoe to put the deposit down at the bird store. I was too sick to even know what I was saying. The more I talked, the weaker I got, until, by the time I was finished, I didn't care one way or the other about Heaven and Hell or Mama and Papa. All I wanted to do was close my eyes and fall asleep somewhere, anywhere.

"Come on, Joey," Mama said, putting her arms around me; and even though she's not fat like the other Italian women in the neighborhood, she lifted me up and carried me all the way into the bedroom like a baby. Nat was dressing when we came in, standing there and looking at us with half his pants on. Mama put me to bed, and said, "No worry, Joey."

I went right to sleep, Father. It must have been hours later, around lunchtime, when I woke up, still feeling drugged. The sun was shining bright, and Mama was bending over me, whispering my name to wake me up. The light hurt my eyes, but, chinking them up, I could see through my eyelashes that Papa must have laid off early at the docks and called Dr. Capolongo. Both of them were standing behind Mama, looking down at me. My kid brother and two sisters were on the other side of the room, away from everything.

"Joey," Mama said, soothing my head with her hand, "Dr. Capolongo is come."

"Yes, Joey, we meet again," Dr. Capolongo said, meaning the time a couple of years back when I had the German measles. He sat down on the chair next to the bed and went over me with all of his bag of things, looking down my throat, tapping me over the heart and in the back of the lungs and searching my ears and nose with his fountain-pen light. At last he stood up, shaking his head, and said to Mama and Papa, "There's no doubt about it—it's measles, all right."

"Meas'?" Papa said, shaking his head too.

"But, *Dottore*," Mama said, shocked the same as Papa. "He'sa got the meas' once."

"He's got them again," Dr. Capolongo said, shutting his bag. "So now you know what to do. Keep the room dark, absolutely no reading and keep him in the house for a couple of weeks."

"We take care," Papa said, walking out of the bedroom. "Come the kitchen, Dr. Capolongo, and I pay you."

I looked at Mama, but she was already following Papa and the doctor out of the room. As soon as Mama left, my kid brother and my two sisters began jabbering away among themselves in a close huddle, whispering so that I couldn't hear them. Every now and then they threw a look at me, a worried look. They knew and I knew that Papa would fall off the chair when he went to pay the doctor and found the two dollars missing from his shoe. For the first time in my life, I was glad I was sick.

WE WAITED, but nothing happened. Papa must have held himself in, because we didn't hear a thing until the doctor left, and then it started—the yelling, I mean. You never heard anything like it in your life, the cursing and saint-calling and blaspheming that Papa did. If I was glad I was sick before, I would have liked it even better now if I was dead. Papa was slamming the shoe up and down on the table.

"Where's the two dollar!" he yelled at Mama. And that's another thing, Father: it's easy enough to honor a mother like Mama, but it's pretty hard to honor a father like Papa, him with all his muscles and that strap of his that he wraps half around his fist with the buckle dangling in front of him, like a killed chicken's neck. He sounded mad enough to hit Mama, but Mama didn't sound the slightest bit scared of him. She was even outyelling him.

"*I'm* take the two dollar!" Mama yelled; and she went right on to tell Papa how stingy and mean he was, especially to Cot, meaning the cat, who could have meant so much to a sick kid, meaning me, who had to stay in the house without reading, without a victrola or without anything.

"Where's the two dollar?" Papa said slowly to Mama when she was done making her speech, hitting his shoe-bank on the table with every word.

"I'm lose it," Mama said, and she told Papa how she had taken the money that night he went to Gino's Café and put it down as a deposit on a canary. This was the worst thing she could have done, because, knowing Papa the way I did, I knew he would immediately go to the Pet Shop and clean up the place with the little birdman's body if he refused to give Papa back the deposit. But even worse than that. Papa would find out from the birdman that it was me, and not Mama, who had made the deposit. A chill ran through my fever.

"I'm get the money back," Papa said; and, with that, the door slammed, and we could hear him running down the stairs with quick, angry clops. My kid brother and two sisters came over, and I closed my eyes, pretending to sleep. My big sister, Concetta, was just about to start her gloating over me when Mama came into the room. Mama felt my head, went over to pull down the shades and came back to chase my kid brother and sisters out of the room.

"Leave Joey alone now," Mama said. "He's sleep."

I couldn't sleep. I tossed around in the bed with my fever for I don't know how long, and then I heard Papa coming up the stairs, slowly this time. I couldn't hear what he was saying to Mama in the kitchen, but he spoke to her for a few minutes, gruffly, and then I heard him go down the stairs again. I could hear my kid brother and my two sisters squealing and laughing in the kitchen; and, after another few minutes, they all came rushing into my bedroom ahead of Mama, who looked like she was holding something in her hands. When she pushed the kids aside, I saw it.

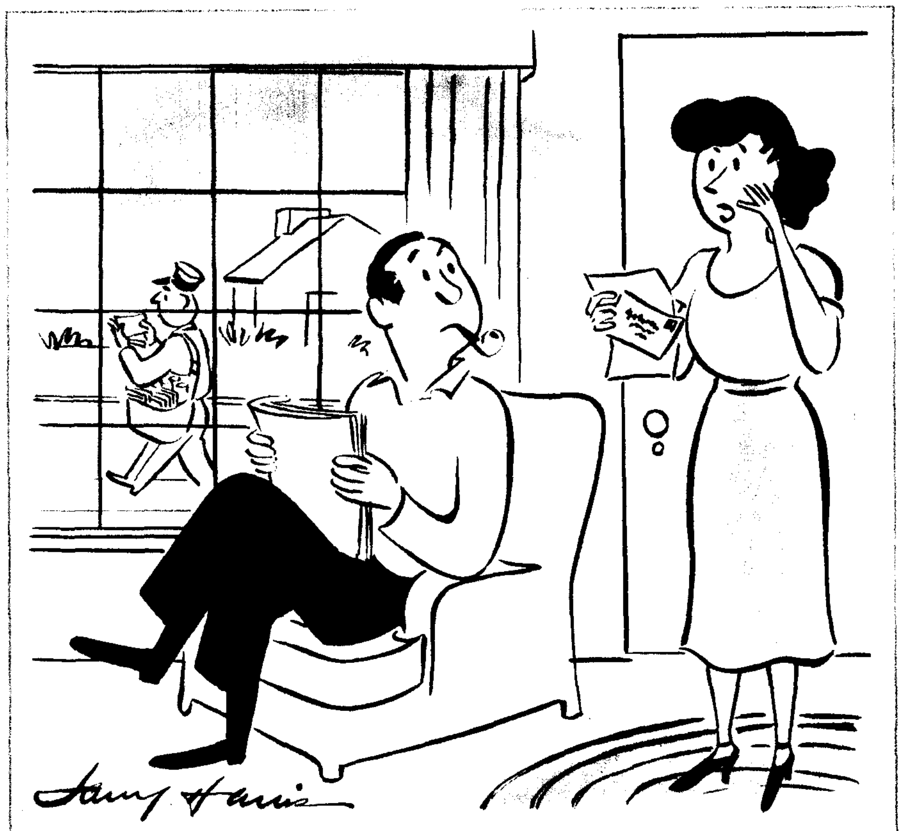
*It was a little coal-black puppy!*

"Mama!" I yelled, sitting up.

"Papa bought it for two dollar," Mama said, talking to the puppy and stroking it along his shiny velvet back. "Papa say the man in the store no give him back the two dollar for the canary—and so not to waste the money, he's buy the dog. Here, Joey," she said, handing me the dog, "here's Cot."

That's all, Father.

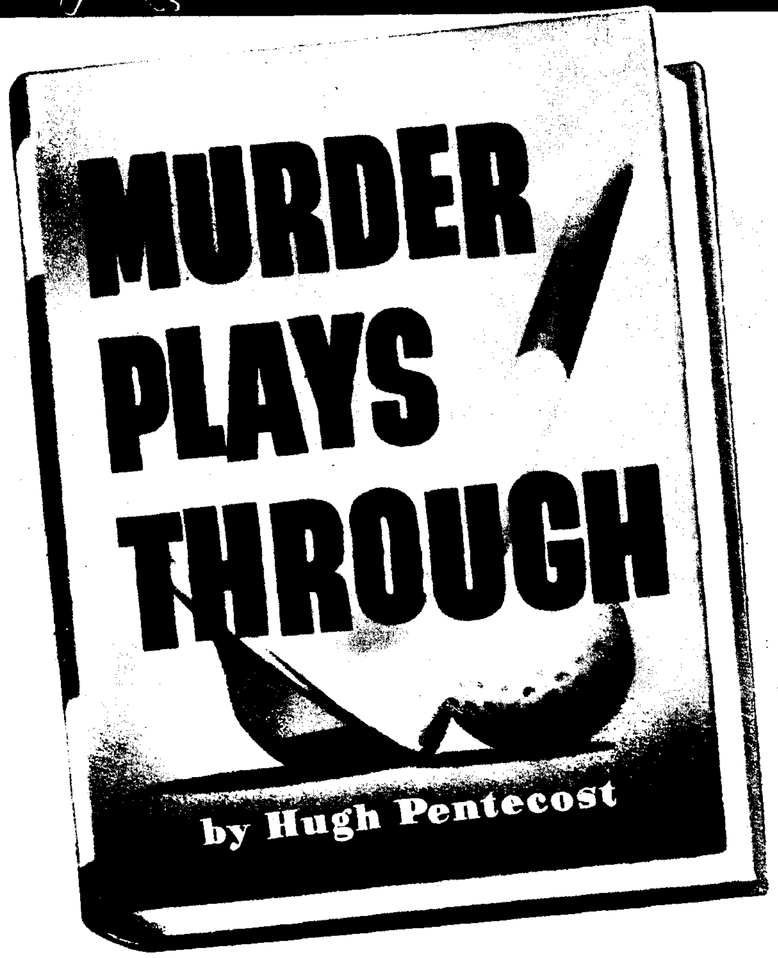
The measles is why I stayed away from confession so long, and, if you want to call what I did stealing, that's up to you. I know it doesn't make much sense, and the fellows all laugh at me, but I call my black puppy Cotton just the same. THE END



"It's from Junior but I can't read it. Let's see, now where did I put that Space Rangers' official decoding device he gave me before he left for camp?"

COLLIER'S LARRY HARRIS

A Complete American Mystery Novel



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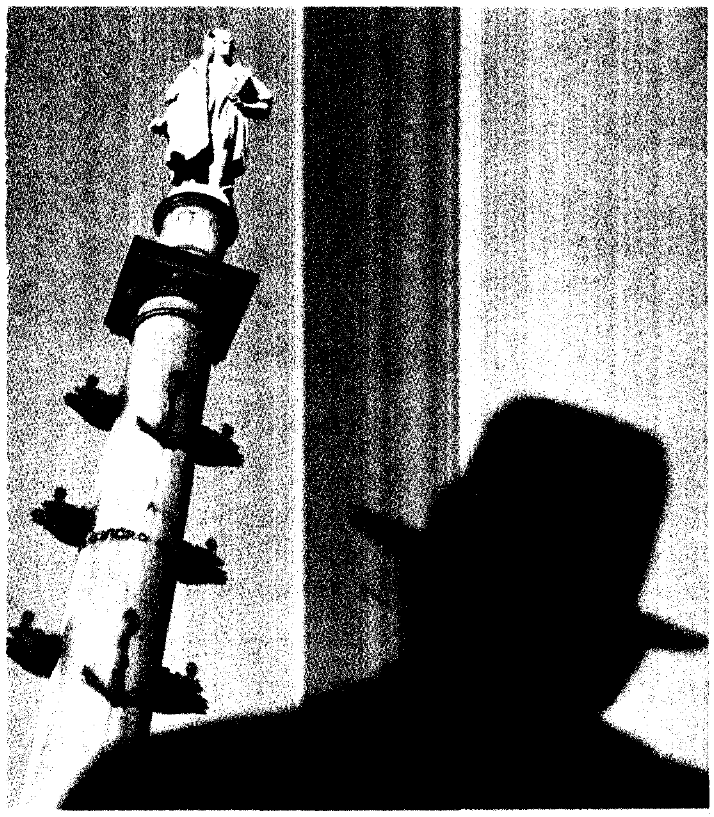
NOW ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

THE American

Arrived from Spokane, Crescenzo sat for 4 days and 5 nights in a N.Y. terminal with his $23,000

Finally he was directed to Travelers Aid, where case worker Asya Sorel and O. Rossi (center) of Italian Consulate arranged for passport to Italy and transfer of his money to a Naples bank



Now tranquil, Paolo paid respects to Columbus' statue, which he'd seen on arrival 39 years ago

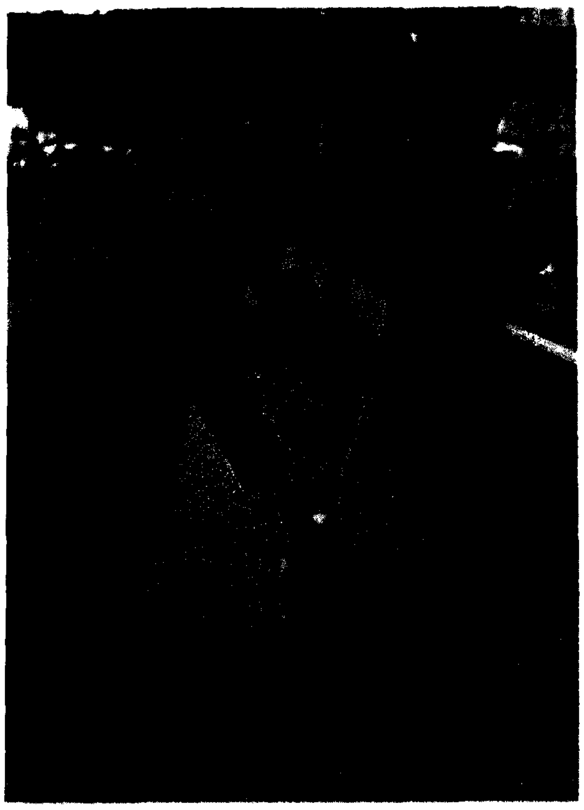
Paolo had lunch at Automat, where he liked cheap prices and self-service. He was impressed by subways and bridges too, but mostly taciturn about New York. "I'm no greenhorn," he said

Final night in U.S. For hours Paolo walked city streets, taking last impression of bright lights

Next day, aboard SS Argentina, nervous Paolo patiently granted photographers' requests for the traditional "*bon voyage*" stance. Going-away suit is the one he wore to U.S. back in 1913

# 39 YEARS... $23,000...

## THEN HOME TO HIS WIFE IN ITALY



**Indifferent to sights of famed Park Avenue, lonely Paolo tried making friends with a dog**

**His genuine good-by was for cameraman Lavine, one of the few who had become his friend**

FOR every man there is a dream. For most, it is an extravagance which never materializes. But for the few who work to pull it out of suspension, there is, ultimately, a dream come true.

For Crescenzo Paolo, when he sailed from his native Italy in 1913, the dream was to make his fortune in America. He was then twenty-eight. He left behind him a wife, a baby daughter and a farm. He meant to return soon, with his fortune, to a better life for himself and his family.

Last March, 39 years later, he did come home—to a land which had been swept by two world wars, to a wife who had grown old without him, to a daughter who had married and borne three children. But he brought home the dream: $23,000.

It was no Horatio Alger saga. In his long struggle here, Crescenzo Paolo had never earned more than $2,500 a year. Settling in Spokane, Washington, in 1913, he began seeking his fortune as a railroad man, laying down track for the Northern Pacific at $1.58 a day. Paolo worked hard, lived alone, made no friends, allowed himself few luxuries. (He did buy a big gold watch. "A railroad man needs a good watch," he said.)

Eventually Paolo became a foundry mechanic. His savings grew slowly, though he sent money home regularly with his letters. Through the years that aged him, he continued to work toward an undefined goal, never knowing quite where to stop.

Then abruptly, early in 1952, Paolo looked up and found himself an old man with a $23,000 bank account and a $69-a-month pension. Last March he withdrew his savings, put the money into two coffee bags, the bags into a pair of worn suitcases, and took a train for New York.

In Manhattan's crowded Grand Central Station his queries about "a good boat to Italy" got little attention ("No one in New York seemed to understand English," he said later). So Paolo sat down and waited for something to happen. He sat for four days and five nights, sleeping with his head upon the valises, taking them along when he went to eat. On the fifth day, he was directed to the Travelers Aid Society, and taken to the Italian Consulate. There the whole story came out. Suddenly, in the nation's press, he was the country's newest "eccentric": a day laborer with a hidden fortune. In the excitement the dream behind Paolo's $23,000 was only incidentally noted.

In the two weeks before his "good boat" sailed, Paolo—now under the sympathetic wing of the Travelers Aid Society—was shown New York. He saw the buildings, shops, subways, Automats, and —by his own request—the statue of Christopher Columbus. His final week end in the city was recorded for Collier's by photographer Arthur Lavine (two weeks later, Ted Castle's camera was on hand to capture his homecoming).

Before his departure, the little man looked often at his big gold watch. The colossal patience of 39 years was slipping. He was going home an old, tired man, with a dream fulfilled. All he wanted now, he said, was "a time of quiet, among my people, before I die." MARTHA WEINMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR LAVINE

TED CASTLE

**Two weeks after departure, Paolo was home with wife, who was almost a total stranger**

**First family dinner was strained, but he relaxed as awkwardness slowly diminished**

**First afternoon with grandchild, to whom he had been only a name, ended in smiles**

**First day with "boys," Paolo said happily: "It's so good. *Everybody* speaks Italian!"**

# Conventions: Party Time for Politicians

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

microphones at the front of the platform, one of the braces which he had to carry on his polio-crippled legs gave way—the only time I ever saw it happen. The President pitched forward and the pages of his speech scattered everywhere.

Swiftly—before anyone in the stands could see that anything unusual had happened—he was helped back to his feet. Those of us broadcasting his arrival, while we didn't mention his fall over the air, realized that the course of the campaign could be changed in the next few moments. A noticeably flustered Roosevelt, his voice wavering over a coast-to-coast network, would have destroyed in one stroke the public picture of a perpetually serene and confident chief executive.

No one need have been concerned. Calmly placing the mass of now muddy manuscript pages on the speaker's table, the President spoke out in his usual ringing voice, with not the slightest hint of a quaver. This was the night he proclaimed that "this generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny," certainly a true phrase and considered one of the brightest gems of Rooseveltian oratory.

SHOE REPAIR
Chon Day

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

Convention pathos in my mind is almost synonymous with political disappointment. The chief sufferers are the losing candidates. When the balloting is over and the last band note sounded, they and their followers pull down the campaign posters, manfully announce their support of the party's choice, and furtively eye the calendar, hopeful that there is enough youth left for another race in four years.

The wreckage of a campaign can be hard to get rid of. Shortly after the Republican convention selected Dewey in 1948, a newspaperman called up a prominent defeated G.O.P. candidate to express his sympathy and asked if there were anything he could do. "Yes," said the ex-candidate as he stood in a hotel suite filled with the bitter souvenirs of his futile campaign. "Help me get this damn' baby elephant out of my bathroom."

But disappointment is not limited to candidates. Delegates can be sufferers, too. Despite a wide belief to the contrary, delegates to party conventions are not all professional politicians. Mixed in with the party chieftains is a goodly share of stockbrokers, labor leaders, merchants, machinists and clerks. The main thing they have in common is an eagerness to devote time and effort to the task of keeping the people they like in charge of the local party organization, their local group on the winning side in the national convention and their party on top in each election.

For most delegates, attending the convention which shapes party destiny on a national level is an unforgettable experience. And there is no greater thrill for the average delegate than the rare invitation to proceed to the rostrum and, however briefly, address the convention.

I remember one such invitation well. It was at the 1944 Democratic convention. To demonstrate party unity, the National Committee had made provisions for Roosevelt's nomination to be seconded by delegates representing a variety of occupations. Up in the broadcasting booth, we viewed with alarm the reaction of one lucky delegate. A small-town businessman, he was deliriously happy as he prepared his short seconding speech. Hours before his convention debut he was explaining to everyone within hearing distance the tremendous significance of his forthcoming appearance.

But when the time came for his speech, he had to be virtually carried onto the great platform in the front of the hall and deposited on a chair just behind the speaker's table. It was a public-address announcer, not the delegate, who read the carefully polished few words. The joyful businessman had downed so many congratulatory toasts that he couldn't possibly have spoken—or even stood at the microphone.

While the idea of a national political convention—and all its attendant excitement—isn't quite so old as the republic, the convention method of selecting Presidential candidates has been part of the American scene for more than 100 years.

In our first two elections, George Washington was named President by electors chosen either by popular vote or by state legislatures. By 1796, political parties had been formed, and the candidates—in this case John Adams and Thomas Jefferson—were named by meetings, called caucuses, of each party's Congressional delegation. Then, in 1831, the short-lived Anti-Mason party, with no congressmen for a caucus, held the first national political convention. Later the same year, Henry Clay's National Republicans followed suit; and in 1832, the Democratic party of Andrew Jackson had a national convention of its own.

The fact that both major parties have been plotting the details of this month's meetings since early in 1951 gives an idea of the importance of today's conventions.

### Fewer Seats but More Comfort

The Chicago Convention Building and International Amphitheater was selected as the specific location for the two meetings in a long interparty conclave last November. In many respects, the auditorium with the mouth-filling title will be the most unusual national convention site in history. Situated next to the Windy City's large meat-packing area, it was originally built to house livestock shows. Although it will seat only about 11,000 at the conventions (against almost 20,000 for the previously used Chicago Stadium), it was selected because it is better adapted for television coverage and will be air-conditioned. The cool air, in itself, will provide a considerable change. Sweat-soaked delegates in the past have been almost as characteristic of conventions as the Democratic donkey and the Republican elephant.

There is no question that television will be an important factor in the coming conventions. It's estimated that as many as 50,000,000 people—almost a third of the population—will see some part of at least one of the conventions on their screens.

In some respects, the video viewer and the radio listener probably will know more of what is going on at any given moment than the actual delegates and visitors seated in the hall. During the balloting, for example, TV and radio reporters will keep the public constantly informed of the standings, with a running tabulation of the totals. And with important party officials and political experts frequently facing the cameras and microphones, the audience will be able to spot a trend almost before it is born.

The piercing eye of the television camera undoubtedly will also inhibit delegates' actions. With the rise of Willkie at the 1940 Republican convention, I remember seeing Taft men surreptitiously switch to "We Want Willkie" buttons whenever they approached the eventual nominee's campaign headquarters at the Warwick Hotel in Philadelphia. A maneuver like this could be a daredevil stunt in the TV year of 1952.

Despite their widely publicized differences, our two major parties follow fairly similar convention procedures. In addition to the regular delegates from the states and other U.S. territories, both parties have individual methods of awarding extra delegates-at-large to states which have favored their nominees at the polls. The Republicans will have 1,206 delegates at their convention this year, with a minimum of 604 votes needed to secure a nomination. The Democrats will have 24 more delegate votes. Again, only a simple majority, in this case 616, is needed for nomination.

Despite the small difference in total voting strength, the Democrats will have by far the larger representation in Chicago. That's because the party gives some delegates only fractional votes, while the Republicans give each delegate one full vote.

Each delegate, whatever his party, has an alternate whose job it is to take over if the regular should be out of the hall for any reason. This year's busiest alternate is likely to be the gentleman from Missouri who has to back up delegate Harry S. Truman. The President has said he won't take his seat as a delegate until the balloting at the Democratic convention has ended. At the convention, the regular delegates are grouped around their state signs and seated in front of the hall. Directly behind them, in exactly the same seating arrangement and with similar signs, are the alternates.

The first day of both conventions is devoted mostly to organizational matters. There are the welcoming speeches—usually by the mayor and governor of the host city and state—temporary roll calls and the official selection of committees (which, in reality, were chosen long before the convention, at meetings of political chiefs).

The keynote address, designed to inspire the faithful and provide ammunition for the forthcoming campaign, is delivered on the convention's first evening. A temporary chairman (often the keynoter) presides until the permanent officers take over, with a flurry of speeches, on the second day. By the convention's third day, the party is ready to get down to really serious business. Buttressed fore and aft by oratory, the platform committee submits its idea of what the party should stand for in the election battle. Final approval can be a lengthy process, especially if the convention is divided over a major issue.

The next big item on the program is nominations for the Presidency. Then comes the balloting, with the states calling out their votes in alphabetical order. Once the Presidential candidate is selected the delegates have to do it all over again to choose the Vice-Presidential nominee.

In spite of the long months of careful planning and the meticulously prepared programs, national political conventions rarely run with perfect smoothness. One major, if indirect, purpose of a convention is to impress the great voting public with the fact that the nation cannot long survive without the services of the party now harmoniously choosing its candidates.

### Sharp Disputes Often Occur

Yet most conventions seem to be marked by at least a few sharp disputes. There was little evidence of party harmony at the 1940 Republican convention, when voting delegates shook their fists at the Willkie fans in the galleries, or at the 1948 Democratic convention, when the Mississippi delegation and part of the Alabama group angrily stomped off the floor because they disagreed with the party's civil-rights stand.

Even the radio and press people have their share of problems during the hectic convention periods. At one of the 1940 conventions, for example, the hotel headquarters of one broadcasting company was located next to a lavatory. Each evening, mischievous members of a rival network made sure that plumbing sounds were heard regularly over the opposition's network.

Radio rivalry also was at least partially responsible for the length of one spirited convention demonstration. The year was 1936 and Herbert Hoover was addressing the Republican convention. One radio network had no important programs scheduled for later in the evening. But another had an expensive and highly lucrative show slated to follow the Hoover speech.

No sooner did the former President finish his talk than the enthusiastic delegates surged from their seats in a great Hoover demonstration. But the news director of the "free" network, shrewdly intent on disrupting the opposition's commercial schedule, was taking no chances. He phoned the convention bandleader, whom he had made it a point to know, to tell him to keep playing without interruption and, above all, not to answer any more telephone calls.

The bandleader, high up in the convention hall, followed directions perfectly. Over and over, his musicians played We Want Hoover, Three Blind Mice (in Republican circles that year it was called "Three Long Years"), Onward Christian Soldiers, and The Battle Hymn of the Republic. The demonstration lasted 37 minutes, continuing long after Hoover had left the auditorium. The chagrined rival network was trapped into covering an apparently endless stampede; by the time it dared shut off its convention microphones, it had lost half of its big commercial show.

Each convention I have seen has brimmed over with fresh excitement.

I remember in particular a telephone call from my wife while I was describing the 1948 Democratic get-together. Listening to the early stages at home, she complained that the convention couldn't be as exciting as it sounded because everybody knew that the future of the party looked so dim the delegates scarcely had the spirit to cheer.

But seething intraparty squabbles did make the convention exciting. A Draft-Eisenhower movement had soared and collapsed. A Stop-Truman campaign had flared and fizzled. And in the middle of the convention came the Mississippi-Alabama walkout while Southern music and scattered rebel yells echoed in the hall.

After the final gavel, the Democrats went out to appeal (successfully) to the country. I had already heard in a rather different way from the country. During the Southern bolt an indignant telegram came in.

"Don't ever talk," clucked the wire, "while the band plays Dixie." THE END

# Lopez and the Indian Signs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

on the theory that his players were too dumb to accept signs. Uncle Robbie purchased Lopez for the Dodgers himself, on the strength of a single exhibition game he saw Al catch for Jacksonville in 1927. The Dodgers Al eventually joined were the dashing Dodgers, indeed, running the bases with the reckless abandon of Washington Irving's Headless Horseman.

Robbie's sign for a double steal was to touch both frames of his eyeglasses simultaneously. One humid day at Wrigley Field the Dodgers filled the bases against Chicago. The portly Robbie hunched forward on the bench, the better to follow the action. His glasses were steamed from the heat and he removed them for polishing. By the time he got them back on, Dodgers were being thrown out all over the lot.

### Painful Memories of Flatbush

Lopez, like all bench managers, gives the offensive signs to his coaches, Tony Cuccinello at third base and Jake Flowers at first. The third-base coach relays the signs to the left-handed batters, who are facing him, and the first-base coach signals the right-handed hitters. Tony and Jake, like Al, are survivors of those happily forgotten days with the Dodgers when the mortgage company breathed down the manager's neck and baseball science was as rare in Brooklyn as it was in Timbuktu.

Lest the Cleveland fans be outraged by the thought that the direction of their beloved Indians lies wholly in the hands of refugees from the Flatbush Follies, Lopez has as his pitching coach Mel Harder, one of Cleveland's most respected baseball figures. Mel, until last year when Bobby Feller passed him, had the distinction of winning more games for the Indians than any pitcher the Indians ever had. Bill Lobe, an ex-minor-league catcher, is the bull-pen chaperon.

Casey Stengel, the Yankee boss, is a great booster for Cuccinello. "Coochi is just as good a sign stealer as Charley Dressen," declared Stengel, "but he never lets on about it, so you don't know what he's getting away with."

Cuccinello and Lopez both played under Stengel with two previous clubs—Brooklyn and the Boston Braves. There were rumors in both places that Casey and Al didn't always see eye to eye, but neither ever has publicly said a harsh word about the other. As a matter of fact, Stengel, Lopez and several other players have owned interests in an east Texas oil venture for the last 15 years.

Lopez stands in front of the dugout, usually on the second step, to give his signs. Since not all dugouts are similarly constructed, Al's forward position eliminates any possibility of either of his coaches not being in a position to catch his signs.

Signs are not changed too frequently, although it becomes necessary to devise an entire new set after a player has been traded to another club in the league. "Just on a hunch, we may change the signs in the course of a season," explained Al, "particularly if we believe a club is getting on to them. To protect against sign stealing, I employ a lot of what we call 'throw-offs,' gestures after I have already given the sign which mean nothing but may fool the foe into thinking that one of them is a sign."

Signs are stolen by observation, and no professional athletes are more acute observers than ballplayers. The easiest sign to steal, and therefore the one changed most frequently, is the bunt sign. The bunt situation crops up often in the course of a game and the defensive manager and players are always alert for a sign which will let them know that the batter is going to bunt, in which case, if there is a man on base, a pitch-out is called for.

Lopez was asked why no ball club ever employed numerical signs, such as the signals used by football teams. "I never even thought of it," he answered, "but I imagine the noise from the stands is the big reason why it has never been tried. You can't call your team in a huddle as you would in football. In fact, those coaches who usually call curve- and fast-ball tip-offs to the batter—and I'm not saying mine do—sometimes have to use hand signals because they can't be heard."

Players who have received a sign usually indicate to the coach that it has been received. A batter may knock the dirt from his cleats, a runner may adjust the roll of his baseball pants to indicate reception and acceptance. Most batters have their own hit-and-run sign to relay to a runner to let him know whether the play is still on.

Just as a pitcher has the privilege of shaking off a sign from the catcher, so does a batter have the right to pick out his own pitch for a hit-and-run. The ideal spot for a hit-and-run play, of course, is when the batter has three balls, which means that if the fourth ball is pitched out of his reach he walks and there is no chance of the runner being thrown out.

Signaling is one thing and having it bear fruit is another. Lopez and his signs possess no more degree of infallibility than those of any other manager. The Indians this year lost a tough 2-to-1 decision to the Senators in extra innings because of a signal mix-up. With one out in the twelfth, Harry Simpson tripled against Sid Hudson. Cleveland's next hitter was Bobby Avila, one of the club's most resourceful bat manipulators.

It looked like an ideal spot for the squeeze, and the squeeze was what Lopez signaled for. Anticipating this, Hudson pitched out, but Avila managed to get a piece of the ball and bunt it foul. Al flashed the squeeze sign again, then a sign that it was off. Flowers, at first base, caught both signs and relayed to Avila to lay off. Cuccinello, at third, didn't get the "off" sign and whispered to Simpson, "Be alert." Again Hudson pitched out and this time Avila didn't offer at the ball. Mickey Grasso, the Washington catcher, had Simpson, who had dashed for the plate, hung up as neatly as a Christmas turkey.

In his managerial career, Lopez never finished worse than second. He won the American Association pennant with Indianapolis in 1948 and was second there the next two years. And he was second with Cleveland in his big-league debut last year. Although considered one of the standout catchers of his day, Al has never seen a World Series except by purchasing a ticket.

### How Dodgers Blew a Pennant

Lopez had his brightest chance for the pot of gold with Brooklyn in 1930, when the Dodgers held a half-game lead over St. Louis in mid-September. The Cardinals came to Ebbets Field and swept a three-game series, not only ousting the Dodgers from the lead but throwing them into such a tizzy that they wound up fourth!

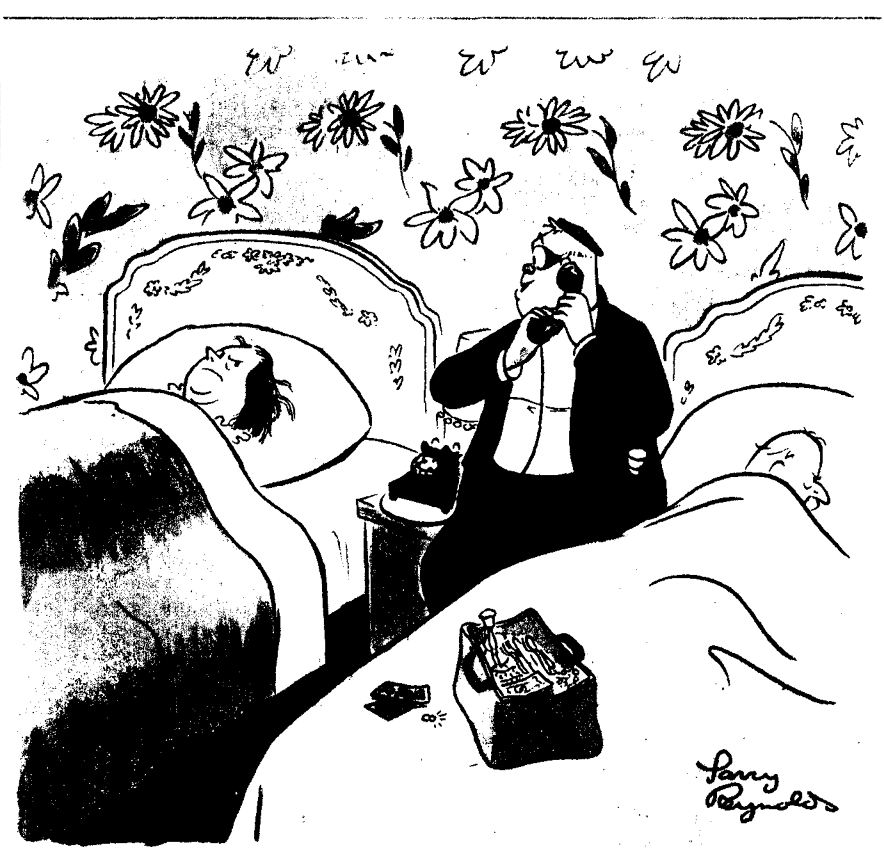
In the opening game of the series, the doughty Cardinal southpaw, Bill Hallahan, beat Dazzy Vance 1 to 0 in 10 innings, but Brooklyn had a chance to take all the marbles in the last half of the tenth. The bases were filled with one out and Lopez at bat.

Al shot one at Sparky Adams at short, who fumbled the ball, but made a quick recovery to get it to Frankie Frisch at second for a force-out. And, as two Brooklyn runners tore across the plate on the heels of each other, Frisch relayed the ball to Jim Bottomley at first to double up Lopez and end the game.

Although this is only Lopez' second year as a major-league pilot, he already has the trade-mark of the managers, a nervous stomach. It isn't anything more than a semipro ulcer at the moment but give it time. And some missed signs. For Al, like countless managers before him, has discovered the great truth that signs are like brothers-in-law—they're good only when they work.

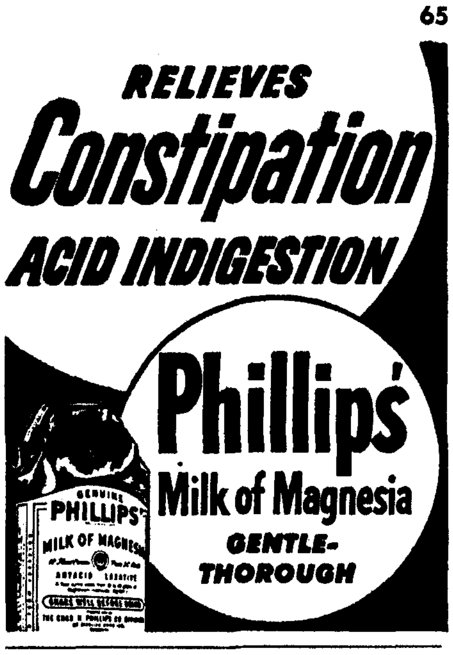
But there is one sign that can't miss, says Lopez. "It is the intentional pass. You just stand out in front of the dugout and point to first base." THE END

## BUTCH



"It's my girl friend. She wants to know if you got any real expensive perfume"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS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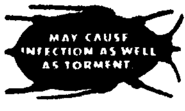

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# Wolf's Clothing

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

At the wedding was the first time I saw him kiss her. He came down the reception line, looking dazed and happy, as if he'd been at the champagne or someone had sapped him, and he kissed her good. I didn't mind—everyone was kissing everyone—and when he got pushed along in front of me, that dizzy look still on his face, we shook hands as if we meant it.

"Congratulations," he said, and he did mean it.

You've got to like a good loser, and right then I liked Dick Ash. I said, "Thanks, old man," and, because I meant it too, "be seeing you. Be seeing you around."

Little did I know.

But to get back to the station.

THE 9:23 came sliding in, the bell sounding, a hiss of air as the brakes took hold, and there stood Dick Ash; there he stood beaming. Part of it was sunburn, from helping Susie weed her garden, but mostly it was that inner glow he got around Babs and the kids, the glow that was darkening my outlook on married life.

"Dick," I said, "you'd better get moving."

He just looked at me. "You," he said. "You and Babs and Peter and Susan." He waggled his head. "My family," he said. "The perfect family."

This was his standard sign-off; it always came with the good-bys. I said, "Beat it, Dick. Unless you want to stand all the way to town."

He didn't budge. "The perfect marriage," he said. "The perfect husband." He sighed happily. "The perfect wife." Then he leaned in and kissed her.

That did it.

"Dick," I yelled. "Get the hell on that train!"

You've got to see how it was.

There he stood in his handmade British brogues and his British sack suit, the rising executive with a fat bank account and a hotel apartment on Fifth Avenue.

There he stood, no little place in the country with a big mortgage to worry about, not commuting every day so the kids could learn to add up cows and grass and get milk, not laying by insurance policies to put the kids through college.

There he stood, solvent and single.

"Damn it," I said. "Scram. Go get a wife of your own to kiss."

It didn't faze him. He smiled at Babs. "It's all right," he said. "It's that ninety-five he shot at golf this morning. Don't let it worry you."

Babs never lets anything worry her. She looked up and said calmly, "The train, Dickie," and he ran for it.

It was moving, but he made it. He even got a seat; I waited to see. He got a seat by a window and waved out at us, still beaming.

Babs said, "Well? Do we spend the night here?"

I started the car. I backed out. I took off and spun the wheels and threw gravel halfway to Greenwich, and what did it get me?

Pete said, "Pop, why don't we trade this heap in for a Jaguar?"

Babs didn't even watch the road. She turned and said, "Peter, we'll hear no more of Jaguars." Then she said, "Susan, you weren't very nice to Uncle Dick. You'll have to mind your manners."

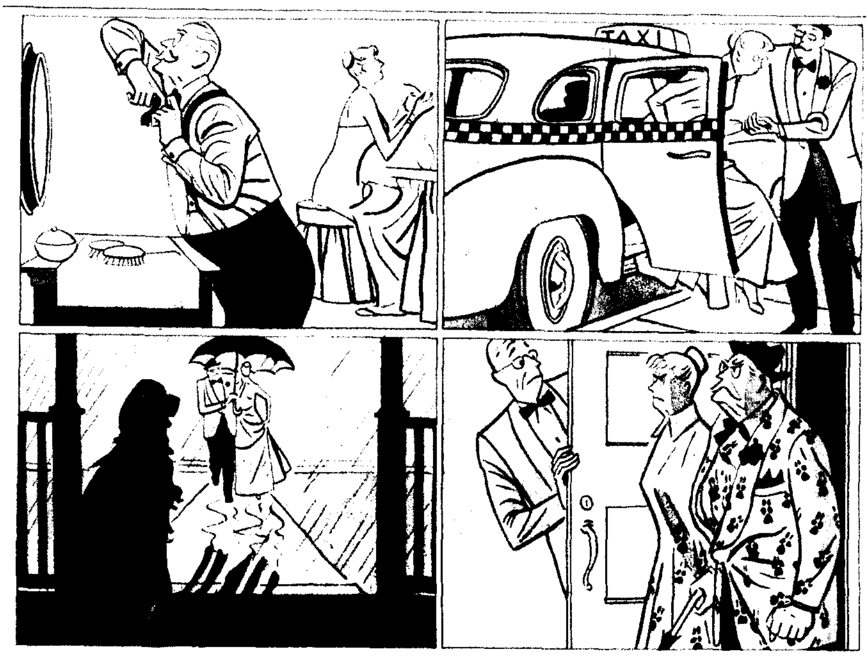
Susie said, "I'm sorry. But I'm not going to marry anyone. Not ever." She paused thoughtfully. "Sometimes Uncle Dick is sort of slow on the uptake."

She got that from Pete, and I had to laugh, if you could call it a laugh. "Susie," I told her, "you can say that again."

She began: "Uncle Dick is—"

Babs said, "Susan."

## CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

We made it home without killing anyone, and by the time I got the car put away, Babs had the kids upstairs, out-of-reach. I came in through the kitchen, making all the noise I could, but she had her head in the refrigerator and wouldn't look up; so I banged on into the living room.

After a bit, she came in with a drink in her hand.

"Here." She handed it to me and sat down in her chair beside the fireplace. She slipped her shoes off and yawned comfortably and said, "You and Dickie. What got into you?"

I tried the drink. It was a double.

I said, "Barbara, I love you. Believe me. I love you dearly."

She looked skeptical. "Would you put it in writing?"

I took another sip. I said, "I honor you. I cherish you. You are flesh of my flesh, life of my life, you are—"

"Mummie!" Susie shouted from upstairs. "I can't find my nightgown."

Babs called, "Sleep raw," and nodded to me and said, "Don't stop now."

"It's me or Dick. One of us has got to go."

She slid down and pulled her feet up under her, and, except for a certain patient expression about the eyes, she didn't look a day older than when I married her. Not two days, anyway.

"All right," she said. "Tell me."

I told her. I told her most men beefed about marrying their mothers-in-law, but they didn't know how good they had it, not married to a faithful suitor. I told her I was sick and tired of having Uncle Dick turn up on my doorstep every Christmas, every Thanksgiving, every Fourth of July, not to mention anniversaries, birthdays and week ends. I told her it was my recollection that she was my wife, Pete and Susie were my kids, we were my family, not Dick's, I paid the bills, I got the grief, it had been thirteen years, and I was fed up on him muscling in for a free ride.

Babs didn't bat an eye. She said, "Imagine—thirteen years."

I said, "Let him go raise a family of his own. Let him get married and see how he likes it." I didn't mean that the way it sounded, maybe, but it was out, and I set my jaw for action.

Babs just smiled. "Oh, no," she said. "Not marriage. Not Dickie."

"Why not?" I said. "Marriage is good enough for me. Why not Dick?"

She gave me that patient look. "No woman in her right mind would have him. You know that. Dickie's always in love. But nothing ever happens."

It was true; regular as the seasons, Dick fell in love. He fell in love with blondes and brunettes and redheads and brought them out for us to see, and to watch him you'd think each one was the One. He'd be glassy-eyed and breathless, and you'd be sure this time it was fatal; but in a month he'd turn up with a new one. I couldn't figure it, unless it was some primitive instinct for self-preservation, but I had to admire him. Hell, sometimes I envied him, but now I wasn't so sure.

I tried it on Babs. I said, "Lover, you've got it wrong. Dick's smart. He's elusive."

She shook her head.

I said, "That last girl of his. The redhead. Gertrude. Gwendolyn. Gladys—"

"Gloria."

"She thought she had him. Truckloads of flowers. Tons of candy. Gallons of perfume. But when she tried to reel him in, he slipped off the hook."

Babs gave me a peculiar pitying look. "Gloria reeled him in. She netted him. But when she got a good look, she threw him back."

"Why?" I had an uneasy feeling. "The guy's got money; he's got a kind heart; he's got most of his hair."

She watched me for a moment, as if she wasn't sure I was old enough. Finally she said, "Dickie's sweet. He's thoughtful. He's chivalrous. I'm terribly fond of Dickie, but—"

"But what?"

"He's just too sweet. A woman likes to think she's a little afraid of the man she marries. That he's got some of the beast in him."

"Beast?"

"She likes to think so."

"And Dick?"

She shook her head. "Dear Dickie."

"So!" I said. "So that's it. We've got to stir up the wolf in Mister Ash."

Babs began to fizz, fresh and clear, like champagne bubbling over. "Dickie," she giggled. "Dickie—a wolf!" Then she said, "It's fantastic. Dickie couldn't fool any woman. Not even Mrs. Locke."

Just like that she hit on it.

Louise Locke was little and blonde, with big, helpless, blue eyes, but off her record she was about as helpless as a crocodile. She'd snapped up husbands in Illinois and California, Texas and New York; she'd been to Reno so often they'd made her an honorary permanent resident. Right now she was on the prowl in Connecticut; but West Southport is a young-married town, and after the wives got one look at her, they put their men on short leash.

I said, "Babs, you're wonderful. Mrs. Locke. She's for Dick."

She asked, "You're sure it's Dickie?"

I grinned at her. Babs knows she couldn't get rid of me, short of amputation, but she likes to say things like that, likes to keep me built up.

"Now that you mention it," I said, "it does look like an awful waste of blonde. But I'll make the sacrifice."

She watched me a moment and said, "Well, you can try."

"I can't miss. Dick marries Mrs. Locke, and we live happily ever after."

She sighed. "Poor Dickie. I'll miss him. He's so much better than you are about helping with the dishes."

I said, "What's the down payment on an automatic washer?"

"You," she said. "You'll miss him too."

"Me?"

"No more fishing trips on Saturday. No Sunday-morning golf. With Uncle Dick gone, you'll have to stay home and entertain the children."

That set me back, but only for a moment. I said, "To save our marriage, I'll even give up my week ends."

She lifted an eyebrow. "As bad as that?"

I nodded sternly. "Either we get Dick off my neck, or I'm apt to go berserk. I'm apt to beat you. I'm apt to ship the kids off to reform school."

She stared at me. "You would, wouldn't you?"

"I would what?"

She put her arm through mine. "Beat me."

Her eyes were slanted up at me, and I knew she was fooling, but with Babs you can't be sure. "Positively," I said. "I'd beat you black and blue."

"That's what I mean." She looked dreamy, or maybe just sleepy. "The beast in a man." She squeezed my arm. "You frighten me. You really do."

I knew enough to keep my mouth shut. I led her off to bed.

DICK was out in Chicago that week end, exercising his expense account; and the whole business might have slipped my mind, except that we took the kids to the beach and I ran into Louise Locke. At least, I say I ran into her. Babs says I went looking for her, but nobody had to go looking with so much of her showing in that white strapless suit. There she was, and I remembered Dick, and I plunked down beside her in the sand; and just like magic every wife on the beach craned her neck to look at Babs, and every husband craned his neck to look at me.

I pretended not to notice. I said, "Hi, Louise."

She curled over toward me, and those curves did things in the sun glare—sort of shimmered, like a mirage. She smiled and turned up her baby-blue eyes, and right then I understood all about the Lorelei and those poor guys drowning.

I caught at the first straw. I said, "Babs sent me over."

## JUST THE SPOT

**For a two weeks' vacation I know a nice spot**
**That's never too chilly and never too hot.**
**It is, of all places, the one we like best.**
**It's really relaxing and grand for a rest.**
**We drive there each summer, we're starting to pack...**
**It takes one week to get there and one to get back.**

—RICHARD ARMOUR

"Babs?" She put on her dimmers. "How nice."

I said, "How's it for dinner at our place next Saturday? We've got this man coming out from town."

"Man?" Her brights came on again.

"Single fellow," I said. "One of Babs's old faithfuls." I looked dubious. "Or so she thinks."

Her eyes got teeth in them. "Really?"

I gave what I hoped was a hollow laugh. "It beats me. The guy has everything—job, money, looks. And just because he never got married, Babs thinks he's still her patsy."

She said, "How sweet," and started doodling with a forefinger in the sand.

I said, "The truth is, he's dame-proof. Hedy Lamarr couldn't marry Dick Ash. Lloyd's of London would give you ten to one on it."

"Ash?" she said. "Dick Ash?"

"Saturday," I said. "Sevenish."

BABS wasn't even watching when I started back; she wouldn't give those other wives the satisfaction. But the kids had their eyes open.

Pete said, "Jeez, Pop, who's the old bag?"

I looked at him, trying to remember he was only twelve. I said, "Quit saying jeez. She's not an old bag."

Susie said, "That suit. She looks like a toasted marshmallow busting open."

Babs said, "Please, children—no personal remarks." She turned to me, and after Louise Locke she looked slim and serene and somehow sanitary. "Well, Cupid?"

I said, "I shot an arrow into the air—it fell to earth and you know where."

She said, "Poor Dickie."

He was easy. The next Wednesday, I had lunch with him and gave him the business. I said, "We're expecting you for the week end."

He beamed. "Oh, sure. I brought the kids a little something from Chicago."

He was always bringing someone a little something—a five-foot panda for Susie, a raw-silk coolie coat for Babs, a knockdown model plane for Pete, a silver cigarette lighter for me—and for a moment I felt like Benedict Arnold.

Then he went on: "How is everyone? How's my family?"

That fixed him. I put on my best false smile. "Fine. We're all fine. And by the way, Babs is having a friend in for dinner on Saturday. I'm supposed to ask you to be nice to her."

"Her?" He perked up. "What's she like?"

"So." I made him an hourglass in the air with my hands. "But be careful with her."

"Careful?"

I looked sad. "She's had it tough. Lost her husband." She'd lost four that I knew of, but I didn't want to be redundant. I said, "Be nice, but don't mention marriage. It breaks her up. You know how it is."

"Oh, sure." He nodded solemnly. "I'll watch it. No marriage. I won't even speak the word."

I had it figured for a simple cat-and-mouse problem. If Dickie took one look at Louise and rolled over and played dead, she wouldn't bother with him. But if he put up a show of fight, if she thought he was trying to get away, then she'd pounce, and the next thing he'd hear would be Lohengrin.

Babs says it didn't make sense, a mouse isn't a beast, everyone knows that, but I say the cat doesn't know it and neither did Mrs. Locke. I still say it might have come out all right, except for Susie.

Dick brought the kid two hundred tulip bulbs, and he'd picked up a samurai sword for Pete; so the two of them didn't give us too big a beef when we fed them early and shooed them upstairs. Then we sat around, waiting for Mrs. Locke, and she made quite an entrance, done up all soft and summery. Dick took one look, and his eyes began to glaze, so I nudged him.

"Remember," I said. "Careful!"

"Careful?" It took him a second, but he caught on. "Oh, yes." He looked grave and sympathetic. "I'll remember."

Dick was like that, a good guy, but pretty soon I began to see what Babs meant about his being too sweet. Mrs. Locke was playing it demure, so arch and girlish I thought Babs would bite her, but Dick was Old South and he took it big. He gave her the full magnolia treatment—little half-bows across the dinner table, as though he'd kiss her hand if he could reach it, and tender half-smiles that seemed touched with a secret sorrow. He was wonderful; he made me feel like a hog caller.

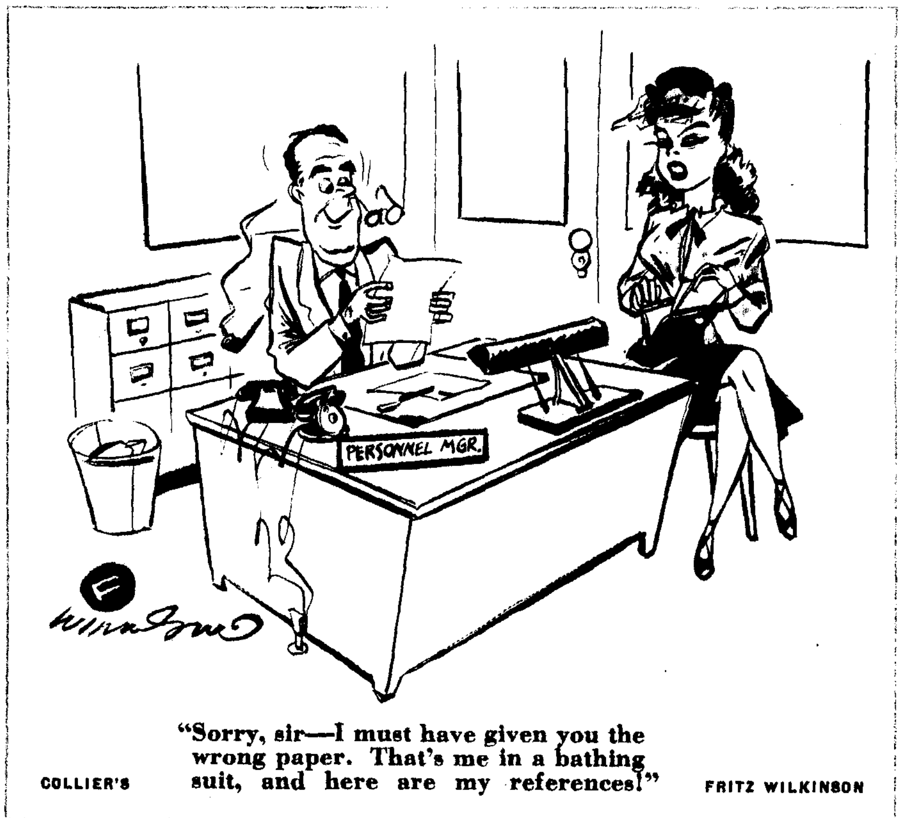
But Babs couldn't take it. Along about coffee, she said, "Dick, what's this I hear about you and Gloria?"

"Gloria?" He looked blank, and I'll say this for Dick: once he met a new girl, he had trouble remembering the last one. He said, "Gloria who?"

Babs said, "The dancer. You know—the redhead. Someone said you two were getting married."

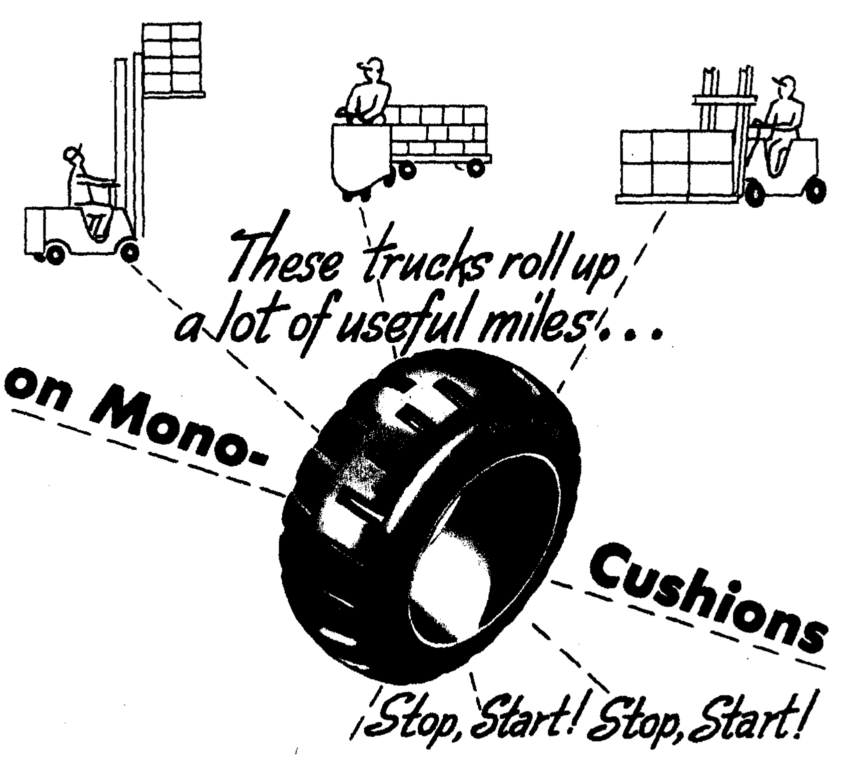
There was the Word, and Dick looked alarmed. He said, "Oh no," and stared at Babs reproachfully. "Not me. Not Gloria."

I gave Babs a look, but she kept right



"Sorry, sir—I must have given you the wrong paper. That's me in a bathing suit, and here are my references!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON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on: "Who was it then—Ginny? I liked Ginny." Babs could be terribly innocent. "Or Veronica. She had money, didn't she? Or was that Esmé?"

"Please," he said. "Please!" He sat very stiff for a moment, then turned to Mrs. Locke and made her that little bow. "The truth is, Gloria wouldn't have me. None of them would."

He made a mouse look like a dinosaur, and I was ready to spank Babs and resign from the male sex, till I noticed Mrs. Locke. She had a smile on her face that would chill your blood.

"Why, Dick," she sighed. "What a nice thing to say."

It was those Gone-with-the-Wind manners. She thought he was being gallant and discreet, defending Gloria's fair name, and right then I decided Dick was done for. I grinned at Babs because she'd set him up for it, but all she did was raise one eyebrow.

She says she wasn't surprised at Dickie, but she was surprised at Mrs. Locke. She says she didn't think any woman could be that man-crazy, but, even so, she wasn't worried. She says she knew her Dickie, she had every confidence in him, he'd bring Louise back to her senses somehow.

Babs is a girl who likes the first word, the last word, and a few words in the middle, and I've quit arguing. All I say is, we had a hot summer that year, and Dickie and Mrs. Locke didn't cool things off any.

HE KEPT coming out week ends, but now we hardly saw him, and I began needling Babs about wedding presents. A small gold ball-and-chain, I suggested, but she said it wasn't funny. And after a while it wasn't, because, as always with Dick, nothing seemed to happen. The weeks passed; his eyes glazed, and he gasped like a dying fish, but no Tiffany engraving showed up in the mail.

What's more, I now seemed to spend all my Saturday mornings steering Babs's baskets through the West Southport supermarket, and the kids were getting awfully familiar with me.

If Susie didn't have me out in the yard with a spade, Pete had me down in the cellar sanding balsa wood, and no credit from either of them.

Pete said, "Pop, you're sure clumsy."

Susie said, "Oh, Daddy. Not that way, not tulips. You plant each bulb in a little wire basket so the moles won't eat them. It tells in the book."

Finally I got Babs aside and said, "Lover, kindly call off your young." I said, "It's a privilege to share their small joys and sorrows—I realize that—but seven days a week is rubbing it in. It was simpler when they didn't know me so well and I got some respect around the house."

"But, darling—" she gave me a sweet smile— "they're *your* children. Remember? It's *your* family."

She was just waiting for me to yell uncle—Uncle Dick—but I had some fight left. I ran into Mrs. Locke on the train next morning and decided to take steps. There was a seat beside her—there was always a seat beside Louise Locke, courtesy of the Amalgamated Wives of West Southport—but I was feeling desperate and I took it.

I said, "Well, well, well. Going to town?"

There was nowhere else she could be going unless the New Haven Railroad was running backward, but it gave the assorted husbands time for a good look. Then, when the papers stopped rattling, I got down to business.

I said, "Funny thing—meeting you like this. Only last night Babs and I were talking about you." I laughed confidentially. "Or I was. About you and Dick Ash."

"Oh?" She opened up those eyes on me.

I nodded. "I think for once he's serious."

"Really?"

"Of course, Babs says it's ridiculous. She says she's seen him like this before. She says it's just part of his technique."

"Does she?"

I looked thoughtful. "I suppose she's right. After all, she's had him around all these years; she ought to know. But we got into this argument."

"Argument?"

"I offered to bet that you could have Dick if you wanted him. Babs just laughed."

Her eyes began to turn agate blue, and I thought I'd gone far enough. I reached for a cigarette and started to light it, then said, "Oops, I thought this was a smoker," and got out of her car.

The next day, I called Dick for lunch, and when we came to dessert I let him have it. I told him I'd ridden in with Mrs. Locke, and we'd had a talk. Then I put on my best paternal manner.

"Dick," I said, "perhaps I shouldn't tell you this. But one thing we talked about was whether or not you're serious."

"Me?" He looked puzzled. "Me—serious?"

"Your intentions." I gave him a cold eye. "Are they honorable? Do you intend to marry the girl, or are you just acting the playboy?"

"But you said—"

"Exactly." I nodded sternly. "The memory of a departed husband is a sacred thing. Louise Locke is not one of your silly chorus girls. If this is just a passing fancy—"

"But wait!" he said. "Wait!"

I shook my head sadly. "I was afraid you'd say that."

"But me! Her! You don't understand." He had that glassy-eyed look. "Did she really— I mean, do you think—"

"Yes," I said. "I do."

He sat for a moment, dazed and happy, then he began to blush. "Women," he said. "I always seem to— That is, I never—" He gave me a helpless look. "How do you— I mean, what do you say so they don't laugh?"

"Dick," I said. "I'll tell you a secret. You don't say anything. You don't have to."

"But how—"

"Just show her the ring and let nature take its course."

"Not a word?"

"Not a word."

He looked doubtful. "Babs? You and Babs?"

I nodded.

"Well!" He beamed at me. "I don't know how to thank you. It's so simple. Just a ring."

I planned it all out for him. This week end he'd go straight to Mrs. Locke's, but we'd expect them for dinner, and we'd expect to see the ring on her finger when they walked in the door.

"Just remember," I said. "Not a word."

He shook hands on it. "Not a word."

It was Babs's idea, letting Pete and Susie stay down to dinner that night. When I told her what I'd done, she said it might work, it just might, if Mrs. Locke didn't believe in long engagements. She said it might be fun and certainly it ought to be educational, especially for Susie.

Right up to the end, I thought I'd pulled it off. Along about six thirty, Mrs. Locke's car came rolling up, and Dick was at the wheel; and I knew this was the tip-off because Mrs. Locke was a dame who liked the driver's seat. I went out to meet them and gave them the hearty hello, and then, after what struck me as a decent interval, I let myself see the ring.

"Well, well, well!" I said. "Something new has been added." I took her hand and held it up to Babs and the kids. "Look!" Then I gave Dickie a roguish leer. "Is this your doing?"

He turned shocking pink. "Louise—I—we—"

Mrs. Locke looked straight at Babs. "We wanted you to be the first to know."

Babs just smiled sweetly. "Why, Dickie—how nice."

"I'll bet your kid brother is getting scared. Maybe we better take him home"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

Not Susie. She let out a yell. "No!" You could have heard her half a mile. "No, Uncle Dick. *No!*"

He stood and stared at her.

She sent her voice up a few decibels: "You said you'd marry *me*. You said you'd *wait*."

"But, Susie—" Dickie wet his lips. He looked around for help. He looked to Babs, but she wasn't noticing. He said, "Susie. Sweetheart. I—uh—you—"

"No!" Susie was sobbing. "I won't listen. I won't let you."

She threw herself on him like a small, wet octopus. "Please, Uncle Dick. What about our tulips? *Please!*"

Somebody had to do something. I looked at Babs, but she seemed enthralled by the sunset. I was trying to think just what one did at a time like this, when Louise Locke did it.

She said, "Heavens—what a neurotic child."

Susie broke loose and turned on her. "I'm *not* neurotic. *You* are. You're an old, fat, busting *marshmallow*. You're an old *bag*."

After that, things got complicated. I think Louise slapped Susie, and I think Susie tromped on Louise's instep. Anyway, it ended with a general retreat of all forces.

Louise said, "Please, Richard!" It was funny: in thirteen years, I'd never heard him called that. "Please," she said coldly. "Take me home." And she swooped across the lawn and into the car. This time she got behind the wheel.

Susie ran into the house, bawling.

Dickie stood for a moment, looking horrified, but then Louise called out, "Richard," and he turned tail.

My son and heir watched them leave, and said, "Jeez, is *she* an old stinker!"

I'd had enough. I said, "Pete, go to your room."

He stared at me as if I'd lost my wits, and then loafed toward the front door, scuffing his feet. I took a deep breath and turned to Babs.

"Well," I said, "I guess that wraps up Uncle Dick."

I tried to make it sound triumphant, but somehow it came out sort of hollow, and Babs looked up at me slantwise. She made me a half-smile.

"It's all right," she said. "I just hope you're hungry. I fixed enough for six."

She says she heard Dickie come back and tiptoe upstairs, and maybe she did. She says she wasn't surprised, and maybe she wasn't. All I know is that we'd finished soup, and I was carving a week's salary of beef when I began hearing strange noises from Susie's bedroom.

I looked at Babs. "Is she still crying?"

"Laughing." Babs shook her head. "*Thirteen years and two children, and you still can't tell.*"

I said, "You're their mother—you're around them more than—"

Then Dickie walked in. He said, "Please. Pete and Susie. Let them come down. I promised them they could."

I stared at him. "You. What about you and Mrs.—"

He looked pained. "Don't say it."

"But—"

"She doesn't understand children. I told her I had to come back and explain to Susie, and she simply didn't understand." He turned to Babs. "Is it all right if they—"

To watch her, you'd have thought nothing had happened. "Why, of course, Dickie." She smiled at him as if he were one of them. "*Bring them on down.*"

IT TURNED out to be a gay meal, like Thanksgiving, like Christmas, like the Fourth of July. Dick promised to take Pete to the rodeo when it came to town, and he flirted with Susie something scandalous; and when bedtime came, the two of them went without a whimper. Then we all pitched in and did the dishes, and Dickie went to bed himself. He said he was worn out, and he had a right to be; I was worn out, myself.

Back in the living room, Babs pulled her feet up under her in her chair and said, "Well?"

I said, "Umm."

After a moment, she said, "I'm afraid that's the end of Mrs. Locke."

"Umm."

"Of course, you could try again." She was watching me. "There's always my old college roommate."

I winced. "Oh, no. Not Miss Pemmican. Not Dick."

"Well, at least he doesn't have to come out so often. I could speak to him—I'm sure he'd understand."

"Yeah. But what about the kids?"

She gave me a benevolent look. "He *is* wonderful with them."

So we were back to normal and I could tease her.

I said, "One thing, though. About him and Susan."

"Susan?"

"Isn't she a little young for the role of Other Woman? Especially since she's so neurotic?"

Babs frowned for a moment. "It *is* a danger." Then she glanced up at me through her eyelashes—as wicked a look as you'd care to see. "Still, don't you think every gir needs someone like Dickie around?"

I had a feeling. "A constant suitor?"

"Of course," she said. "Someone to practice on."

THE EN

# 48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

"government by crisis" and that "the crisis is never homemade." When Washington isn't shivering through somebody else's crisis, says Mr. Leinbach, we have "government by fear lest there be a crisis around that we don't know anything about yet." A little involved, possibly, but it's nice to know somebody's thinking.

* * *

Mr. Tim Sallowfield is more than somewhat exercised about the mail he is receiving from government bureaus, special-interest pleaders, fund raisers, political-office seekers and, as Mr. Sallowfield puts it, he doesn't know what. Got 42 letters one morning, one of them saying that from the folding room of the House of Representatives alone 170,000 pieces are mailed out on a normal day. He told Mrs. Sallowfield that he was going to write to somebody about it. "Yes," said she sweetly, "and get on that somebody's mailing list—if you aren't already." So he just wrote to us, from Portland, Maine.

* * *

Just got word from Seattle, Washington, that a smallish seeker of a minor political office came bustling into a men's-club meeting and scurried from group to group introducing himself. Got so energetic that he began covering the course twice. "I'm so-and-so," shouted he to a voter whose hand he had already shaken. "And what is your name?" The re-greeted voter replied: "Still Abner Smith as far as I know."

* * *

And here's a young lady who works for the government. Doesn't say in what capacity, and we aren't crawling with curiosity. She says, however, that it's her calm conviction that "it wasn't until his brain stopped growing that my boss's head began to swell real good."

* * *

Says Jack Parks in our favorite little paper, the Dahlonega, Georgia, Nugget: "If this column seems short this week please excuse us because we are stopping the typewriter to investigate a strange noise, and to see where all the people running across and around the square are going. Sounded kindly *(sic)* like some political candidate had set the satchel down."

* * *

That father and son exhibition of paintings that was to have been shown at the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum in San Francisco didn't come off. The two artists (father and son) withdrew their pictures after one of the paintings was denounced as "sickeningly vulgar and sacrilegious." It showed a nude, bewhiskered miner against a church background. The title: Miner Going to Church. Museum staff thought there would have been no objection if the title had been Miner Passing a Church or maybe Miner Going to a Ball Game. Anyway, no show.

* * *

It was just about impossible to keep a telephone switchboard girl. Young lady after young lady was carried out in deplorable physical and mental condition. Exhausted. And you'd be too if every time a call came in you had to chirrup: "Good morning. Pacific Northwest Loggers and West Coast Lumbermen's Association." But now the PNLAWCLA can keep a telephone operator. They've shortened the name to Industrial Forestry Association.

* * *

"Maybe," laments Mr. Pepperall Gay, of Brookline, Massachusetts, "times have changed after all. Candidates once stood for something. Now they merely fall for it."

* * *

And here's a man (name undecipherable) who sends us a beat-up old post card from Omaha, Nebraska, to say that he remembers the time when he dreamed of getting the big salary he can't live on today.

# Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

fifty-five years old, Dr. F. Bernstein is able to predict when a person becomes senile and should be retired.

DR. MARIANNE E. BERNSTEIN,
Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

. . . All my work, for 63 years, was as a compositor (typesetter). At the time I retired I was seventy-six, and working as a linotype operator. So far as I know, my work was satisfactory. At any rate, my employers did not object.

The International Typographical Union, which maintains a pension fund, permits a member to retire at the age of sixty, but the member may work as long as he wishes, with the approval of the employer.

I have read the statement that Franklin D. Roosevelt had some of his ideas about the present Social Security system from the Typographical Union's pension plan, which had been in operation for many years. The Typographical Union pension now pays $20 per week. This is a fixed amount, while the Social Security pension varies with the amount earned.

To Dr. Parran I would say, you have made a good start. Don't let the indifferent ones sidetrack you.

ARTHUR BROCK, Union Printers Home,
Colorado Springs, Col.

### D.C. Glamor

EDITOR: Regarding your article Washington's Most Glamorous Women (May 24th):

It would be nice if our American women would follow the example of Mme. Suraya Tyabji and Princess Abbasi by appearing in public fully clothed. I ask you, what is glamorous about women appearing in formal wear, half covered?

I'm not an old crank, but a young minister who appreciates modesty.

KENNETH C. HOLADAY, Bellingham, Wash.

**Like it or not, décolletage is neither new nor an American phenomenon. And it's apparently here to stay.**

. . . Not because he rebuilt both my battered knees while he was surgeon for the Washington Redskins, but because in the masculine world he has just as much "on the ball" as his beautiful wife and the other ladies in your Washington glamor spread, I hereby nominate Dr. Robert E. (Pete) Moran to be on the first team of any male sequel you may henceforth pick to your May 24th article.

GEORGE W. BOOZER, JR. Wichita Falls, Tex.

### ROKs, not POWs

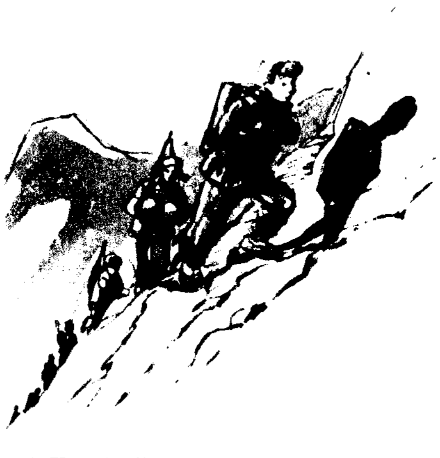
EDITOR: Unfortunately, Bill Mauldin failed to inquire about the "chogies" he refers to in his article Up Front In Korea (April 19th) or he never would have referred to them as prisoners of war. Surely had he asked, the fighting man up front would have been quick to explain that the "chogies" are in fact Republic of Korea (ROK) volunteer forces organized in military-type units called Civilian Transport Companies.

One such company supports each battalion under normal conditions. These are the units that have helped to "neutralize" the Korean hills for the infantry. These are men who, instead of trucks, as in so-called modern warfare, carry the food, ammunition, bedrolls and other essential equipment up the Korean hills to the men doing the fighting.

Under the Geneva conventions, POWs are not authorized to be used to support combat units on the line, and you can be sure the UN Command abides by these conventions.

From my ten months' experience as an infantryman in Korea, I believe I can express the sentiments of most Korean infantrymen by saying that the CTCs have contributed immeasurably to the success of Korean operations and that there should be no limit to the credit extended to this service force. Certainly they have made a difficult job easier.

RALPH L. WHITT, LT. COL., Infantry,
Tokyo, Japan.



"Chogies" carrying chow for GIs

**Bill Mauldin did not intend to imply that the "chogies" he saw were war prisoners. However, our caption for one of his sketches erroneously said they were. To all concerned, our apologies.**

### The Strip

EDITOR: I enjoyed Arizona Strip— "America's Tibet" (May 24th) very much. However, there was a slight mistake in the calf-branding picture. The gal on the horse who roped the calf was not Mrs. Boo Allen as was printed, but my wife, Vanda. And who should know better than I?

SLATS JACOBS, Mesquite, Nev.

. . . Just read Arizona Strip— "America's Tibet" and am amazed such territory still exists. And what writing!— ". . . 20,000 square miles of historic yesterday islanded in time"!

It's just such articles as this that make your magazine the finest. Here's to more of the same.

MRS. GEORGE B. METCALFE.
Sacramento, Cal.

. . . My family and I know something about the Arizona Strip, having visited that strange area a number of times, and feel this writer has done a fine job of giving us the feeling of being "islanded in time" as we read it.

Thank you for this excellent issue.

MRS. WALLACE MACFARLAND.
South Pasadena, Cal.

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* * *

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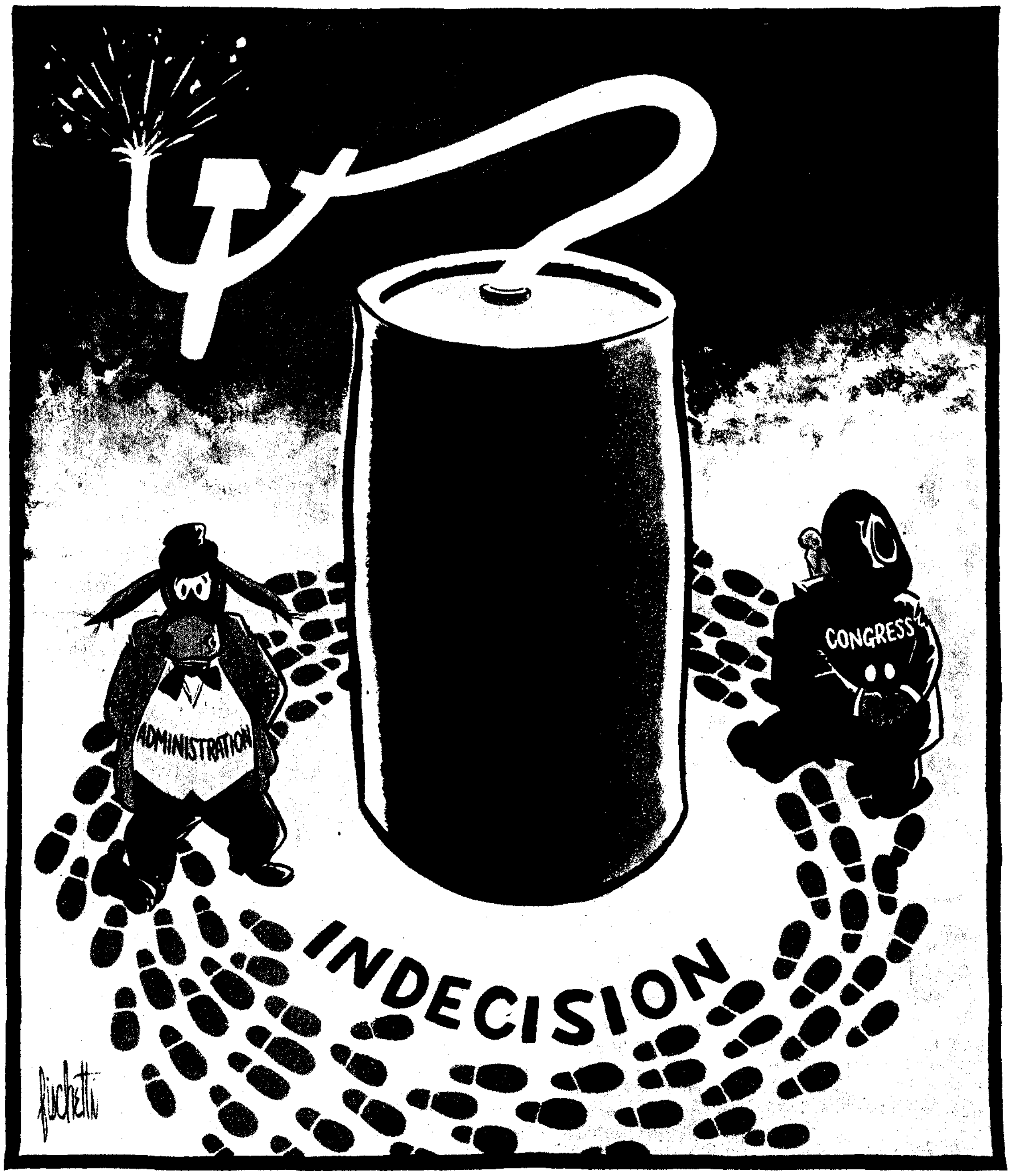

JOHN FISCHETTI

# Round and Round and Round

IT MAY SURPRISE Bernard M. Baruch to learn that he was making a Fourth of July speech when he appeared before the Senate Preparedness subcommittee a few weeks ago. But if he doesn't mind, we are going to borrow some excerpts from his statement for part of this Independence Day editorial.

Mr. Baruch was not orating. He was talking in a most practical way, and repeating a warning which he has given the country often in the past two years: that the government and the people must take more serious and effective measures against the real and present danger of Communist aggression. And his warning is an appropriate reminder that this nation's freedom and independence are not legacies from the past to be enjoyed without thought or effort, but treasures which must be guarded constantly.

So, without benefit of dots or asterisks, we lifted a few paragraphs out of the context of Mr. Baruch's statement, and we will now turn the editorializing over to him:

"Ours is a fearful dilemma. Because we are not in an all-out war, with the whole globe aflame, it is tempting to nibble at the defense budget, to lift controls, to shirk even the relatively mild denials which rearming requires. The wastefulness of the mobilization and the unfairness with which the burdens of the Cold War are being distributed increase the pressures for doing less.

"This being a Presidential election year adds the further lures of playing politics with our national security and of distracting ourselves with domestic quarrels even while a foreign foe relentlessly plots our destruction.

"Are we in peril or not? Our highest military authorities have stated, unequivocally, that from now through 1954 will be the period of maximum peril for this nation. Yet we deliberately are doing less than we can do to achieve readiness by that date.

"Nowhere have I seen any justifiable reason offered for such recklessness, particularly since it would cost so little in temporary denials to make our safety secure. I believe it is the responsibility of this committee—and it is a very grave responsibility—to give the American people the facts that they need to know so they can demand a defense program which will mobilize our strength in time to prevent further aggression.

"We must strengthen ourselves militarily if we are to succeed in our objective of preventing a third world war and building and keeping a lasting peace."

On the same day that Mr. Baruch addressed these words to the subcommittee, General Nathan F. Twining, acting Air Force Chief of Staff, was answering the Baruch question, "Are we in peril or not?", before another Senate group. Soviet Russia, he said, has twice as many combat planes as the United States, and its growing air power poses "the most ominous threat this country has ever known."

That is the situation today in the greatest industrial country on earth. That is the situation after Congress has voted $38,000,000,000 since 1946 for new aircraft—not maintenance and other branches of air activity, but just new planes for the Air Force and the Navy. There is no excuse, but there is an explanation: bad leadership.

The United States of America exists today because the newborn nation of 1776 had great leaders. It had only a makeshift government. And certainly that government did not have the undivided support of its citizens. But it did have men of resolution at the helm who knew not only where they were going, but the road that they and their country had to travel.

Today our leadership, in the executive branch and in Congress, is irresolute and temporizing. At the beginning of the Korean war, Congress voted the President power to impose the controls that seemed necessary to deal with the emergency. Mr. Truman hesitated until after the Congressional elections of 1950, then set in motion a halfhearted control system which has had only a slight braking effect on inflation. Political considerations and political favoritism at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue have weakened controls even further.

At the same time military procurement has suffered, and still suffers, from the "economies" effected by the President when Louis Johnson was Secretary of Defense. This was particularly true in regard to aircraft. The Soviets got a head start then, and the great productive facilities of this country have never caught up. The Congressional backing and filling over the size and strength of the Air Force didn't help matters. Neither did the recent "stretch-out" which puts our maximum air strength a year or two beyond the predicted date of the country's greatest peril. Neither did the Air Force's reluctance or inability to decide on any one type of plane and get it into anything like full-scale production. There are apparently some good airplanes in the early stages of design. But, as Mr. Baruch says, "no aggressor was ever stopped by blueprints."

Meanwhile, both political parties, with a few notable individual exceptions, have vied with each other to temper the wind to the electoral lambs. This is not as it should be. Are we in peril or not? If we are, let the spokesmen for government tell us so. If there must be greater effort and more sacrifice, this magazine is confident that the country will make both, if it is truthfully informed of the actual state of affairs. The American people do not need to be coddled. They have a heritage of strength and a tradition of meeting any emergency and seeing it through. They deserve, and they have the right to demand, an honest, forceful and courageous leadership.

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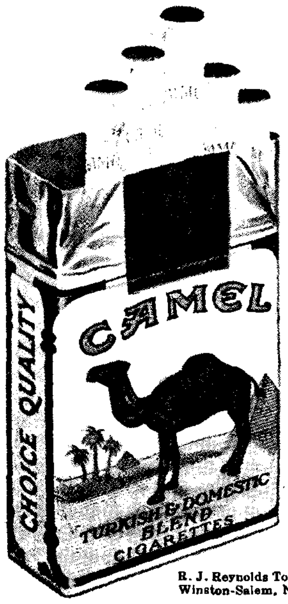

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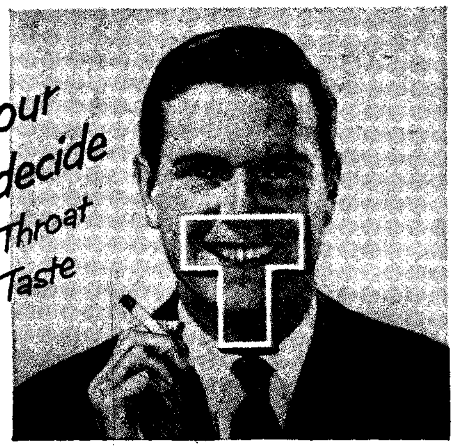

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